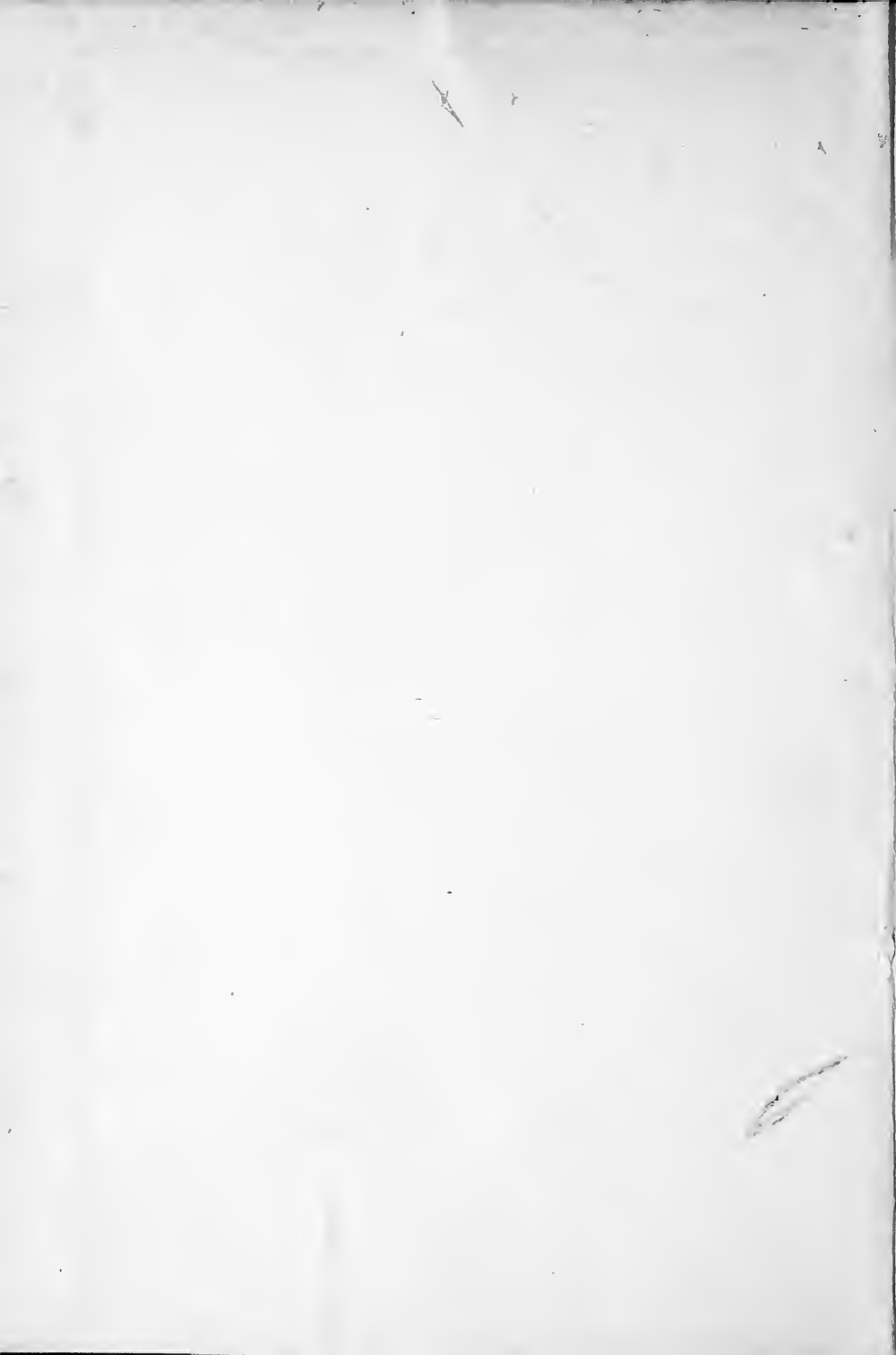




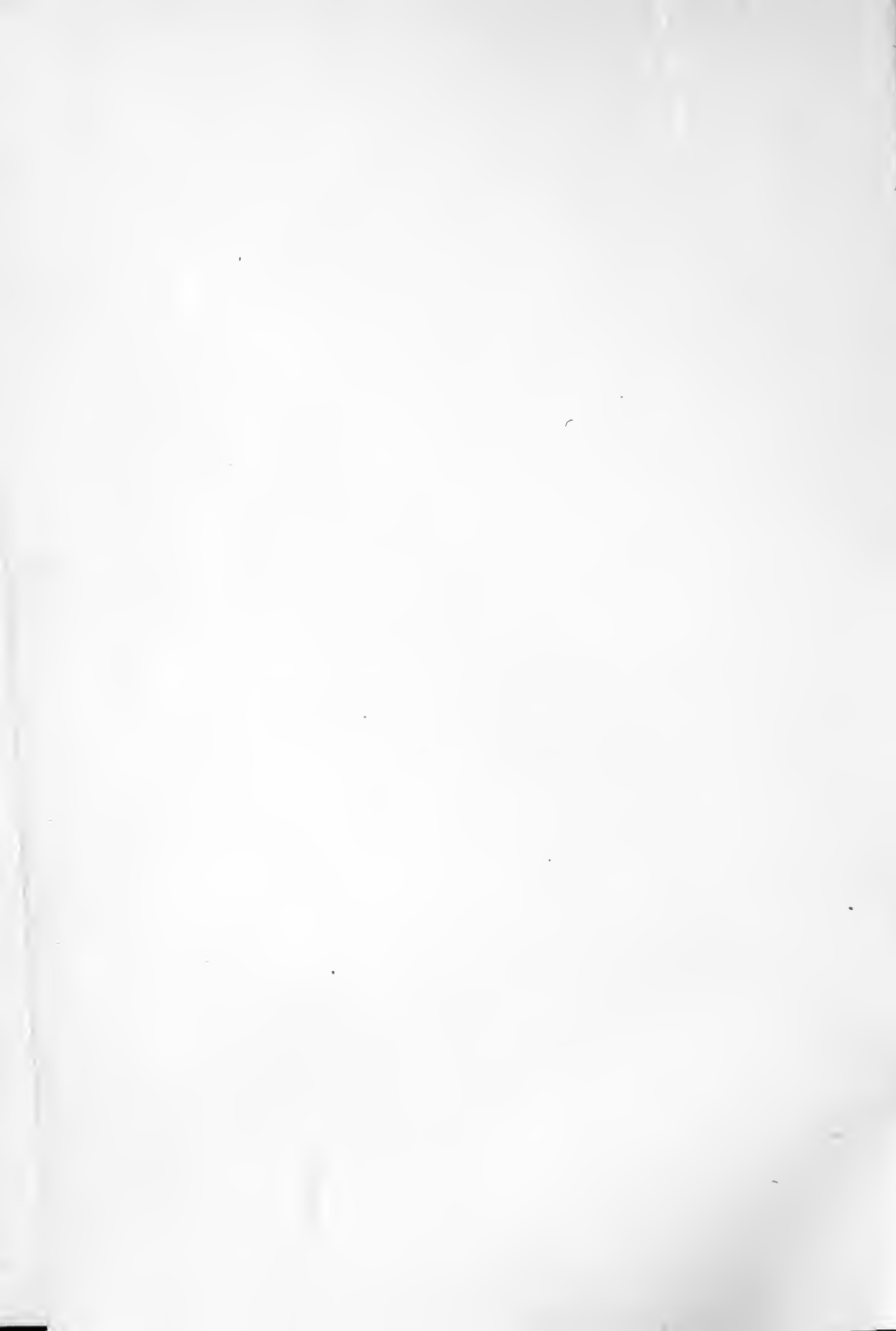
STORIES  
— AND — Sketches  
— OF —  
CHICAGO.

— J.B.M<sup>C</sup> CLURE.





✓  
Etta Davison



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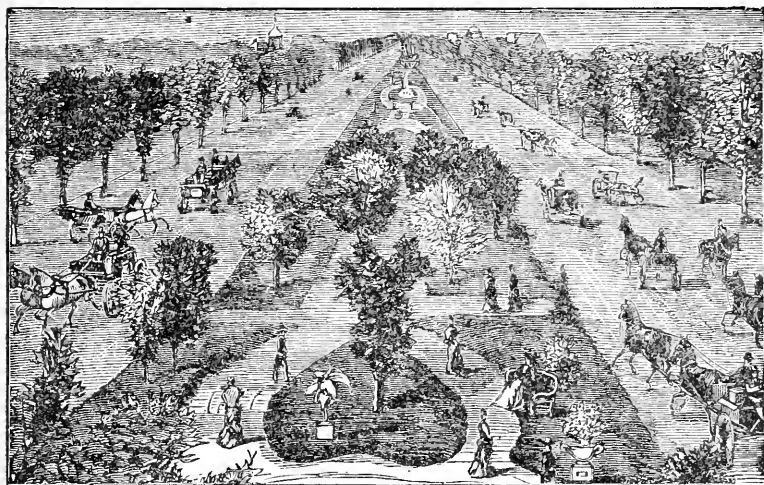
*W. B. Ogden*

Hon. Wm. B. Ogden, First Mayor of Chicago.

Mr. Ogden was born in Walton, N. Y., June 15th, 1805. At sixteen he took charge of his father's business, and at twenty-one was a mercantile partner. In 1834 he was a member of the New York Legislature, and in June, 1835, came to Chicago, where at the first election under the city charter (in 1837) he was chosen Mayor. From that time until his death—in 1877—Mr. Ogden was a very prominent factor in developing the Garden City. In business matters he was remarkably successful, amassing his millions. As a practical man, friend, and benefactor, he had few equals. "Many a family in Chicago," says a biographer, "owe their success to his kind assistance."

# STORIES AND SKETCHES

OF



[Drexel Boulevard and South Park, Chicago.]

# CHICAGO

AN INTERESTING, ENTERTAINING, AND INSTRUCTIVE SKETCH HISTORY  
OF THE WONDERFUL CITY "BY THE SEA."

---

EDITED BY

**J. B. McCCLURE.**

Compiler of "Moody's Anecdotes;" "Moody's Child Stories;" "Edison and His  
Inventions;" "Lincoln's Stories;" "Mistakes of Ingersoll;" "Stories and  
Sketches of Gen. Grant;" "Entertaining Anecdotes;" "Replies  
to Ingersoll on Thomas Paine," Etc.

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CHICAGO:

RHODES & McCCLURE, PUBLISHERS.

1882.

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# Preface.

The stories and sketches found in this volume furnish an interesting, instructive, and exhaustive history of the most remarkable city in the world. They have been carefully gathered from living men, many of whom are not yet "old," whose early life on "Chicago soil" antedates any single building now standing in the great city!

It is curiously strange, and no less significant, to hear Ex-Lieut. Gov. Bross tell of building his first house "out on the wild prairie," near what is now the Exposition grounds, and of "driving home his cows" from a region now solid with blocks for nearly seven miles beyond! Equally strange is Judge Caton's story of "treeing a great bear"—and killing it—in the wild woods, now within the business center of the wonderful city! But strangest of all are the stories of Gurdon S. Hubbard, whose early Chicago life looked out "all round" on an absolute wilderness, with his nearest "settlement" down at Danville, 130 miles away!

Chicago is the product of modern civilization, not only as represented in the old world, but also the new. And it is the *newest* of the *new*! Hence her river "runs up stream," etc. And this feature gives a peculiar and significant interest to the stories and sketches in this volume, which have been gathered from the "old settlers," various books on Chicago, the press, and friends. In a very entertaining manner they outline the wonderful history and great success of a most remarkable city.

A complete "Visitors' Guide" has been added, for the benefit of those who visit Chicago.

J. B. McCLURE.

# CONTENTS.

## A

	Page.
A Laughable Story—Loye Letters in the Early Days of Chicago—How Some of Them Were Franked By the Aid of Congressman Wentworth.....	85
An Amusing Indignation Meeting—How State Senators Were Tortured in True Indian Style, and Blown to Atoms.....	110
An Amusing Story of a Script-ticket "Good for a Drink" That Got Into a Contribution-Box—Getting on in the World Without Money.....	88
An Army from Danville, Ill., Rushing to the Rescue of Chicago from an Indian Massacre—Incidents by the Way.....	53
A Dreadful Scene in the Washington Street Tunnel During the Great Fire.....	120
A Laughable Hotel Story, and the Hotel Buildings of Chicago—Where Horace Greeley Got His "Go West Young Man.".....	175
A Laughable Story of an Early Horse Race on the Ice.....	168
A Graphic Picture of Chicago "Yesterday and To-day;" By Gen. Strong.....	180
A Remarkable Instance in the Great Fire Where a Man Saves His House by Throwing Hard Cider on It....	122
A Thrilling Adventure of One of the Fort Dearborn Massacre Prisoners, as Told by Himself.....	40
A Wedding Reminiscence of the Great Fire.....	116

## B

Bits of History.....	130
Board of Trade Building.....	165
Buyin' Up Chicago Lands from the Indians—A Heavy Real Estate Transaction.....	41

## C

Central Park.....	141
Chamber of Commerce.....	165
Chicago's Early Fiddler, Mark Beaubien.....	91
Chicago's First Loafer.....	79
Chicago's First Irishman—His Picture as Painted by "Long John".....	93
Chicago's First Minister and Church. Sketched by the Pastor.....	70
Chicago's First Wedding.....	79
Chicago, Ind.....	27
Chicago Lumber Yards.....	164
Chicago, Va.....	26
Chicago Water Works.....	146
Churches in Chicago.....	188
Cook County in 1831. Sketched Ex-Lieut. Gov. Bross.....	96
Colleges, Universities, and Theological Seminaries.....	187

## D

Douglas Monument.....	172
Douglas Park.....	144

## E

Early P. O. Days—"Long John" Perched on a Dry Goods Box, Reads to the Citizens the New York Papers.....	102
--	-----

## F

First Chicago Visitor, Sketched by "Long John" Wentworth.....	19
First Daily Newspaper.....	79
The First Draw-bridge Across the Chicago River—Sketched by the Builder.....	67
First School Teacher in Chicago—He Opens in a Little Barn Twelve Feet Square—His Own Sketch of His Early Labors.....	66
The First Settler on Chicago Soil, and What Became of His Claim..	23
First Sunday-school in Chicago. Sketched by the Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D.....	69
Fort Dearborn.....	28
Fort Dearborn Massacre—A Thrilling Story by an Eye-Witness.....	30

## G

Gen. Winfield Scott in Chicago—An Interesting Bit of History.....	101
Grain Elevators.....	161

## H

Hon. John Wentworth's Early Experience in Church Matters—Not Able to Rent but Half a Pew—His Description of Parson Hinton's Sensational Lectures on the Devil .....	107
Hon. Isaac N. Arnold's Personal Experience in the Great Chicago Fire—A Graphic Description of that Wonderful Conflagration.....	123
Hon. Isaac N. Arnold's Story of Abraham Lincoln.....	105
How a Cat in the Old Post Office Saved its Life in the Great Fire by Jumping into a Pail of Water.....	121
How a New Silk Dress was Exchanged for a Fortune.....	104

# CONTENTS.

IX.

How a Woman was Saved in the Great Fire by Brave Men —A Narrow Escape.....	118
How Chicago Escaped Being a French City, and the Paris of America.....	24
How the Yankee Clock Peddler Flanked an Early Chicago Law, Which Required Only One Man to Break, but Two to Keep.....	87
Humboldt Park.....	141
Hunting Wolves Around Chicago—An Exciting Instance in which a Herd Take to the Ice in the Harbor.....	62

## I

Industrial Exhibition Building.....	174
-------------------------------------	-----

## J

Judge Caton's Chicago Bear Story.....	92
Judge Caton's First Night in Chicago—His Boarding House, and What Became of the Landlady's Daughter.....	64
Jefferson Park.....	142

## L

Laughable Court Work—Regulating the Price of Boarding, Horse-feed, and the Drinks.....	111
Lake Park.....	144
Lincoln Park.....	135
Long John's Story of an Early Chicago Wedding—The Whole City Invited, Etc.....	74

## M

Masonic Fraternity.....	192
-------------------------	-----

## N

New Court House and City Hall.....	176
------------------------------------	-----

## O

Old Jack, the Singing Ferryman—A Floating Music Hall...	114
Other Parks.....	144

## P

Parks and Boulevards.....	133
Post Office and Custom House.....	156
Public Buildings.....	

## R

River Tunnels.....	150
Railroads; Depots; Suburban Towns.....	186

## S

South Park.....	140
St. James Episcopal Church.....	77

## T

The First Ferry.....	65
The Lake Crib.....	150
The Name "Chicago".....	17
The Turning Bridges and a Bridge Story.....	169
The Winnebago Scare—A Telescopic View of the Chicago Horizon Fifty Years Ago, Sketched by a Living Resi- dent, Col. G. S. Hubbard.....	45
Trotting Park.....	166

## U

Union Park.....	139
Union Stock Yards.....	158

## V

Violets.....	80
--------------	----

## Z

The Zoological Garden in Lincoln Park.....	137
--	-----

# Classification.

FIRST THINGS	- - - - -	PAGE. 17
AMUSING AND OTHERWISE	- - - - -	85
WONDERS AND BEAUTIES	- - - - -	133

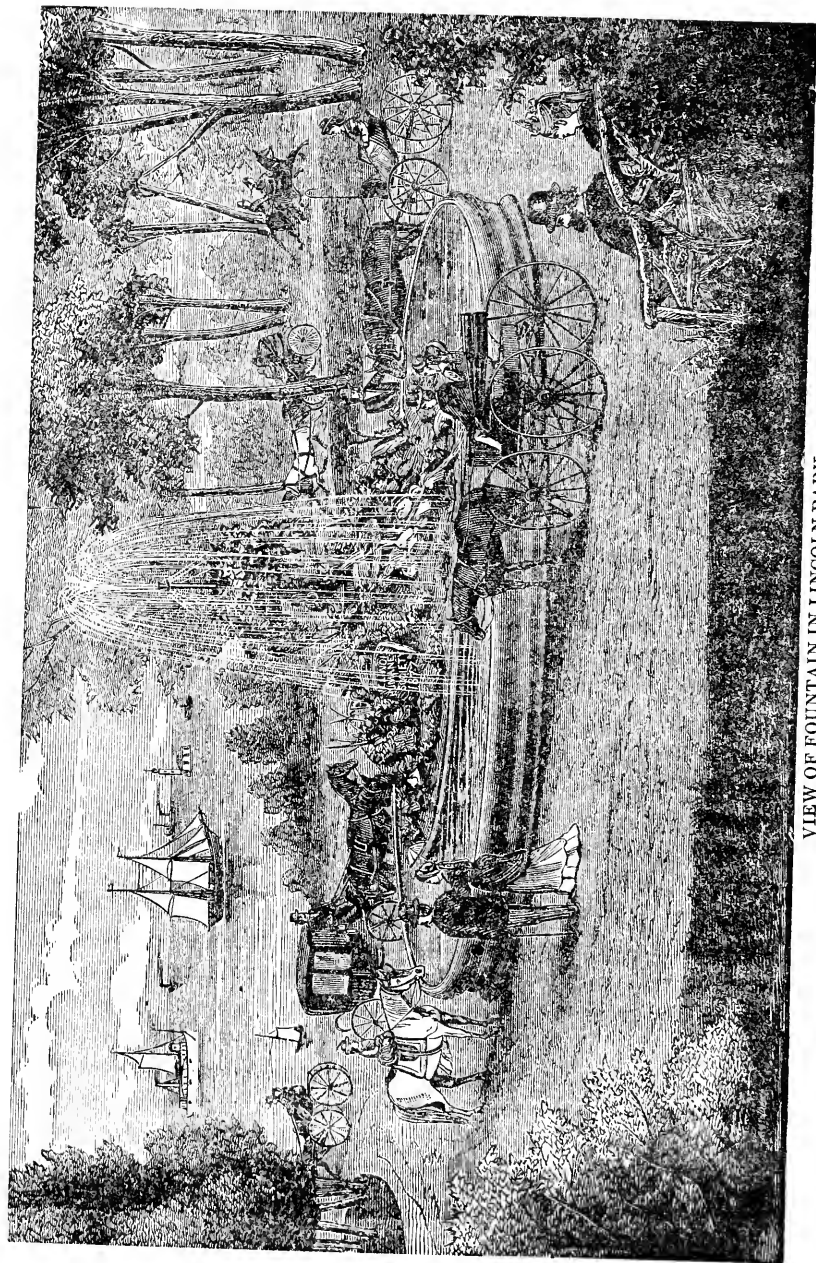




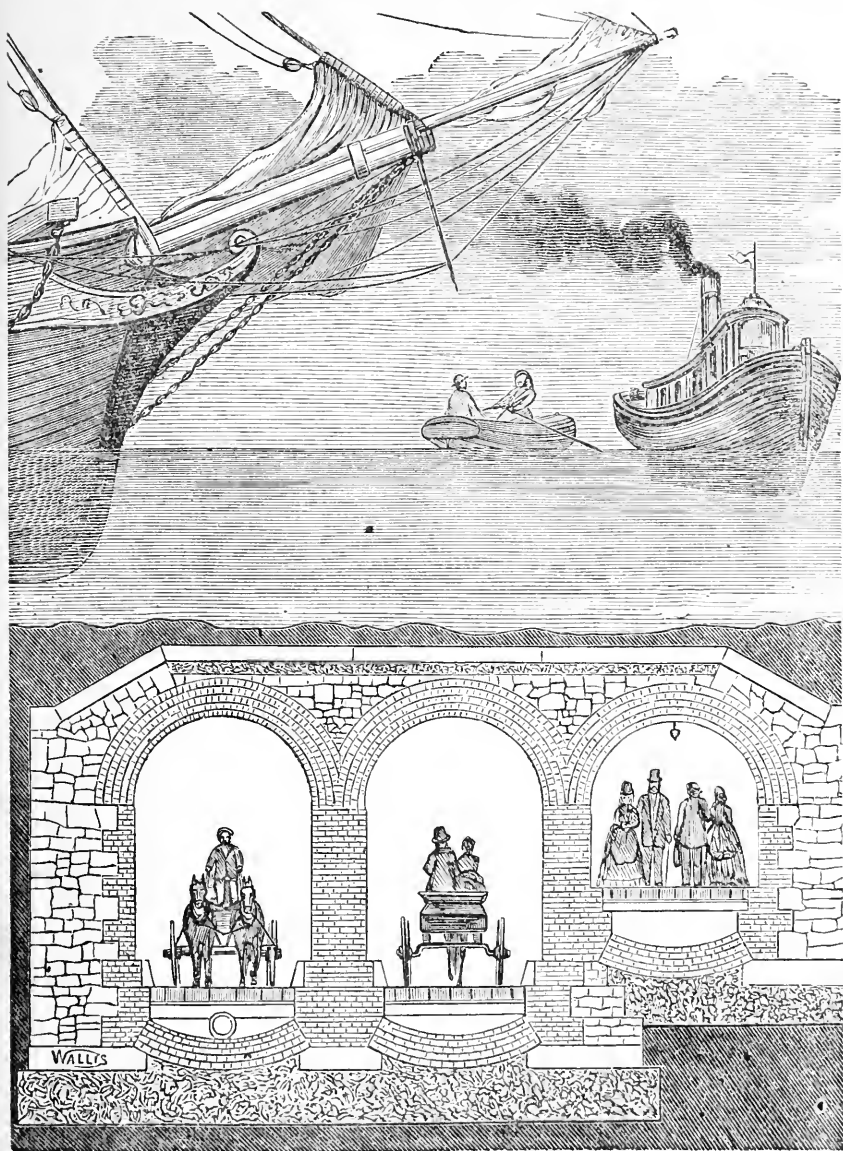
	Page.
WM. B. OGDEN.....	Frontispiece.
FIRST CHICAGO VISITORS.....	19
FATHER MARQUETTE ON HIS JOURNRY IN 1674.....	21
FIRST SETTLER ON CHICAGO SOIL.....	23
FIRST FAMILY RESIDENCE IN CHICAGO.....	25
GEN. CLARK, AFTER WHOM CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, WAS NAMED.....	26
THE ORIGINAL FORT DEARBORN, BUILT IN 1804....	28
FORT DEARBORN AS REBUILT IN 1816.....	29
THE MASSACRE.....	32
FORT DEARBORN FROM THE NORTHEAST.....	37
CHICAGO SIX YEARS AFTER THE MASSACRE.....	42
THE PEACEFUL HOME OF EARLIER DAYS.....	44
CHICAGO IN 1820.....	47
THE PIONEER HOME.....	50
FIRST HOTEL IN CHICAGO.....	61
A WOLF HUNT IN EARLY DAYS.....	63
OLD DEARBORN STREET BRIDGE.....	68
"TAKEN".....	75
"EXPECTATION".....	84
THE NEW CHICAGO POSTOFFICE.....	03
VIEW ON DEARBORN AVENUE BEFORE THE FIRE....	109
THE GREAT FIRE AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE.....	117
OLD POSTOFFICE CAT .....	121
BUSINESS CENTER OF CHICAGO, BURNED IN A SINGLE NIGHT.....	124
CHICAGO, ONE DAY AFTER THE FIRE.....	127
SUPPOSED ORIGIN OF THE GREAT FIRE.....	129

# ILLUSTRATIONS.

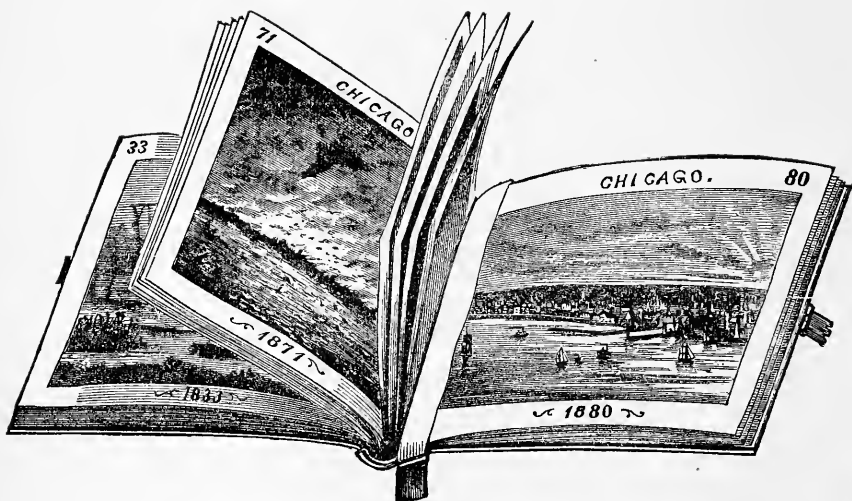
DREXEL BOULEVARD AND SOUTH PARK.....	132
VIEW OF FOUNTAIN IN LINCOLN PARK.....	134
LAKE SHORE DRIVE AT LINCOLN PARK.....	136
VIEWS IN UNION PARK.....	138
RUSTIC BRIDGE, ETC., IN UNION PARK.....	139
VIEWS IN JEFFERSON PARK.....	142
PARK VIEWS.....	143
AT PLAY IN THE PARK.....	145
OLD CHICAGO WATER WORKS.....	146
NEW CHICAGO WATER WORKS.....	147
THE GREAT ENGINE AT WATER WORKS.....	149
THE CRIB IN THE LAKE.....	151
WEST SIDE PUMPING WORKS.....	152
ARCHING THE TUNNEL.....	153
SECTIONAL VIEW OF CRIB, TUNNEL, WATER WORKS, ETC.....	154
SECTIONAL VIEW OF WEST SIDE WATER WORKS, TUNNEL, ETC.....	155
SECTIONAL VIEW OF LASALLE STREET TUNNEL....	157
STOCK YARDS AND TRANSIT HOUSE.....	158
UNION STOCK YARDS.....	159
WATER TANKS AT STOCK YARDS.....	160
THE LUMBER DISTRICT.....	162
ELEVATOR AND LUMBER YARDS.....	163
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.....	165
TROTTER PARK.....	167
VIEW ON CHICAGO RIVER, WITH TURNING BRIDGE..	170
DOUGLAS MONUMENT.....	173
EXPOSITION BUILDING.....	174
THE OLD COURT HOUSE (BURNED 1871).....	177
NEW COURT HOUSE, CLARK STREET FRONT.....	178
CITY HALL AND COURT HOUSE, WASHINGTON STREET FRONT.....	179
CHICAGO, "YESTERDAY" AND "TO-DAY".....	181
THE PIONEER.....	183



VIEW OF FOUNTAIN IN LINCOLN PARK



**SECTIONAL VIEW OF LA SALLE ST. TUNNEL, SHOWING MASONRY**



# STORIES AND SKETCHES

—OF—

## CHICAGO.

—

### FIRST THINGS.

—

#### The Name.



The first geographical notice of Chicago, is found in a map dated Quebec, Canada. 1688, on which "Fort Checagou" occupies the exact location of the present city, and the form of Lake Michigan is represented quite correctly.

In an atlas, published in 1696, by Le Sieur Sanson, "Geographer to the King," we find the whole Mississippi

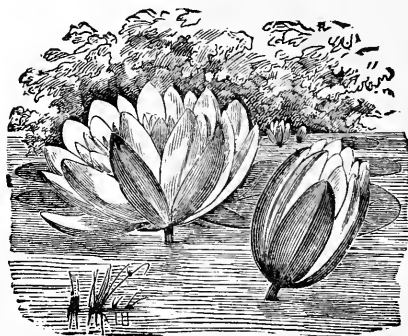
River, from its origin to the Gulf of Mexico, is named "Chacagua." In other old works it is called the "Chacagua, or Divine River."

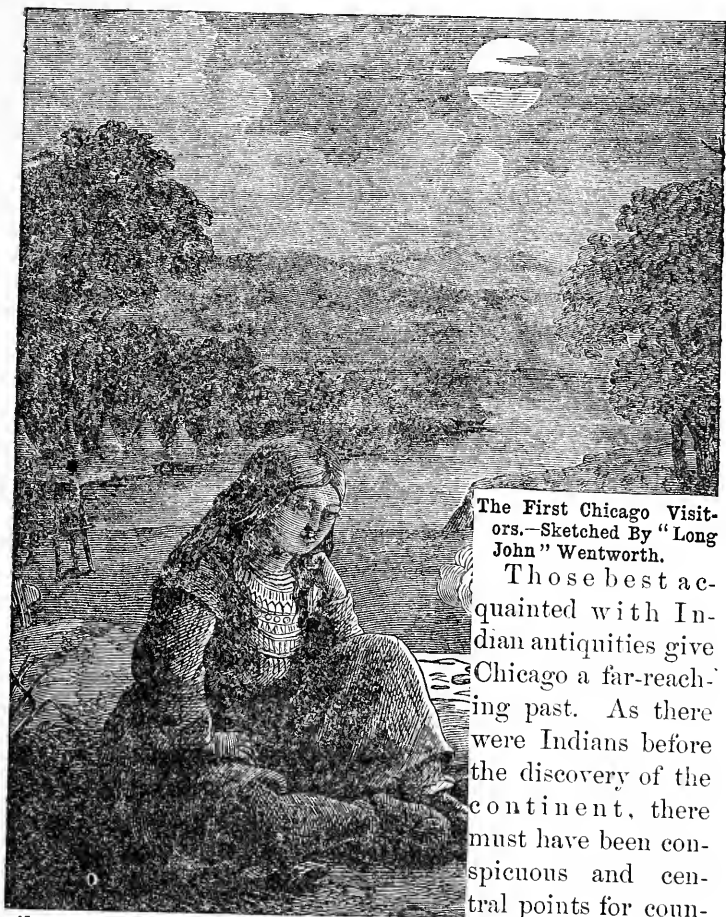
A manuscript, purporting to have been written in 1726 by M. de Ligny, at Green Bay, and brought from France

by General Cass, mentions the place as "Chicagoux;" and that name is found to occur several times in the official correspondence of the earlier years of the present century.

The name of "Chicago" has been interpreted to mean "Wild Onion," after the herb which once grew profusely on the banks of the river. But the above historical facts tend to prove that the word had a much nobler meaning; added to which we know that the word *Checaque* was used as the name of thunder, or the voice of the Great Manitou. If we include this supernatural factor, Chicago might be called the "Divine City," or, more literally, "*A Thundering City.*"

It has been suggested, however, that all of the above intentions may be harmonized, if we attach to the name the meaning of "strong," as it is well known that the Indian speech contained many more of these incongruous congruities than are to be found in the languages of the present day.





The First Chicago Visitors.—Sketched By "Long John" Wentworth.

Those best acquainted with Indian antiquities give Chicago a far-reaching past. As there were Indians before the discovery of the continent, there must have been conspicuous and central points for councils, and Chicago was undoubtedly one of them.

The name, or its spelling, or its pronunciation, may have been different. But the Indians were not troubled with dictionaries or spelling-books. There were no spelling-schools among them. No book agent ever annoyed their Boards of Education.

John Quincy Adams (says Mr. Wentworth) whose seat was near mine in Congress, seeing me write "Chicago," said: "That's the way everybody spells it now; but, under my Administration no two Government officers, writing from there, ever spelled it the same way." He repeated over a long list of the various ways in which it was formerly spelled.

Then he said: "I see you have not settled upon your pronunciation yet, as members of your own delegation pronounce it differently," as we then did.

The first *written* account of the Northwest bears the date of 1654, when two French fur-traders from Canada visited this country, and two years after returned and gave such glowing descriptions of the region as excited a general disposition to explore it.

Yet there may have been white men in Chicago even before that time. It is claimed that there was a missionary station at Mackinaw about 1607. The place thereof is still known as Point Ignace. It was there that the remains of Father James Marquette were taken, about 1720, from the banks of Marquette River, over in Michigan, where he died May 18, 1675.

In 1700 there were *thirty-five* of these missionary stations or quasi-military posts located all the way from Frontenac (now Kingston), on Lake Ontario, via Detroit, Mackinaw, Green Bay, Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, etc., to New Orleans. About the same time there was another route by land, via Fort Wayne, to Chicago.

Their route out of Chicago was down the north fork of the South Branch through Mud Lake, then called *le petit lac*, to the Desplaines River, and generally in the same little boats with which they had passed over the lakes of the east.

Marquette was undoubtedly the first white man who tarried any length of time in Chicago. He was undoubtedly

our first clergyman. The church, however, in which he preached was spared the necessity of extinguishment in the Chicago fire.

The following extracts from Father Marquette's journal are interestingly descriptive of the early surroundings at Chicago in his day:

"Dec. 4, 1674.—We started well to reach Portage River (Chicago River), which was frozen half a foot thick. There was more snow there than anywhere



[The first Chicago visitor, Father Marquette, on his journey, in 1674.]

else, and also more tracks of animals and turkeys. The land along the shore is good for nothing, except on the prairies. Deer-hunting is pretty good as you get away from the Potawatamies.

"Dec. 12.—We could not say mass on the Feast of the Conception on account of the bad weather and the cold. During our stay at the mouth of the river, Pierre and Jacques killed three buffalo and four deer, one of which ran quite a distance with his heart cut in two. They contented themselves with killing three or four turkeys of the

many which were around our cabin (probably an Indian wigwam, which were sometimes called cabins), because they were almost dying of hunger. Jacques brought in a partridge (prairie chicken) that he had killed, every way resembling those of France, except that it had like two little wings of three or four feathers, a finger long, near the head, with which they cover the two sides of the neck where there are no feathers.

"March 30.—The north wind having prevented the thaw till the 25th of March, it began with a southerly wind. The next day game began to appear; we killed thirty wild pigeons. On the 28th the ice broke and choked above us. On the 29th the water was so high that we had barely time to uncabin in haste, put our things on trees, and try to find a place to sleep on some hillock, the water gaining all night.

"March 31.—Besides this outlet the river has another (meaning the Desplaines), by which we must descend. Only the very high grounds escape inundation. That where we are has increased more than twelve feet. Here we began our portage more than eighteen months ago. Geese and ducks pass constantly. We contented ourselves with seven."

In May, 1675, Marquette returned and passed out of the Chicago River to the other side of the lake and to the eternal shores beyond. He died on his way to Mackinaw, May 18th, 1675, in his 38th year, and was buried on the banks of the stream which now bears his name.

Father Marquette was a native of France, who after receiving a suitable education devoted himself to the cause of his Master. It was this work which brought him to the New World, in which he labored faithfully until death. He was a man of fine intelligence and remarkable industry and well deserves the monument recently erected to his name on the shores of Lake Michigan.

**The First Settler on Chicago Soil--And What Became of His "Claim."**

It is a little singular, "in the natural order of things," that the "first settler" of Chicago should have been a negro, all the way from San Domingo. Nevertheless this is the historical fact. His name was Jean Baptiste Point au Sable, and he

"drove his stakes" in 1796 in the neighborhood of Dearborn and Water streets, where he built a rude hut, and "laid claim" to the surrounding country.

He did his best to ingratiate himself into the affections of the Indians, with the idea of becoming a chief. When this point was accomplished he intended to send back for more of his fellow-countrymen, and plant a San Domingo colony on the banks of the Chicago River and the adjacent prairies.

After residing here a few years, and meeting with poor success in becoming a chief, he removed to Peoria, then known as Fort Clark, where he died. A Frenchman, Le Mai, a trader, succeeded the negro settler in his dwelling and claim, who, after several years' occupation, sold in turn to a man subsequently of note in the settlement, John Kinzie, who was then residing with his family at the mouth of the St. Joseph River, on the eastern shore of the lake, now in Michigan. Mr. Kinzie, at this time, was the agent of Astor's

celebrated American Fur Company. He held possession of the negro's claim, and subsequently enlarged "the original hut" and otherwise changed it into a comfortable dwelling which, in 1804, he and his family made their place of abode. This was the first "*family house*" erected in Chicago.

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#### How Chicago Escaped Being a French City and the Paris of America.

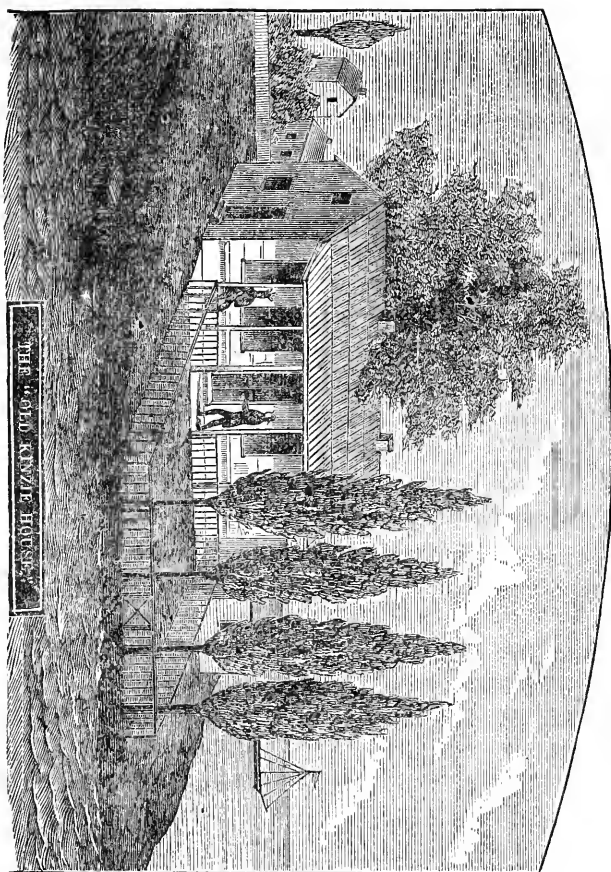
Chicago was essentially French until the erection of Fort Dearborn, in 1804, which brought the English language on the shores of Lake Michigan.

When the last war between Great Britain and France broke out on the American Continent, the French had extended their power up the Ohio River, as far as Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburg, and were contemplating a line of militia-posts from that place to Lake Ontario.

Had they succeeded in this, and held their power on this continent, Chicago would certainly have been a French city, and, in all probability, the *Paris of America*; with the General Assembly here, composed of delegates from Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, St. Louis, New Orleans, and the Pacific cities.

When the French defeated the British forces at Fort Du Quesne, and left their Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Braddock, dead upon the battle-field, they thought they had inflicted a fatal blow upon British power in America; but they inflicted a greater one when they left alive upon the same battle-field the juvenile George Washington, destined so soon to lead to glory the colonists, spurred to battle by the eloquence of John Adams in Faneuil Hall, and of Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

After the treaty of peace between Great Britain and



FIRST FAMILY RESIDENCE IN CHICAGO.

France, in 1763, by which the Canadas were ceded to Great Britain, our relations to the two countries were entirely reversed.

And by the treaty with Gen. Anthony Wayne with the Indians at Greenville, O., in 1795, the Indians ceded to the United States: "One piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of the Chicajo River, emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood." This was an old French fort, probably built over 100 years before, by the earliest French explorers. This was the first transaction, on record, in Chicago real estate. Gen. Wayne (says "Long John") spelled Chicago with a "j." The baby's name in 1795 was "jo." He had not got the "go" then. It was Chica—jo.

---

Chicago, Va.



[Gen G. R. Clark, after whom Clark St., Chicago, was named.]

Under the conquest of Gen. George Rogers Clark, whose

expedition Virginia had fitted out, and the expenses of which were never refunded, that State claimed the whole Chicago country. In 1778 her Legislature created the *County of Illinois*, embracing all the State of Illinois.

The address was then "*Chicago, Va.*" And but for the ordinance of 1787, which ceded the Northwestern Territory to the United States, according to Mr. Wentworth's facetious remark: "Chicago might have been raising slaves up to the time of Lincoln's Proclamation, and the white laborers, who have done so much for the development of the city, been entirely excluded. As it was, we were only compelled to catch the slaves that others raised, whilst following the old Indian trail to Canada and freedom."

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**Chicago, Ind.**

In 1800 Illinois was organized into a Territory with Indiana, under the name of *Indiana Territory*, with Gen. William Henry Harrison as Governor. The seat of government was Vincennes, Ind., and then all were Hoosiers.

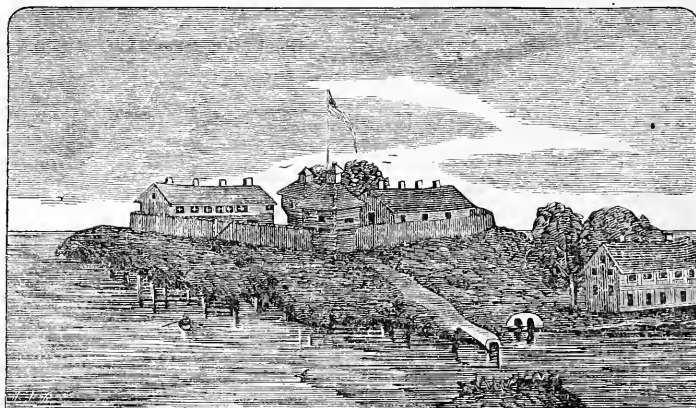
The address was "*Chicago, Ind.*" This state of things continued for about nine years, when the name of "Hoosier" was changed to that of "Sucker," by the organization of what was called the "*Illinois Territory*," with Ninian Edwards as Governor, and with the seat of government at Kaskaskia. This took place in 1809.

It was, however, under the Hoosier administration that Fort Dearborn was erected in 1804, and named after Gen. Henry Dearborn, a conspicuous officer in the American Revolution, and afterwards Secretary of War.

**Fort Dearborn.**

Fort Dearborn was built by the United States Government in 1804, and garrisoned with about fifty men and three pieces of artillery. Its location was on the south bank of the river, just east of Rush Street Bridge.

It had two block houses, one on the south-east corner, the other at the northwest. On the north side was a sally-port, or subterranean passage, leading from the parade ground to the river, designed as a place of escape in an emergency,



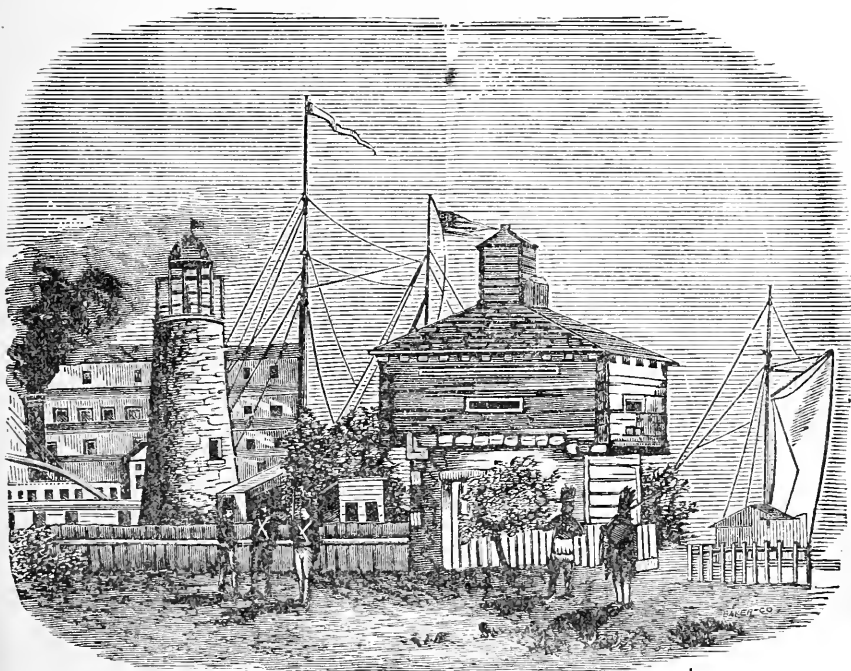
[The original Fort Dearborn, as built in 1804.]

or for supplying the garrison with water in time of siege. The whole was inclosed by a strong palisade of wooden pickets. The ground adjoining on the south side was inclosed and cultivated as a garden. Up to the time of its erection no white man had made his home in this region.

For eight years the garrison was quiet, and the traders were prosperous, the number of the latter having been considerably increased. Then the United States became involved in trouble with Great Britain, which finally broke out into the war-flame. The Indians took the war-path

long before the declaration of hostilities between the two civilized nations. This resulted finally in the awful "Fort Dearborn massacre," in which the fort was burned.

For four years after this terrible event the place was deserted by all save the Indians. Even the fur-traders did not care to visit the scene of so much disaster, and Chicago seemed to have been remanded into aboriginal darkness.



[Fort Dearborn as rebuilt in 1816.]

In 1816 the fort was rebuilt, under the direction of Capt. Bradley, and was thereafter occupied continuously by United States troops for twenty-one years, except for a short time in 1831. In 1837 it was abandoned, as the Indians had been removed far to the westward. The fort stood however, till 1856, when it was demolished.

## Fort Dearborn Massacre—A Thrilling Story by an Eye-Witness.



It was on the morning of the 15th of August, 1812, that Fort Dearborn, by military authority, was evacuated.

As the troops left the fort the band struck up the Dead March. Captain Wells took the lead, at the head of his little band of Miamis. He had blackened his face before leaving the garrison, in token of his impending fate. They took their route along the lake shore. When they reached the point where commenced a range of sand-hills intervening between the prairie and the beach, the escort of Pottawatamies, in number about five hundred, kept the level of the prairie, instead of continuing along the beach with the Americans and Miamis.

They had marched perhaps a mile and a half, when Captain Wells, who had kept somewhat in advance with his Miamis, came riding furiously back. "They are about to attack us," shouted he; "form instantly, and charge upon them."

Scarcely were the words uttered when a volley was showered from among the sand-hills. The troops were hastily brought into line, and charged up the bank. One man, a veteran of seventy summers, fell as they ascended. The remainder of the scene is best described in the words of an eye-witness, Mrs. Helm, the wife of Captain Helm, and step-daughter of Mr. Kinzie :

"After we had left the bank," says Mrs. Helm, "the firing became general. The Miamis fled at the outset. Their chief rode up to the Pottawatamies and said :

"You have deceived the Americans and us. You have

done a bad action, and (brandishing his tomahawk) I will be the first to head a party of Americans to return and punish your treachery.' So saying, he galloped after his companions, who were now scouring across the prairies.

"The troops behaved most gallantly. They were but a handful, but they seemed resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possibly. Our horses pranced and bounded, and could hardly be restrained as the balls whistled among them. I drew off a little, and gazed upon my husband and father, who were yet unharmed. I felt that my hour was come, and endeavored to forget those I loved, and prepare myself for my approaching fate.

"While I was thus engaged, the Surgeon, Dr. Van Voorhees, came up. He was badly wounded. His horse had been shot under him, and he had received a ball in his leg. Every muscle of his face was quivering with the agony of terror. He said to me: 'Do you think they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we might purchase our lives by promising them a large reward. Do you think there is any chance?'

"'Dr. Van Voorhees,' said I, 'do not let us waste the few moments that yet remain to us in such vain hopes. Our fate is inevitable. In a few moments we must appear before the bar of God. Let us make what preparation is yet in our power.'

"'Oh! I cannot die,' exclaimed he, 'I am not fit to die—if I had but a short time to prepare—death is awful!'

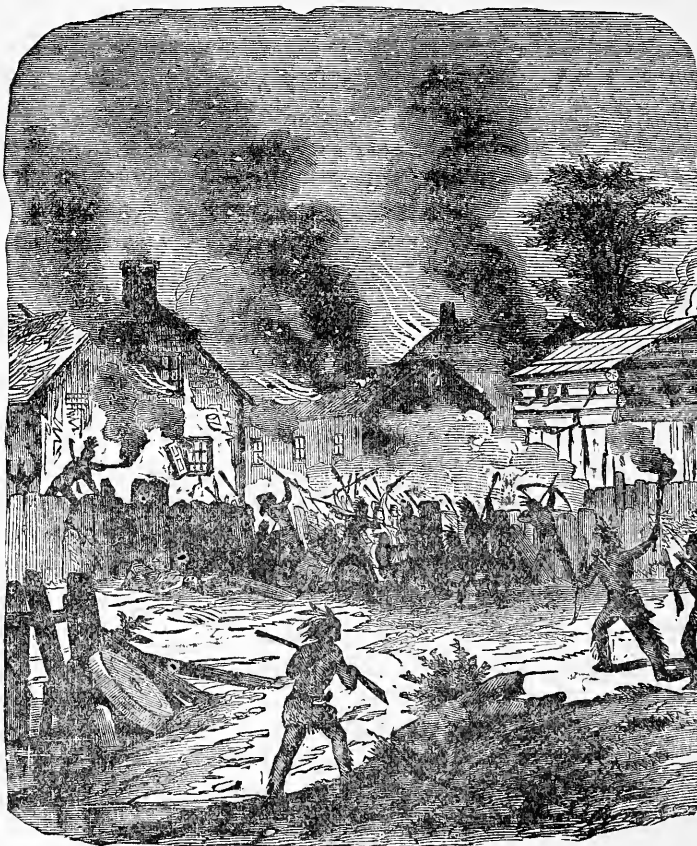
"I pointed to Ensign Ronan, who, though mortally wounded and nearly down, was still fighting with desperation on one knee.

"'Look at that man,' said I, 'at least he dies like a soldier.'

"'Yes,' replied the unfortunate man, with a convulsive

gasp, 'but he has no terrors of the future—he is an unbeliever!'

"At this moment a young Indian raised his tomahawk at



[The Massacre.]

me. By springing aside, I avoided the blow which was intended for my skull, but which alighted on my shoulder. I seized him around the neck, and while exerting my utmost

efforts to get possession of his scalping-knife, which hung in a scabbard over his breast, I was dragged from his grasp by another and older Indian.

"The latter bore me struggling and resisting toward the lake. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was hurried along, I recognized, as I passed them, the lifeless remains of the unfortunate surgeon. Some murderous tomahawk had stretched him upon the very spot where I had last seen him.

"I was immediately plunged into the water and held there with a forcible hand, notwithstanding my resistance. I soon perceived, however, that the object of my captor was not to drown me, for he held me firmly in such a position as to place my head above water. This reassured me, and regarding him attentively, I soon recognized, in spite of the paint with which he was disguised, *The Black Partridge*.

"When the firing had nearly subsided, my preserver bore me from the water and conducted me up the sandbanks. It was a burning August morning, and walking through the sand in my drenched condition was inexpressibly painful and fatiguing. I stooped and took off my shoes to free them from the sand with which they were nearly filled, when a squaw seized and carried them off, and I was obliged to proceed without them.

"When we had gained the prairie, I was met by my father, who told me that my husband was safe and but slightly wounded. They led me gently back toward the Chicago River, along the southern bank of which was the Pottawatamie encampment. At one time I was placed upon a horse without a saddle, but, finding the motion insupportable, I sprang off. Supported partly by my kind conductor, *Black Partridge*, and partly by another Indian, Pee-so-tum, who held dangling in his hand a scalp, which by the black ribbon around the queue I recognized as that

of Capt. Wells, I dragged my fainting steps to one of the wigwams.

"The wife of Wau-bee-nee-mah, a chief from the Illinois River, was standing near, and seeing my exhausted condition she seized a kettle, dipped up some water from a stream that flowed near, threw into it some maple sugar, and stirring it up with her hand gave it me to drink. This act of kindness, in the midst of so many horrors, touched me most sensibly, but my attention was soon diverted to other objects.

"The fort had become a scene of plunder to such as remained after the troops marched out. The cattle had been shot down as they ran at large, and lay dead or dying around. This work of butchery had commenced just as we were leaving the fort. I well remember a remark of Ensign Ronan, as the firing went on. 'Such,' turning to me, 'is to be our fate—to be shot down like brutes!'

"'Well, sir,' said the Commanding Officer, who overheard him, 'are you afraid?'

"'No,' replied the high-spirited young man, 'I can march up to the enemy where you dare not show your face;' and his subsequent gallant behavior showed this to be no idle boast.

"As the noise of the firing grew gradually less, and the stragglers from the victorious party came dropping in, I received confirmation of what my father had hurriedly communicated in our *rencontre* on the lake shore—namely, that the whites had surrendered after the loss of about two-thirds of their number. They had stipulated, through the interpreter, Peresh Leclerc, for the preservation of their lives, and those of the remaining women and children, and for their delivery at some of the British posts, unless ransomed by traders in the Indian country. It appears that the wounded prisoners were not considered as included in

the stipulation, and a horrible scene ensued upon their being brought into camp.

“An old squaw, infuriated by the loss of friends, or excited by the sanguinary scenes around her, seemed possessed by a demoniac ferocity. She seized a stable-fork and assaulted one miserable victim, who lay groaning and writhing in the agony of his wounds, aggravated by the scorching beams of the sun. With a delicacy of feeling scarcely to have been expected under such circumstances, Wau-bee-nee-mah stretched a mat across two poles, between me and this dreadful scene. I was thus spared in some degree a view of its horrors, although I could not entirely close my ears to the cries of the sufferer. The following night five more of the wounded prisoners were tomahawked.

“The Americans, after their first attack by the Indians, charged upon those who had concealed themselves in a sort of ravine intervening between the sand-banks and the prairie. The latter gathered themselves into a body, and after some hard fighting, in which the number of whites had become reduced to twenty-eight, this little band succeeded in breaking through the enemy, and gained a rising ground not far from the Oak Woods. The contest now seemed hopeless, and Lieut. Helm sent Peresh Leclerc, a half-breed boy in the service of Mr. Kinzie, who had accompanied the detachment and fought manfully on their side, to propose terms of capitulation. It was stipulated that the lives of all the survivors should be spared, and a ransom permitted as soon as practicable.

“But in the meantime a horrible scene had been enacted. One young savage, climbing into the baggage-wagon containing the children of the white families, twelve in number, tomahawked the children of the entire group. This was during the engagement near the sand-hills. When

Captain Wells, who was fighting near, beheld it, he exclaimed:

“‘Is that their game, butchering the women and children? Then I will kill too!’

“So saying he turned his horse’s head and started for the Indian camp near the fort, where had been left their squaws and children.

“Several Indians pursued him as he galloped along. He laid himself flat on the neck of his horse, loading and firing in that position, as he would occasionally turn on his pursuers. At length their balls took effect, killing his horse and severely wounding himself. At this moment he was met by *Winnemeg* and *Wau-ban-see*, who endeavored to save him from the savages who had now overtaken him. As they supported him along, after having disengaged him from his horse, he received his death-blow from another Indian, *Pee-so-tum*, who stabbed him in the back.

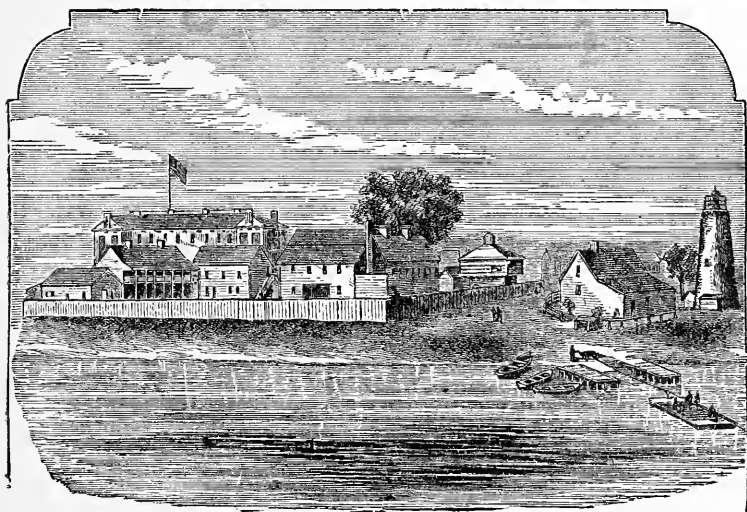
“The heroic resolution of one of the soldiers’ wives deserves to be recorded. She was a Mrs. Corbin, and had, from the first, expressed the determination never to fall into the hands of the savages, believing that their prisoners were always subjected to tortures worse than death.

“When, therefore, a party came upon her, to make her a prisoner, she fought with desperation, refusing to surrender, although assured, by signs, of safety and kind treatment, and literally suffered herself to be cut to pieces, rather than become their captive.

“There was a Sergeant Holt, who, early in the engagement, received a ball in the neck. Finding himself badly wounded, he gave his sword to his wife, who was on horse-back near him, telling her to defend herself. He then made for the lake, to keep out of the way of the balls. Mrs. Holt rode a very fine horse, which the Indians were desir-

ons of possessing, and they therefore attacked her in hopes of dismounting her.

“They fought only with the butt-ends of their guns, for their object was not to kill her. She hacked and hewed at their pieces as they were thrust against her, now on this side, now on that. Finally she broke loose from them and dashed out into the prairie. The Indians pursued her, shouting and laughing, and now and then calling out:



[Fort Dearborn from the Northeast.]

“The brave woman! do not hurt her!”

“At length they overtook her again, and while she was engaged with two or three in front one succeeded in seizing her by the neck behind and dragging her, although a large and powerful woman, from her horse. Notwithstanding that their guns had been so hacked and injured, and even themselves cut severely, they seemed to regard her only with admiration. They took her to a trader on the Illinois

River, by whom she was restored to her friends; after having received every kindness during her captivity.

"Those of the family of Mr. Kinzie who had remained in the boat, near the mouth of the river, were carefully guarded by Kee-po-tah and another Indian. They had seen the smoke—then the blaze—and immediately after the report of the first tremendous discharge sounded in their ears. Then all was confusion. They realized nothing until they saw an Indian come towards them from the battle-ground leading a horse on which sat a lady apparently wounded.

"‘That is Mrs. Heald,’ cried Mrs. Kinzie. ‘That Indian will kill her. Run, Chandonnai’ (to one of Mr. Kinzie’s clerks), ‘take the mule that is tied there and offer it to him to release her.’

"Her captor by this time was in the act of disengaging her bonnet from her head in order to scalp her. Chandonnai ran up, offered the mule as a ransom, with a promise of ten bottles of whisky as soon as they should reach his village. The latter was a strong temptation.

"‘But,’ said the Indian, ‘she is badly wounded—she will die. Will you give me the whisky, at all events?’

"Chandonnai promised that he would, and the bargain was concluded. The savage placed the lady’s bonnet on his own head, and, after an ineffectual effort on the part of some squaws to rob her of her shoes and stockings, she was brought on board the boat, where she lay moaning with pain from the many bullet wounds she had received in both arms.

"The horse she had ridden was a fine-spirited animal, and, being desirous of possessing themselves of it uninjured, the Indians had aimed their shots so as to disable the rider without injuring her steed.

"She had not lain long in the boat when a young Indian of savage aspect was seen approaching. A buffalo robe was hastily drawn over Mrs. Heald, and she was admonished

to suppress all sound of complaint as she valued her life.

"The heroic woman remained perfectly silent while the savage drew near. He had a pistol in his hand which he rested on the side of the boat, while with a fearful scowl he looked pryingly around. Black Jim, one of the servants who stood in the bow of the boat, seized an ax that lay near and signed to him that if he shot he would cleave his skull; telling him that the boat contained only the family of *Shaw-nee-aw-kee*. Upon this the Indian retired. It afterward appeared that the object of his search was Mr. Burnett, a trader from St. Joseph's with whom he had some account to settle.

"When the boat was at length permitted to return to the mansion of Mr. Kinzie, and Mrs. Heald was removed to the house, it became necessary to dress her wounds.

"Mr. K. applied to an old chief who stood by, and who like most of his tribe possessed some skill in surgery, to extract a ball from the arm of the sufferer.

"'No, father,' replied he, 'I cannot do it—it makes me sick here'—(placing his hand on his heart).

"Mr. Kinzie then performed the operation himself with his penknife.

"At their own mansion the family of Mr. Kinzie were closely guarded by their Indian friends, whose intention it was to carry them to Detroit for security. The rest of the prisoners remained at the wigwams of their captors.

"The following morning, the work of plunder being completed, the Indians set fire to the fort. A very equitable distribution of the finery appeared to have been made, and shawls, ribbons, and feathers fluttered about in all directions. The ludicrous appearance of one young fellow who had arrayed himself in a muslin gown, and the bonnet of one of the ladies, would under other circumstances have afforded matter of amusement.

**A Thrilling Adventure of One of the Fort Dearborn Massacre Prisoners, as told by Himself.**

Walter Jordan, a non-commissioned officer among the regulars in Fort Dearborn, thus describes the terrible conflict: On August 15, 1812, at 8 o'clock, we commenced our march with our small force, which consisted of Capt. Wells, myself, and one hundred Confute Indians; Capt. Heald's one hundred men, ten women and twenty children—in all two hundred and thirty-two.

We had marched half a mile when we were attacked by six hundred Kickapoo and Winnebago Indians. In the moment of trial our Confute escort joined the savage enemy. Our contest lasted ten minutes, when every man, woman and child was killed, except fifteen. Thanks be to God, I was one of those who escaped.

First they shot the feather off my cap, next the epaulet from my shoulder, and then the handle from my sword. I then surrendered to four savage rascals. The Confute chief, taking me by the hand and speaking English, said:

"Jordan, I know you. You gave me tobacco at Fort Wayne. We won't kill you; but come and see what we will do with your Captain."

So leading me where Wells lay, they cut off his head and put it on a long pole, while another took out his heart and divided it among the chiefs, and ate it up raw.

Then they scalped the slain and stripped the prisoners, and gathered in a ring with us fifteen poor wretches in the middle. They had nearly fallen out about the divide, but my old chief, the White Raccoon, holding me fast, they made the divide and departed to their towns.

They tied me hard and fast the first night, and placed a guard over me. I laid down and slept soundly until morning, for I was tired. In the morning they untied me and set me parching corn, at which I worked attentively until

night. They said if I would stay and not run away they would make a chief of me, but if I would attempt to run away they would catch me and burn me alive.

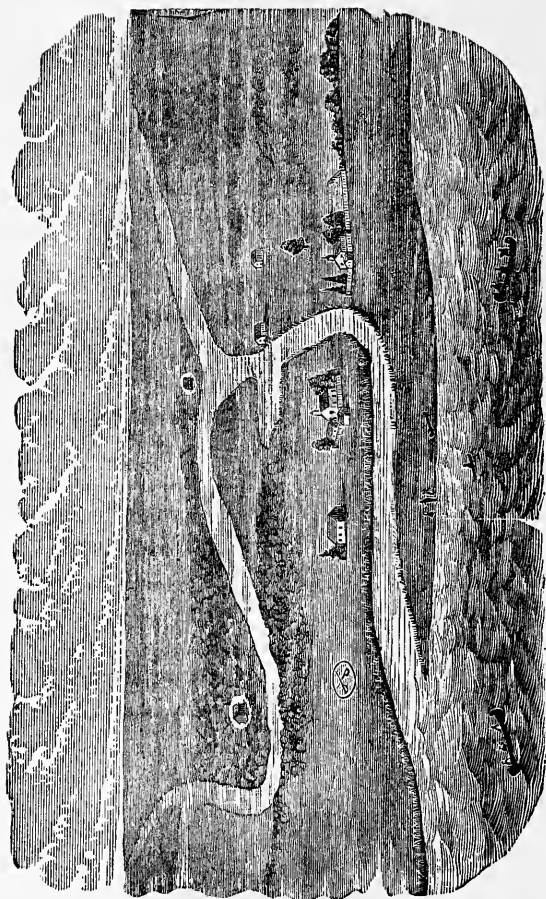
I amused them *with a fine story*, in order to gain their confidence, and fortunately made my escape from them on the 19th of August, and took one of their best horses to carry me, being seven days in the wilderness. I was joyfully received on the 26th at Wayne. On the 28th they attacked Fort Wayne and blockaded it until the 16th of September, when we were relieved by Gen. Harrison.

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**Buying Up Chicago Lands from the Indians---A Heavy Real Estate Transaction.**

Black Partridge, who was the leading chief of the Pottawatomies, and, in behalf of his tribe, on the 24th of August, 1816, sold to the United States Commissioners—in session in St. Louis—the following lands:

“Beginning on the left branch of the Fox River; thence running so as to cross Sandy (Au Sable) Creek, ten miles above its mouth; thence in a direct line to a point ten miles north of the west end of the Portage, between Chicago Creek, which empties into Lake Michigan, and the river Des Plaines, a fork of the Illinois; thence in a direct line to a point on Lake Michigan ten miles northward of the mouth of Chicago Creek; thence along the lake to a point ten miles southward of the said Chicago Creek; thence in a direct line to a point on the Kankakee, ten miles above its mouth; thence with the said Kankakee and the Illinois River to the mouth of the Fox, and thence to the beginning.” *Consideration*, a “considerable quantity of merchandise” and one thousand dollars worth of goods at cost price, for each year, for twelve succeeding years, to be de-



CHICAGO SIX YEARS AFTER THE MASSACRE.

livered on some point of the Illinois River, not lower down than Peoria."

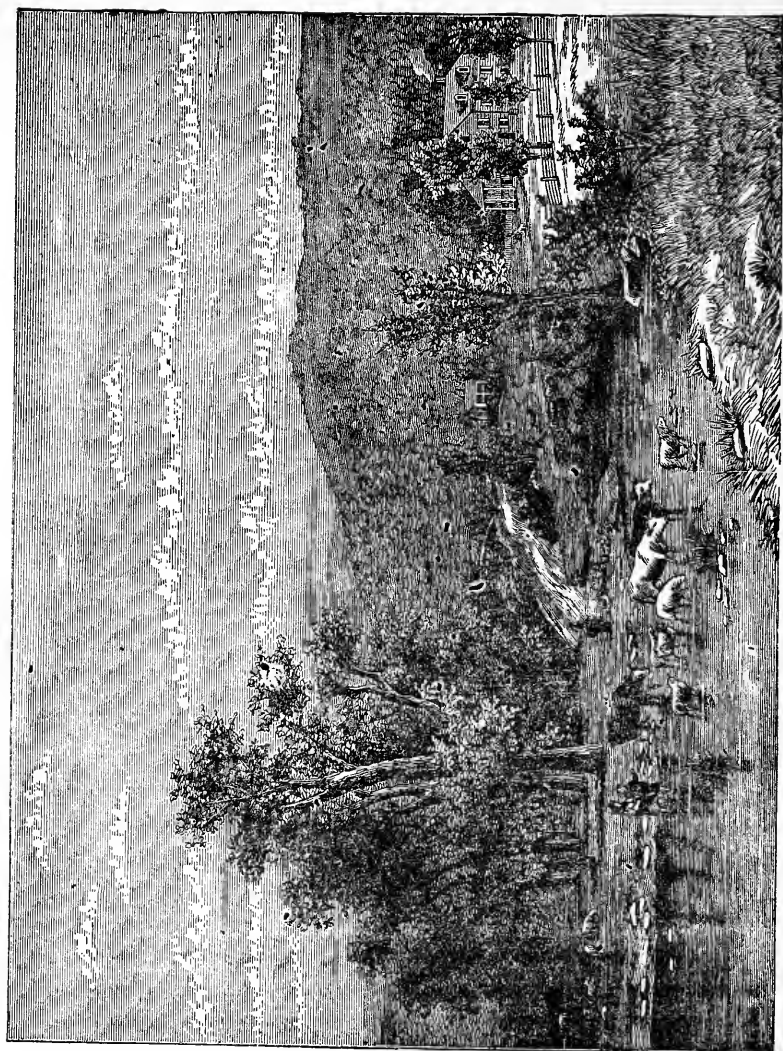
The object of this important and early treaty with the Indians, it is said, was in the interest of the "Illinois and Michigan Canal," which as early as 1814 was mentioned in the "Niles Register" as a "*stupendous* idea," by which Buffalo and New Orleans were ultimately to enjoy uninterrupted water communication.

A later treaty, made Oct. 20, 1832, secured from the Pottawatomies the balance of their territory south of the above tract, for which they were to receive an annuity of fifteen thousand dollars for twenty years, forty-five thousand dollars delivered at the signing of the treaty, and twenty thousand the year following. *Billy Caldwell* was to receive six hundred dollars a year, and *Alexander Robinson* two hundred.

It will be seen that this tract of land averaged twenty miles in width, and extended from Chicago to Ottawa.

In conjunction with other tribes, the Pottawatomies soon after ceded what interest they had in the country at large for other considerations and annuities, and were removed beyond the Mississippi in the year 1836. Thus ended all Indian claims to Chicago soil.





THE PEACEFUL HOME OF EARLIER DAYS.

The Winnebago Scare—A Telescopic View of the Chicago Horizon Fifty Years  
Ago—Sketched by a Living Resident of Chicago,  
Col. G. S. Hubbard.

At the breaking out of the Winnebago war, early in July, 1827, Fort Dearborn was without military occupation.

Doctor Alexander Wolcott, Indian Agent, had charge of Fort Dearborn, living in the brick building, just within the north stockade previously occupied by the commanding officers.

The old officers' quarters, built of logs, on the west, and within the pickets, were occupied by Russell E. Heacock, and one other American family, while a number of *voyageurs*, with their families, were living in the soldiers' quarters, on the east side of the inclosure. The store-house and guard-house were on either side of the southern gate; the sutler's store was east of the north gate, and north of the soldiers' barracks; the block-house was located at the southwest and the bastion at the northwest corners of the fort, and the magazine, of brick, was situated about half-way between the west end of the guard and block houses.

The annual payment of the Pottawatamie Indians occurred in September of the year 1828. A large body of them had assembled, according to custom, to receive their annuity. These left after the payment for their respective villages, except a portion of Big Foot's band.

The night following the payment there was a dance in the soldiers' barracks, during the progress of which a violent storm of wind and rain arose; and about midnight these quarters were struck by lightning and totally consumed, together with the store-house and a portion of the guard-house.

The sleeping inmates of Mr. Kinzie's house, on the opposite bank of the river, were aroused by the cry of "*fire!*" from Mrs. Helm, one of their number, who, from her win-

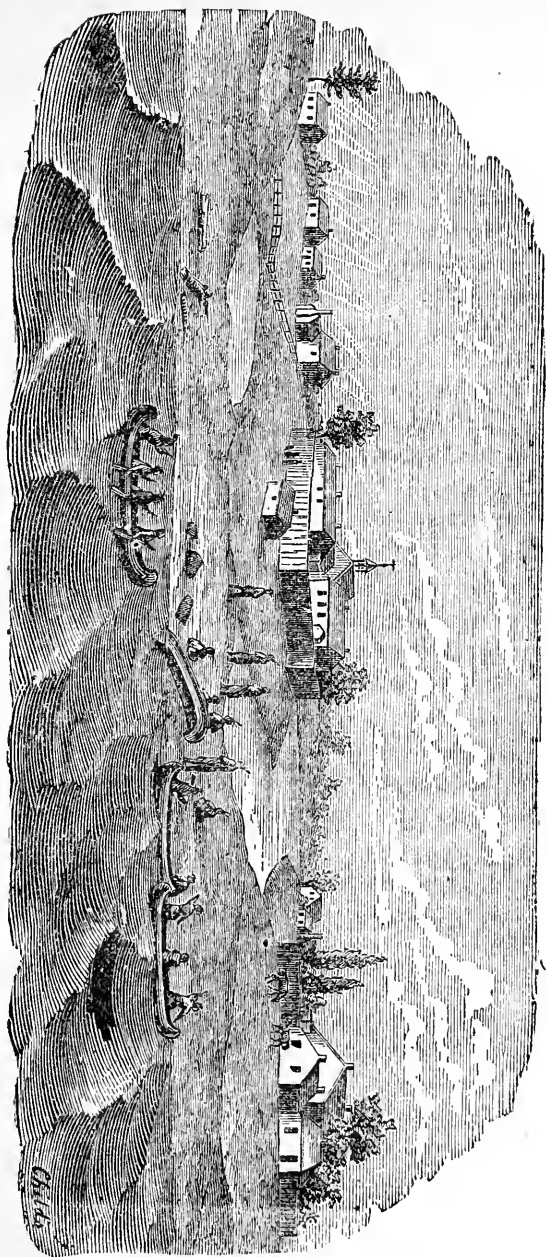
dow, had seen the flames. On hearing the alarm I, says Col. H., with Robert Kinzie, late Paymaster U. S. Army, hastily arose, and, only partially dressed, ran to the river. To our dismay, we found the canoe which we used for crossing the river filled with water ; it had been partially drawn up on the beach, and became filled by the dashing of the waves. Not being able to turn it over, and having nothing with which to bail it out, we lost no time, but swam the stream. Entering by the north gate we saw at a glance the situation.

The barracks and store-house being wrapped in flames, we directed our energies to the saving of the guard-house, the east end of which was on fire. Mr. Kinzie, rolling himself in a wet blanket, got upon the roof. The men and women, about forty in number, formed in line to the river, and with buckets, tubs, and every available utensil, passed the water to him. This was kept up till daylight before the flames were subdued, Mr. Kinzie maintaining his position with great fortitude, though his hands, face, and portions of his body were severely burned. His father, mother, and sister, Mrs. Helm, had meanwhile freed the canoe from water, and, crossing in it, fell into line with those carrying water.

Some of the Big Foot band of Indians were present at the fire, but merely as spectators, and could not be prevailed upon to assist. They all left the next day for their homes. The strangeness of their behavior was the subject of discussion among us.

Six or eight days after this event, while at breakfast in Mr. Kinzie's house, we heard singing, faintly at first, but gradually growing louder as the singers approached. Mr. Kinzie recognized the leading voice as that of Bob Forsyth, and left the table for the piazza of the house, where we all followed.

About where Wells street now crosses the river, in plain



CHICAGO IN 1820.

sight from where we stood, was a light birch-bark canoe, manned with thirteen men, rapidly approaching, the men keeping time with their paddles to one of the Canadian boat songs. It proved to be Governor Cass and his Secretary, Robert Forsyth, and they landed and soon joined us. From them we first learned of the *breaking out of the Winnebago war*, and the massacre on the Upper Mississippi.

Governor Cass was at Green Bay by appointment, to hold a treaty with the Winnebagoes and Menominee tribes, who, however, did not appear to meet him in council. News of hostilities reaching the Governor there, he immediately procured a light birch-bark canoe, purposely made for speed, manned it with twelve men at the paddles and a steersman, and started up the river, making a portage into the Wisconsin, then down it and the Mississippi to Jefferson Barracks below St. Louis.

Here he persuaded the commanding officer to charter a steamer, and embarking troops on it, ascended the Mississippi in search of the hostile Indians, and to give aid to the troops at Fort Snelling. On reaching the mouth of the Illinois River, the Governor (with his men and canoe, having been brought so far on the steamer) here left it, and ascending that stream and the Desplaines and passing through Mud Lake into the south branch of the Chicago River, reached Chicago.

This trip from Green Bay round, was performed in about thirteen days, the Governor's party sleeping only five to seven hours, and, averaging sixty to seventy miles travel each day. On the Wisconsin River they passed Winnebago encampments without molestation. They did not stop to parley, passing rapidly by, singing their boat songs; the Indians were so taken by surprise that, before they recovered from their astonishment, the canoe was out of danger. Gov-

ernor Cass remained at Chicago but a few hours, coasting Lake Michigan back to Green Bay.

As soon as he left the citizens of Chicago assembled for consultation. Big Foot was suspected of acting in concert with the Winnebagoes, as he was known to be friendly to them, and many of his band had intermarried with that tribe.

Shab-o-nee was not here at the payment, his money having been drawn for him by his friend, Billy Caldwell. The evening before Governor Cass' visit, however, he was in Chicago, and then the guest of Caldwell. At my suggestion he and Caldwell were engaged to visit Big Foot's village (Geneva Lake), and get what information they could of the plans of the Winnebagoes; and also learn what action Big Foot's band intended taking. They left immediately, and on nearing Geneva Lake arranged that Shab-o-nee should enter the village alone, Caldwell remaining hidden.

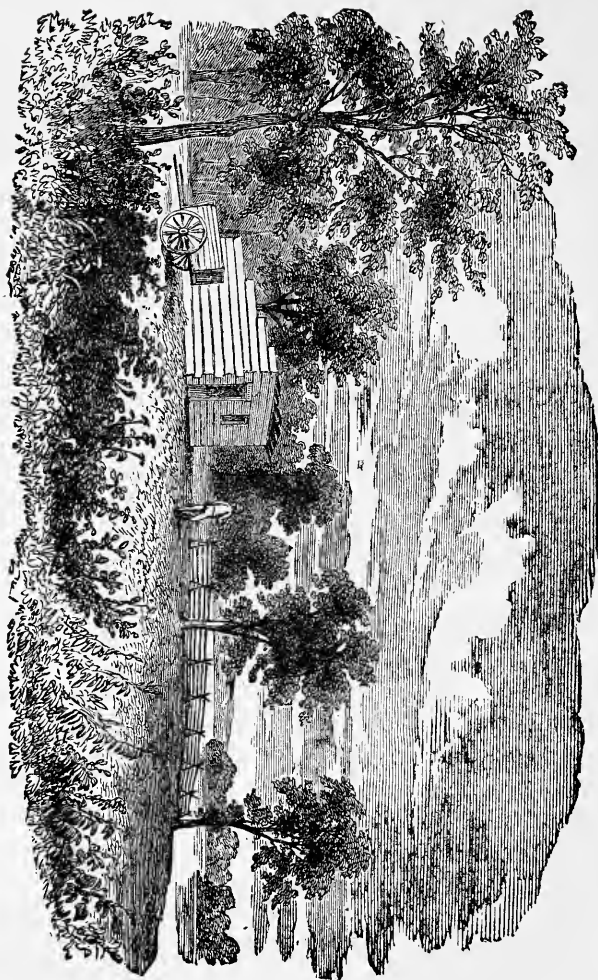
Upon entering the village Shab-o-nee was made a prisoner, and accused of being a friend of the Americans and a spy. He affected great indignation at these charges, and said to Big Foot:

"I was not at the payment, but was told by my braves that you desired us to join the Winnebagoes and make war on the Americans. I think the Winnebagoes have been foolish; alone they cannot succeed. So I come to council with you, hear what you have to say, when I will return to my people and report all you tell me; if they shall then say we will join you I will consent."

After talking nearly all night they agreed to let him go, provided he was accompanied by one of their own number. To this proposal Shab-o-nee readily consented, though it placed him in a dangerous position.

His friend Caldwell was waiting for him in the outskirts of the village, and his presence must not be known, as it would endanger both of their lives.

THE PIONEER HOME.



The brave Shab-o-nee was equal to the emergency.

After leaving, in company with one of Big Foot's braves, as the place of Caldwell's concealment was neared he commenced complaining in a loud voice of being suspected and made a prisoner, and when quite near said:

"We must have no one with us in going to Chicago. Should we meet any one of your band or *any one else*, we must tell them to go away; we must go by ourselves, and get to Chicago by noon to-morrow. Kinzie will give us something to eat, and we can go on next day."

Caldwell heard and understood the meaning of this, and started alone by another route. Strategy was still to be used, as Shab-o-nee desired to report; so on nearing Chicago he said to his companion, "If Kinzie sees you he will ask why your band did not assist in putting out the fire? Maybe he has heard news of the war and is angry with Big Foot; let us camp here, for our horses are very tired."

This they did, and after a little the Big Foot brave suggested that Shab-o-nee should go to the fort for food and information. This was what he wanted to do, and he lost no time in reporting the result of his expedition, and, procuring food, returned to his camp. Starting the next morning with his companion for his own village, on reaching it he called a council of his Indians, who were addressed by Big Foot's emissary; but they declined to take part with the Winnebagoes, advising Big Foot to remain neutral.

On receiving Shab-o-nee's report, *the inhabitants of Chicago were greatly excited*. Fearing an attack, we assembled for consultation, when I suggested sending to the Wabash for assistance, and tendered my services as a messenger.

This was at first objected to, on the ground that a majority of the men at the fort were in my employ, and in case of an attack no one could manage them or enforce their

aid but myself. It was, however, decided that I should go, as I knew the route and all the settlers.

An attack would probably not be made until Big Foot's ambassador had returned with his report; this would give at least two week's security, and in that time I could, if successful, make the trip and return.

I started between 4 and 5 p. m., reaching my trading house on the Iroquis River by midnight, where I changed my horse and went on; it was a dark, rainy night.

On reaching Sugar Creek I found the stream swollen out of its banks, and my horse refusing to cross I was obliged to wait till daylight, when I discovered that a large tree had fallen across the trail, making the ford impassable. I *swam the stream* and went on, reaching my friend Mr. Spencer's house at noon, tired out.

Mr. Spencer started immediately to give the alarm, asking for volunteers to meet at Danville the next evening with five days' rations. By the day following, at the hour appointed, 100 men were organized into a company, and appointing a Mr. Morgan, an old frontier fighter, as their Captain, we immediately *started for Chicago*, camping that night on the north fork of the Vermillion River.

It rained continually, the *trail was very muddy*, and we were obliged to swim most of the streams and many of the large sloughs; but we still pushed on, reaching Fort Dearborn the *seventh day after my departure*, to the great joy of the waiting people.

We reorganized, and had a force of about 150 men, Morgan commanding. At the end of 30 days news came of the defeat of the Winnebagoes and of their treaty with the commanding officer who went from Jefferson Barracks, as before stated. Upon hearing this Morgan disbanded his company, who returned to their homes, leaving Fort Dearborn in charge of the Indian Agent as before.

**An Army from Danville, Ill., Rushing to the Rescue of Chicago from an Indian Massacre—Incidents by the Way.**

The response to Col. Hubbard's visit to Danville for Chicago's safety from the Indians is shown by H. W. Beckwith, Esq., which he condensed from notes taken at several lengthy interviews with Mr. Hezekiah Cunningham:

In the night time, about the 15th or 20th of July, 1827, I was awakened by my brother-in-law, Alexander McDonald, telling me that Mr. Hubbard had just come in from Chicago with the word that the Indians were about to massacre the people there, and that men were wanted for their protection at once. The inhabitants of the county capable of bearing arms had been enrolled under the militia laws of the State, and organized as "The Vermilion County Battalion," in which I held a commission as Captain.

I dressed myself and started forthwith to notify all the men belonging to my company to meet at Butler's Point, (six miles southwest of Danville), the place where the county business was then conducted and where the militia met to muster. The captains of the other companies were notified the same as myself, and they warned out their respective companies the same as I did mine. I rode the remainder of the night at this work, up and down the Little Vermilion.

At noon the next day, the Battalion were at Butler's Point; most of the men lived on the Little Vermilion River, and had to ride or walk from six to twelve miles to the place of rendezvous. Volunteers were called for, and in a little while fifty men, the required number, were raised. Those who agreed to go, then held an election of their officers for the campaign, choosing Achilles Morgan, Captain; Major Bayles, First Lieutenant; and Col. Isaac R. Moores, as second. The names of the private men, as far as I now remember them are as follows: George M. Beck-

with, John Beasley, myself (Hezekiah Cunningham), Julian Ellis, Seaman Cox, James Dixan, Asa Elliot, Francis Foley, William Foley, a Mr. Hammers, Jacob Heater, a Mr. Davis, Evin Morgan, Isaac Goen, Jonathan Phelps, Joshua Parish, William Reed, John Myers ("Little Vermilion John"), John Saulsbury, a Mr. Kirkman, Anthony Swisher, George Swisher, Joseph Price, George Weir, John Vaughn, Newton Wright, and Abel Williams.

Many of the men were without horses, and the neighbors who had horses and did not go, loaned their animals to those who did; still there were five men who started afoot, as there were no horses to be had for them. We disbanded, after we were mustered in, and went home to cook five days' rations, and were ordered to be at Danville the next day.

The men all had a pint of whisky, believing it essential to mix a little of it with the slough water we were to drink on our route.

We arrived at the Vermilion River about noon on Sunday, the day after assembling at Butler's Point. The river was up, running bank full, about a hundred yards wide, with a strong current. Our men and saddles were taken over in a canoe. We undertook to swim our horses, and as they were driven into the water the current would strike them and they would swim in a circle and return to the shore a few rods below. Mr. Hubbard, provoked at this delay, threw off his coat and said, "Give me old Charley," meaning a large, steady-going horse, owned by James Butler and loaned to Jacob Heater. Mr. Hubbard, mounting this horse, boldly dashed into the stream, and the other horses quickly crowded after him.

The water was so swift that "old Charley" became unmanageable, when Mr. Hubbard dismounted on the upper side and seized the horse by the mane, near the animal's

head, and, swimming with his left arm, guided the horse in the direction of the opposite shore. We were afraid he would be washed under the horse or struck by his feet and be drowned; but he got over without damage, except the wetting of his broadcloth pants and moccasins. These he had to dry on his person, as we pursued our journey.

I will here say that a better man than Mr. Hubbard could not have been sent to our people. He was well known to all the settlers. His generosity, his quiet and determined courage, and his integrity, were so well known and appreciated that he had the confidence and good-will of everybody, and was a well-recognized leader among us pioneers.

At this time there were no persons living on the north bank of the Vermilion River near Danville, except Robert Trickle and George Weir, up near the present woolen factory, and William Reed and Dan Beckwith; the latter had a little log cabin on the bluff of the Vermilion near the present highway bridge, or rather on the edge of the hill east of the highway some rods. Here he kept store, in addition to his official duties as Constable and County Surveyor. The store contained a small assortment of such articles as were suitable for barter with the Indians, who were the principal customers. We called it "The Saddle-Bags Store," because the supplies were brought from *Terre Haute* in saddle-bags, that indispensable accompaniment of every rider in those days before highways were provided for the use of vehicles.

Mr. Reed had been elected Sheriff the previous March, receiving fifty-seven out of the eighty votes that were cast at the election, and which represented about the entire voting population of the county at that time. Both Reed and Dan wanted to go with us, and after a warm controversy between them, as it was impossible for them both to

leave, it was agreed that Reed should go and that Beckwith would look after the affairs of both until Reed's return. Amos Williams was building his house at Danville at this time; the sale of lots having taken place the previous April.

Crossing the North Fork at Denmark, three miles north of Danville, we passed the cabin of Seymour Treat. He was building a mill at that place; and his house was the last one in which a family was living until we reached Hubbard's Trading Post, on the north bank of the Iroquois River, near what has since been known as the town of Buncombe; and from this trading house there was no other habitation, Indian wigwams excepted, on the line of our march until we reached Fort Dearborn!

It was a wilderness of prairie all the way, except a little timber we passed through near Sugar Creek, and at the Iroquois.

Late in the afternoon we halted at the last crossing of the North Fork, at Bicknell's Point, a little north of the present town of Rossville. Here three of the footmen turned back, as the condition of the streams rendered it impossible for them to continue longer with us. Two men who had horses also left us. After a hasty lunch we struck across the eighteen-mile prairie, the men stringing out on the trail Indian file, reaching Sugar Creek late in the night, where we went into camp on the south bank, near the present town of Milford.

The next day, before noon, we arrived at Hubbard's Trading House, which was on the north bank of the Iroquois, about a quarter of a mile from the river. A lot of Indians, some of them half naked, were lying and lounging about the river bank and Trading House; and when it was proposed to swim our horses over, in advance of passing the men in boats, the men objected, fearing the Indians would take their horses, or stampede them, or do us some other

mischief. Mr. Hubbard assured us that those Indians were friendly, and we afterward learned that they were Pottawatomies, known as "Hubbard's Band," from the fact that he had long traded with and had a very great influence over them.

It is proper to state that we were deficient in arms. We gathered up squirrel rifles, flint-locks, old muskets, or anything like a gun that we may have had about our houses. Some of us had no fire-arms at all. I, myself, was among this number. Mr. Hubbard supplied those of us who had inefficient weapons, or those of us who were without them. He also gave us flour and salt pork. He had lately brought up the Iroquois River a supply of these articles. We remained at Hubbard's Trading House the remainder of the day, cooking rations and supplying our necessities.

The next morning we again moved forward, swimming Beaver Creek and crossing the Kankakee River at the Rapids, just at the head of the island near Momence; pushing along we passed Yellowhead's Village. The old chief, with a few old men and the squaws and pappooses, were at home. The young men were off on a hunt.

Remaining here a little time, we again set out, and going about five miles encamped at the point of the timber on Yellowhead's Creek. The next morning we again set out, crossing a branch of the Calumet to the west of the Blue Island. All the way from Danville we had followed an Indian trail, since known as "Hubbard's trace;" there was no sign of roads; the prairies and whole country was crossed and recrossed by Indian trails, and we never could have got through but for the knowledge which Mr. Hubbard had of the country. It had been raining for some days before we left home, and it rained almost every day on the route. The streams and sloughs were full of water. We swam the

former and traveled through the latter, sometimes almost by the hour.

Many of the ponds were so deep that our men dipped up the water to drink as they sat in their saddles. Col. Hubbard fared better than the rest of us; that is, he did not get his legs wet so often, for he rode a very tall, iron-gray stallion that Peleg Spencer, Sr., living two miles south of Danville, loaned him. The little Indian pony which Hubbard rode in from Iroquois to Spencer's was so used up as to be unfit for the return journey.

We reached Chicago about four o'clock on the evening of the fourth day, in the midst of one of the most severe rain-storms I ever experienced, accompanied by thunder and vicious lightning. The rain we did not mind—we were without tents and were used to wetting. The water we took within us hurt us more than that which fell upon us, as drinking it made many of us sick.

The people of Chicago were very glad to see us. They were expecting an attack every hour since Col. Hubbard had left them; and as we approached they did not know whether we were enemies or friends, and when they learned that we were friends they gave us a shout of welcome.

They had organized a company of thirty or fifty men, composed mostly of Canadian half-breeds, interspersed with a few Americans, all under command of Capt. Beaubien. The Americans, seeing that we were a better-looking crowd, wanted to leave their associates and join our company. This feeling caused quite a row, and the officers finally restored harmony, and the discontented men went back to their old command.

The town of Chicago was composed at this time of six or seven American families, a number of half-breeds and a lot of idle, vagabond Indians loitering about. I made the ac-

quaintance of Robert and James Kinzie, and their father, John Kinzie.

We kept guard day and night for some eight or ten days, when a runner came in—I think from Green Bay—bringing word that Gen. Cass had concluded a treaty with the Winnebagoes, and that we might now disband and go home.

The citizens were overjoyed at the news, and in their gladness they turned out one barrel of gin, one barrel of brandy, one barrel of whisky, knocking the heads of the barrels in. Everybody was invited to take a free drink, and, to tell the plain truth, everybody *did* drink.

The ladies at Fort Dearborn treated us especially well. I say this without disparaging the good and cordial conduct of the men toward us. The ladies gave us all manner of good things to eat. They loaded us with provisions, and gave us all those delicate attentions that the kindness of woman's heart would suggest. Some of them—three ladies whom I understood were recently from New York—distributed tracts and other reading matter among our company, and interested themselves zealously in our spiritual as well as temporal welfare.

We started on our return, camping out of nights, and reached home on the evening of the third day.



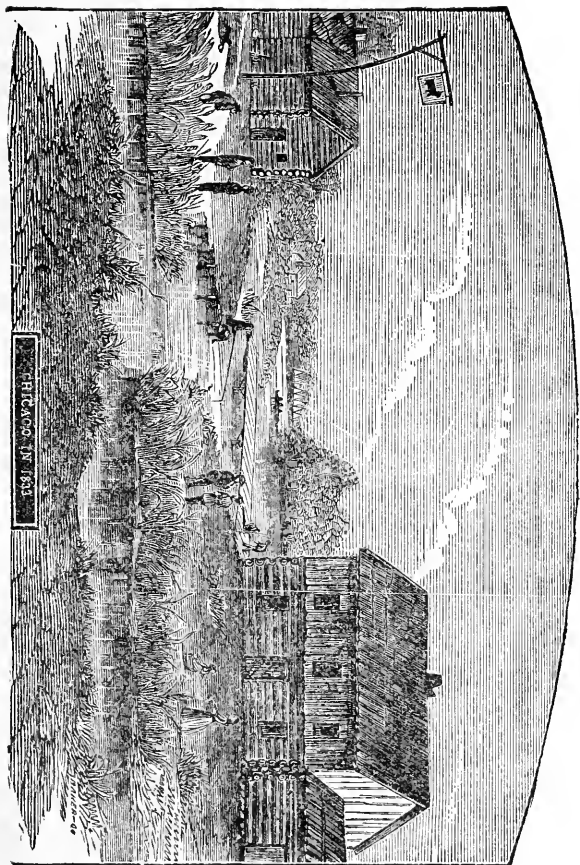
## The First Hotel in Chicago.

Chicago, now so justly proud of her many magnificent hotels, some of which are the finest in the world, opened her "first tavern" in 1829, under the following official cast-iron stipulations: County Commissioners' Court, Peoria County, December 8, 1829. Present: Francis Thomas, George Sharp, and Isaac Egman.

*Ordered:* That a license be granted to Archibald Caldwell to keep a tavern at Chicago, and that he pay a tax of eight dollars, and be allowed the following rates, and give a bond with security for one hundred dollars:

Each half pint of wine, rum, or brandy.....	25 cts.
"    pint        "        "        "        "        .....	37½ "
"    half-pint gin.....	18¾ "
"    pint        "        .....	31¼ "
"    gill of whisky.....	6¼ "
"    half-pint "        .....	12½ "
"    pint        "        .....	18¾ "
"    breakfast, dinner, or supper.....	25 "
"    night's lodging.....	12½ "
Keeping horse over night on grain and hay...	25 "
The same as above, 24 hours.....	37½ "
Horse feed.....	12½ "

This paternal Chicago tavern was located on the west side of the North Branch, a few rods from the junction of the rivers. There were but two houses in that "region of country" at that time, one the residence of Che-che-pingua (Alexander Robinson), and the other the store of James Kinzie.



FIRST HOTEL IN CHICAGO.

**Hunting Wolves Around Chicago—An Exciting Instance in Which a Herd Took to the Ice in the Harbor.**

One of our early amusements (says an old settler) was that of wolf-hunting. Experienced Indian ponies were plenty in our city.

The last hunt I remember had for its object the driving of as large a number of wolves as possible up to the ice upon the lake shore, and as near the mouth of the harbor as could be done. There was to be no shooting until the wolves had got upon the ice. No person was to fire unless his aim was entirely over ice, and then to the eastward.

Two parties started early in the morning, one following the lake shore south, and the other the river, to meet at a common center not far from Blue Island. Then they were to spread themselves out, cover as much territory as possible, and drive the wolves before them.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a wolf made his appearance in the *outskirts of the city*. The news was spread, and our people turned out on foot, keeping along the margin of the river, so as to drive the wolves upon the ice of the lake shore. One wolf after another made his appearance, and soon we saw the horsemen. The number of wolves was about the same as that of Samson's foxes.

The men were so eager to get the first fire at a wolf that the tramp of their horses broke the ice; and, as the wind was rather brisk, it broke away from the shore, with the wolves upon it, and drifted northeasterly, very much in the same direction as that taken by the recent unfortunate balloon. But the wolves, unlike the man in the balloon, took no reporter on board.

Men, women, and children lined the bank of the lake, expecting to see the ice break in pieces and the wolves swim ashore. But it did not do so. Our people watched the ice, and could see the wolves running from side to side,

A WOLF HUNT IN THE EARLY DAYS.



until they faded away from view. When I took my last look they appeared about the size of mice.

About two weeks afterward a letter appeared in a Detroit paper containing an account of some farm settlements on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan being attacked by a large body of hungry wolves. They destroyed fowls and cattle, and for several days spread terror through the neighborhood.

We always supposed that these were our wolves, but our hunters never laid any claim to them, as the news of their arrival was so long in reaching here.

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**Judge Caton's First Night in Chicago—His "Boarding-House," And What Became of the Landlady's Daughter!**

The first night I slept in Chicago (says the Judge) was in a "log-tavern" (the name they went by then), west of the junction of the rivers, kept by W. W. Wattles.

The next day I learned that the best entertainment was to be had at the crack boarding-house of the place, kept by Dexter Graves, at five dollars per week. It was a log-house near the middle of the square just north of the present Tremont House. If it was a log-house, I assure you we had good fare and a right merry time, too.

There were *seven beds in the attic* in which *fourteen* of us slept that summer, and I fear we sometimes disturbed the family with our carryings on o' nights.

I know of but one of those fourteen boarders besides myself now living. Edward H. Haddock knows who slept with me in that attic.

Haddock was a sly fellow then; for before one of us suspected what he was at he made sure of the flower of the family—and a real gem of priceless value she was—who still

survives to promote the happiness of those around her. Young ladies were in demand here in those days.

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**The First Ferry.**

The official record of the first Chicago ferry, dated June 2, 1829, is as follows:

*Ordered:* That Archibald Clybourn and Samuel Miller be authorized to keep a ferry across the Chicago River, at the lower forks, near Wolf's Point, crossing the river below the Northeast Branch, and to land on either side of both branches, to suit the convenience of persons wishing to cross. And that said Clybourn and Miller pay a tax of two dollars, and execute a bond with security for one hundred dollars. The rates for ferriage to be one-half the sum that John L. Bogardus gets at his ferry at Peoria.

*Ordered:* That the following rates be, and they are hereby, allowed to be charged and received by the different ferries, by their respective owners, in this county; to wit:

For each foot passenger.....	6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.
“ man and horse .....	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ “
“ Dearborn sulkey chair with springs. 50	“
“ one-horse wagon.....	25 “
“ four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two oxen or horses.....	37 $\frac{1}{2}$ “
“ cart with two oxen.....	37 $\frac{1}{2}$ “
“ head of neat cattle or mules.....	10 “
“ hog, sheep, or goat.....	3 “
“ hundred-weight of goods, wares, and merchandise, each bushel of grain or other article sold by the bushel	6 $\frac{1}{4}$ “

And all other articles in equal and just proportion.

**First School-Teacher in Chicago—He Opens in a Little Barn Twelve Feet Square  
—His Own Sketch of His Early Labors.**

Mr. John Watkins was Chicago's first school-teacher. In describing his early labors he says: I arrived in Chicago in May, 1832, and always had the reputation of being its first school-teacher. I never heard my claim disputed.

I commenced teaching in the fall, after the Black Hawk war, 1832. My first school-house was situated on the North Side, about half-way between the lake and the forks of the river, then known as Wolf Point. The building was owned by Col. Richard J. Hamilton, was erected for a horse stable, and had been used as such. It was *twelve feet square*.

My benches and desks were made of old *store boxes*. The school was started by private subscription. Thirty scholars were subscribed for. But many subscribed who had no children. So it was a sort of free-school, there not being thirty children in town.

During my first quarter I had but twelve scholars, and only four of them were white. The others were quarter, half, and three-quarter Indians. After the first quarter I moved my school into a double log-house on the West Side. It was owned by Rev. Jesse Walker, a Methodist minister. and was located near the bank of the river where the north and south branches meet. He resided in one end of the building, and I taught in the other. On Sundays Father Walker preached in the room where I taught.

In the winter of 1832-3, Billy Caldwell, a half-breed chief of the Pottawatomie Indians, better known as Sau-ganash, offered to pay the tuition and buy books for all Indian children who would attend school, if they would dress like the Americans, and he would also pay for their clothes. But *not a single one* would accept the proposition conditioned upon the change of apparel.

When I first went to Chicago there was but one frame building there, and it was a store owned by Robert A. Kinzie. The rest of the houses were made of logs. There were *no bridges*. The river was crossed by *canoes*!

I was born in Scipio, Cayuga County, N. Y., in 1802. I left Chicago in 1836, and have resided in Joliet and vicinity ever since. I had the acquaintance, when in Chicago, of Col. Richard J. Hamilton, Thomas Owen (Indian Agent), Geo. W. Dole, John Wright, P. F. W. Peck, Philo Carpenter, John S. C. Hogan, Col. John B. Beaubien, Mark Beaubien, John H., Robert A., and James Kinzie.

I will now give you the names of some of my scholars: Thomas, William, and George Owen; Richard Hamilton; Alexander, Philip, and Henry Beaubien; and Isaac N. Harmon, now a merchant in Chicago.

I remember Stephen R. Beggs, who sometimes preached in Father Walker's building where I taught school.

Mr. Watkins is still residing at Joliet.

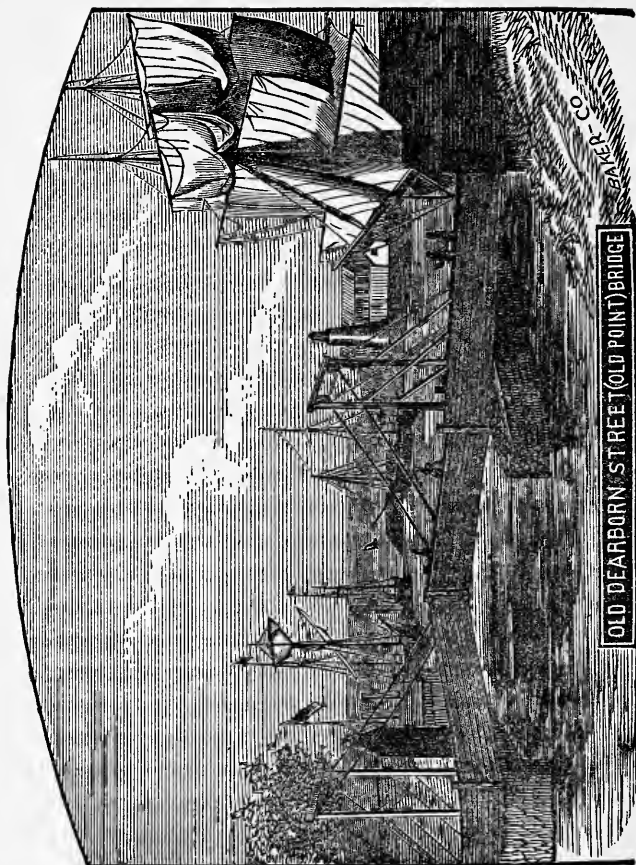
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**The First Drawbridge Across the Chicago River—Sketched by the Builder.**

Nelson R. Norton came to Chicago November 16, 1833. He says: Soon after I arrived I commenced cutting the lumber for a drawbridge on the land adjoining Michigan avenue, afterward owned by Hiram Pearsons. In March, 1834, I commenced building it, and I think it was completed by the first of June.

The first steamboat that passed through it was the old Michigan, with a double engine, commanded by Capt. C. Blake, and owned by Oliver Newberry, of Detroit.

The bridge had an opening of 60 feet, with a double draw. I think the length was 300 feet. This is the best of my recollection. The width was 16 feet. It was located at Dearborn street.



Credit me with building the first vessel at Chicago. I built the sloop *Clarissa* in the spring of 1835. This was the first sail vessel launched on the west side of Lake Michigan, if not the first on the lake.

The first freight taken down the lakes was in 1834, being a lot of hides, from cattle that had been slaughtered for the Government troops.

I was born at Hampton, Washington Co., N. Y., on November 8, 1807.

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**The First Sunday-School in Chicago—Sketched by the Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D.**

Dr. Mitchell, now pastor of the first church organized in Chicago (First Presbyterian), in a recent historical discourse thus describes the first Sunday-school:

Several months before the schooner's arrival from Fort Brady (which brought the Rev. Jeremiah Porter to Chicago), before there was either school-house, or church, or minister in the settlement, four earnest workers had started a Sunday-school. Its first session was held (so I learn from Mr. Porter) in a log house at the Point, on the west side of the south branch of the river. There were fifteen scholars, mostly children of the French and half-breed residents. They were untutored little urchins, and had to be collected each Sabbath by the teachers.

Mr. Philo Carpenter, a druggist, a member of Dr. Beman's Presbyterian Church, in Troy, N. Y., was the Superintendent. This was the first Sunday-school established in Northern Illinois, except one opened by that heroic Home Missionary, Rev. Aratus Kent, (known as Father Kent), in a dram-shop in Galena. The Sunday-school (in Chicago) was opened August 19, 1832.

In April, 1833, Father Walker, an aged Methodist minister, came to Chicago to reside. He lived in a log cabin on the west side of the river, near the North Branch, and preached there on the Sabbath. The Methodists are the pioneers. The first minister to preach the gospel in Chicago was a Methodist. He had about *thirty days' start* of Mr. Porter.

The Sunday-school in its first two years of labor had been moved from the log house on the Point, first to Father Walker's house, then to the Fort, then to the second story of one of the three frame buildings used as stores. This stood at the corner of La Salle and South Water streets, then the business part of the village. Mr. Carpenter was still Superintendent, and John Wright Secretary and Librarian, "the library being comfortably carried"—so writes Dr. Humphrey—"in a silk handkerchief. It soon became necessary, however, to substitute a basket for the silk handkerchief," Mr. Joseph Meeker having arrived in July, '34, with great spoil—a quantity of second-hand books, which had been used in a Sunday-school in the city of New York.

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**Chicago's First Minister and First Church--Sketched by the Pastor.**

Chicago's first minister, the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, still lives, and all the way from his home on the Pacific Coast comes the following description of his first arrival and early labors in the city by the sea. Mr. Porter says: "On the arrival of Major Fowle at Fort Dearborn, on the 4th of May, 1833, in a schooner direct from Fort Brady, with his missionary pastor (Mr. Porter) on board, they found, including troops of the United States Army, some four hundred people at Chicago; but no minister or priest had

ever visited them so far as they could learn, except Father Jesse Walker, who as an itinerant Methodist minister had come once a month from his Indian mission on the Fox River, and gathered a few Christians in a log school house on the west side of the river.

But Philo Carpenter had preceded the army chaplain by a year, and had established a sabbath-school and a prayer-meeting. John Wright and his son, John S. Wright, were associated with Mr. Carpenter in these incipient Christian efforts, laying foundations for many generations. The elder Mr. Wright, by writing, had tried for months to secure a minister for Chicago, and when to his surprise on that Monday morning he met the minister (as he went to dinner in his log boarding-house), whom he had known eight years before a student in Williams College, and learned from him that he had come with a part of a scattered church, he exclaimed with admiration:

"This is like the bursting out of the sun from the darkest clouds! Yesterday was the darkest day we ever saw. We were to lose one of our praying officers, and were expecting only godless men with the new troops, and Mr. Carpenter has gone back to New York for his spring goods."

With the aid of Major Fowle and his men, the *carpenter shop* at Fort Dearborn was changed into a house of worship.

The *first sermon*, however, was preached in Father Walker's school-house, west of the South Branch, just over the bridge.

The first text of the new minister (Mr. Porter) was: "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear fruit; so shall ye be My disciples.—(John xv., 8.)

No minister of any church, or priest, except Father Walker, was found north, south, east or west, *within one hundred miles!* Niles, Mich., east; Danville, Ill., south;

Galena, Ill., west; Princeton, southwest, and the Stockbridge Indians, north, on the Fox River, Wis., were the only *near* churches!

During the month of June (the 26th), 1833, a Presbyterian Church was gathered, consisting of two officers of the army and their wives, three wives of soldiers and eleven soldiers, all from the church at Fort Brady. The citizens of Chicago who united at the organization were only four gentlemen and four ladies, all by letter from churches in New England, except Philo Carpenter, who was a native of New England, coming from Dr. S. S. Beman's church, Troy, N. Y., and Mrs. Charles Taylor, sister of the present General Orlando Wilcox, U. S. A.

From this acorn of a church, planted forty-seven years ago, have grown the oaks that now fill the fifth, if not the fourth, city of the American United States.

John Wright, Philo Carpenter, and Major De L. Wilcox, were chosen elders of the church and set apart by the pastor.

On the first Sabbath of July, 1833, the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the town that now has 500,000 inhabitants. And of those *first communicants* four continue to this day to testify of those days of small things: Mr. Carpenter, identified from that day with all the moral and spiritual interests of Chicago; Miss Taylor; Eliza Chappel, who two years afterwards became the *pastor's wife*, and is still; and himself."

The Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D., the present pastor of the church organized by the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, adds:

"In the first year of Mr. Porter's labors the church increased from twenty-six to sixty-seven members. Letters were presented twenty years old by persons who had passed all those years at frontier posts. The little church could not give a support to their pastor. He was sustained by

the Home Missionary Society; but steps were taken immediately by them and money raised to build a house of worship.

On the 4th of January, 1834, that house was dedicated to God. It was a frame building, about forty feet in length by twenty-five in width, and cost \$600. It would seat about two hundred; and the settlers, with the attendants from the garrison, filled it comfortably every Sunday.

The walls were simply plastered, the floor bare, the seats home-made benches, made of ordinary boards. It stood on what is now the alley of the lot at the southwest corner of Lake and Clark streets. "People wondered," so I have been told by an aged lady who worshipped in that primitive place, "what on earth Mr. Porter had *put the church away off there for, out on the prairie!*"

The young pastor evidently had faith in the future of Chicago. The building stood out in the open fields, without any fence around it. Several of the members lived on the West Side, where there were then three houses—but one of those houses, though only twenty feet by fourteen, accommodated that winter seventeen persons! For them it was quite a circumstance to reach the church.

The river had to be crossed by a sort of floating bridge, near what is now Randolph street, and they must then go skipping from one log to another across the swamps and bogs of the muddy prairie. Sometimes they were sadly bemired on the way, and more than once ladies had to be picked up by strong arms and lifted across the black and treacherous holes."



"Long John's" Story of an Early Chicago Wedding---The Whole City Invited  
---Stylish Outfits, and What Became of a Lock of the Bride's Raven Hair.

I remember attending the wedding of one of Laframboise's daughters. She was married to a clerk in the Post-office. The clerk was the one who delivered letters, and of course was well known to all our citizens, and was remarkably popular.

He went to the printing office and had fifty cards of invitation struck off. But when people went for their letters they politely hinted that they expected a card of invitation to the wedding. So he was compelled to go to the printing office and have fifty more struck off. These did not last long, and he had one hundred more.

Then he said that tickets were of no use, and *everybody* might come; and about everyone did come. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Isaac W. Hallam, pastor of the St. James' Episcopal Church.

The house was of no particular use, as it was full and surrounded with people.

This wedding made a strong impression on my mind, as it was the first time I ever saw the Indian war-dance. Some of the guests not only had their tomahawks and scalping-knives, bows and arrows, but a few of them had real scalps which they pretended they had taken in the various Indian wars. Their faces were decorated with all the favorite pictures of the Indians. And some of our young white men and ladies played the part of the Indian so well that it was difficult to distinguish them from the real ones.

It has been a wonder to me that, while our professors of music have been inventing so many different kinds of dances, none of them have reproduced the Indian war-dance, which to me is much more sensible than nine-tenths of those which are now practiced at so many of our fashionable parties. I presume that the trouble is that our ladies



"EXPECTATION."

consider that the Indian war-paint extemporized for the occasion would interfere with the original paint put on before they left their homes, and which they wished to remain through the evening.

One of our young men claimed that at this wedding, amid the crowd, unperceived, he had clipped a lock from the bride's long, flowing, raven hair. Some of this hair he had put into a breast-pin, and very soon thereafter these Indian bridal breast-pins were about as thick as were the manufactures from our old court-house bell after the fire.

One man who had worn one for some years was suddenly taken sick, and expected to die. He called his wife to his bedside and told her he deemed it his duty to state to her that he had been deceiving her for years, and he could not die in peace until he had made a confession.

"I must tell you before I die that the hair in that pin I have been wearing so deceitfully is not the hair of that Indian chief's daughter, but your own."

With pitiful eyes he looked to his wife for forgiveness.

"And is that all that troubles you?" said she; "what you have just revealed in your dying hour only confirms my opinion of you. I always supposed you thought more of me than you did of a squaw!"

And now I suppose you think that that man died in peace. But he did not. He is alive now. There is occasionally an instance where a man has survived a confession to his wife. But where, oh where, is there an instance of a woman who has survived a confession to her husband?

After the marriage of this Indian chief's daughter, several of our wealthy citizens (wealthy for those days) gave return parties. I remember attending a very elegant one given at the house of Medard B. Beaubien. I think the fashionable society of Chicago subsisted for about two months upon that wedding. Mr. Beaubien has given me several invita-

tions, as he has others of our old settlers, to visit him at his residence among the Pottawatomies. He told me that I would be a big Pottawatomie! He gave as a reason for abandoning Chicago, where he was a merchant, that he would rather be a big Indian than a little white man. He has the reputation of being the handsomest man that was ever in this city. I met him at Washington, a few years ago, and he attracted great attention for his remarkable personal beauty.

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#### St. James' Episcopal Church.

Concerning Chicago's first Episcopal Church and its early labors, the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold says:

John H. Kinzie and Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie, with Gurdon S. Hubbard, may be considered, more than any others, the founders of St. James' Church. Others aided and contributed, but the Kinzie family took the lead. The parish was organized in 1834, and on the 12th of October, 1834, Rev. Isaac W. Hallam arrived in Chicago, and took charge of the parish.

The first regular services were held in a room in a wooden building standing on the corner of Wolcott (now N. State) and Kinzie streets, fitted up by Mr. Kinzie and others as a place of worship, and which afterward, being used in the Presidential campaign of 1840 as a place for political meetings, was named "Tippecanoe Hall."

In 1835 or 1836 John H. Kinzie donated two lots on the southeast corner of Cass and Illinois streets as a site for the church edifice, and in 1836-1837 a brick church was erected thereon. On the 26th of March, 1837, the body of the church was first occupied for public service. The entire cost of the church, exclusive of the organ, was

\$14,000. On the Monday following the first service most of the pews were sold at auction, and brought the sum of \$13,862, which, with subscriptions and the proceeds of a fair, paid the cost of the church and left a balance of \$4,000, which was used toward the erection of a rectory.

At the home of John H. Kinzie (standing on the north-east corner of Cass and Michigan streets) the Bishops and clergy of the Diocese of Illinois were always welcome. The Venerable Bishop Chase always found there a home and a genial welcome. Indeed, the hospitality of the Kinzie family was proverbial all over the Northwest. In the reminiscences of Bishop Chase, published in two volumes, by James B. Dow, Boston, 1848, this family is spoken of.

In a letter on p. 389, dated Monday, July 26, 1837, the good old Bishop says: "The consecration of *St. James' Church*, Chicago, took place yesterday at half-past ten. The church was filled to overflowing, even before the Bishop met the wardens and vestry at the door. The Rev. Mr. Hallam read the morning prayers, and myself the ante-communion and sermon. Text: 'The Lord is in this place. This is none other than the House of God, and this the gate of heaven.' The whole number of communicants is now about thirty. I went to the Kinzies. Mrs. Magill, and all the young, and Mrs. K. were most attentive to my every want, etc."

Indeed, such was the prominence and activity of Mrs. John H. Kinzie in the early days of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Illinois, that she was sometimes called "*The Female Bishop of Illinois.*"

**The First Daily Newspaper.**

The first daily newspaper printed in Chicago was the *Chicago Daily American*, edited by Wm. Stuart, the first number of which bears date April 9th, 1839. The closing words of the editor's "salutatory" are as follows: "We now launch our humble bark on the great ocean of the world, with plenty of *sheet*, but still with no certainty of *sale*, and with what pilotage we may command, we must trust the destiny of its voyage to the winds and waves, the sunshine and the storm."

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**The First "Loafer" in Chicago.**

The first "loafer" on record was Richard Harper. The city census of July 1st, 1837, gave the occupation of every citizen. In this instance the record reads, "Richard Harper, loafer." This man, it is said, was "respectably connected" in the city of Baltimore, and, be it known, afterward *reformed*. He left the young city no doubt in disgust, and made his way back to his native place, and afterward became one of the six Washingtonian Reformers who started the great temperance reformation which spread over the country in 1840. So it is said.

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**Chicago's First Wedding.**

The first wedding in Chicago—of which there is any record—occurred July 20th, 1823. Curiously enough, the contracting parties were a physician, Alexander Wolcott, M. D., and Ellen M. Kinzie, who was the first child born in Chicago. John Hamlin, J. P., who was returning from a business trip to Green Bay, Wis., to his home in Fulton

County, officiated on the occasion, and made them "husband and wife" by a very plain but solid-binding ceremony. All the prominent chiefs and braves of the Pottawatomies, and other tribes, were present at this first of the long and rapidly extending list of Chicago marriages. Miss Kinzie was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kinzie. She was born in the autumn of 1807, and was just "sweet sixteen" the year of her marriage.

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#### Violets.

The first divorce suit in Chicago was brought in 1835.

The first "one-horse shay" to make its appearance was in 1834; Philo Carpenter, proprietor.

"Horse cars" made their appearance in the city, "as far up as Twelfth street," April 25, 1859.

The first Coroner was John R. Clark, and his first inquest was "over the body of a dead Indian."

Mr. Robert Fergus issued the first Directory of Chicago. It appeared in 1839, and contained 1.660 names.

The first church fair held in Chicago was given by the ladies of the Protestant Episcopal Church, June 18, 1835.

David McKee was Chicago's first blacksmith. He also in early days carried a monthly mail from Fort Wayne to Chicago.

The first white woman to make her home in Chicago from New England was Mrs. Hadassah Trask, who arrived May 26, 1826.

The first Justice of the Peace in Chicago was John Kinzie, commissioned July 28, 1825, as shown by the records of Peoria County.

The first bank established in Chicago was a branch of

the State Bank of Illinois, in December, 1835, of which W. H. Brown was cashier.

The first lawyer who appeared on the Chicago horizon was Russell E. Heacock. He arrived July 4, 1827, and "still lives" in the city.

Chicago boasted of its first brick house in 1831, built by Caleb Blodgett on the North side of Adams street, between Dearborn and State streets.

The first railroad to run *out of Chicago*, was the "Galena and Chicago Union," which penetrated the distant village of Elgin (forty miles), in 1850.

Chicago's first City Clerk was Isaac N. Arnold, since a member of Congress, and now the Honorable President of the Chicago Historical Society.

The first census of Chicago was taken July 1st, 1839. It showed a grand total population of 4,170 persons, of whom 3,989 were white, 77 black, and 104 sailors.

The first large vessel that ever entered the *Chicago River* was the schooner "Illinois," which "sailed up" July 11, 1834, amid the acclamations of the citizens.

The first livery stable in Chicago was kept by Lathrop Johnson, now a resident of Ontonagon, Mich. He also "run" the first stage line between Chicago and Milwaukee.

The first arrival of passengers from the East by railroad was via the Michigan Southern line, Feb. 20, 1852, and the first train by the Michigan Central was May 21, 1852.

The first lady "schoolmarm" in Chicago is said to have been Mrs. Stephen Forbes, who opened a school in 1830 near what is now the corner of Randolph street and Michigan avenue.

The first Sunday Liquor Law was adopted Sept. 1, 1834, prohibiting the opening of any "tippling shop or grocery" on Sunday, under a penalty of \$5, one half to go to the complainant.

The first jail was built in the autumn of 1833, "of logs well bolted together," on the northwest corner of the public square. It was standing as late as 1853, when it gave way for the "New Court House."

The first Postmaster of Chicago was J. S. C. Hogan, who kept a "variety store" on South Water street. He was appointed in 1833, and once a week received a mail from Niles, Mich., brought on horseback.

The first side-wheel steamer, the "Geo. W. Dole," was built by that gentleman in 1840, at the junction of the two branches of the Chicago River, from timber that grew on the North Branch of the Chicago River.

The first male child born in Chicago was Merriweather L. Whistler, son of Lieut. Whistler. He was born in Fort Dearborn during the autumn of 1805, and at the age of about seven years was drowned at Newport, Ky.

The first white man hung in Chicago was John Stone—evidently a hard case—who was executed July 10th, 1840, on a gallows erected "back of Myrick's tavern," near the lake shore, in expiation of the murder of Mrs. Thompson.

The first sail-vessel that ever arrived in the Chicago port is believed to have been the United States schooner "Tracy," with Dorr for Master. It came around the lakes from Detroit some time in 1803, bringing Capt. John Whistler, who came to build a fort.

The first tax-list on record is for the year 1825, which shows the entire personal property—not including the American Fur Company—to have been valued at \$4,047, on which the whole tax paid was \$40.47, with only thirteen persons, all told, as the tax-payers.

The first "celebration" of any character took place July 4th, 1836, in honor of the removal of the first shovelful of dirt in the construction of the canal. It is said every man, woman, and child in good health in the village was present

on the eventful occasion. The temperance people had lemonade, and others whisky; but finally, it is said, the two liquids got seriously mixed.

The first steam fire-engine was introduced by Mayor Wentworth, during his first term in 1857. It was appropriately called "Long John." During his second term, in 1861, he introduced two more, and called them "Liberty" and "Economy," in honor of a favorite watchword of his.

The first steamers that stirred the waters of Lake Michigan in *front* of Chicago, were the "Sheldon Thompson" and "William Penn." They arrived July 8th, 1832, and had on board Gen. Winfield Scott and a lot of soldiers for the Black Hawk war. At that date there were only five dwelling houses in Chicago, three of which were made of logs.

The first public building in Chicago of which any mention is made was an "Estray Pen," erected on the southwest corner of the public square. The lowest bid for the contract was \$20, put in by Samuel Miller; but failing to complete the structure according to specifications, he was paid only \$12 by the Treasurer. This is supposed to be *the first* instance where a contractor failed to fulfill his contract.

The first street leading to Lake Michigan was laid out April 25, 1832. It commenced at what was then called "the east end of Water street," and is described by Jedediah Wooley, the surveyor, as follows: "From the east end of Water street, in the town of Chicago, to Lake Michigan. Direction of said road is south  $88\frac{1}{2}$  degrees east from the street to the lake, 18 chains 50 links." Said street was laid out fifty feet wide. The viewers on this occasion "also believe that said road is of public utility, and a convenient passage from the town to the lake."



## AMUSING AND OTHERWISE.

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Love Letters in the Early Days of Chicago.---How Some of Them were "Franked" by the Aid of Mr. Wentworth.---A Laughable Story.



Soon after my election to Congress—says Mr. Wentworth, who tells this story—a young man who had rendered me material service made me a call, and observed that postage was very high; in which sentiment I concurred, and promised to labor to reduce it. He then remarked that I would have the franking privilege; to which I assented, and promised to labor

to abolish it.

But all this did not seem to interest the young man, and

I was perplexed to know the drift of his conversation. Finally, with great embarrassment, he observed that he was *engaged to a young lady at the East*, and wanted to know if I could not frank his letters.

I explained that there was but one way to avoid the responsibilities of the law; and that was for him to *write his letters to me*, and then I could write a *letter to her*, calling her attention to his; and she could have the same privilege. The correspondence took this form until the Congressman from her district asked me if, at the close of the session, I was going home by the way of his district.

I did not comprehend him until he stated that he was well acquainted in the family of the lady with whom I had been corresponding, and suggested that if I was going to be *married* before the next session, it would be pleasant for us to *board at the same house!*

This put a new phase upon my way of dodging an abuse of the franking privilege, and I wrote to my constituent that he must bring his *courtship to a close*, and he did so.

Four letters from *him* and three from *her* covered the transaction, and I stand indebted to this day to the "conscience fund" of the Post-office Department for \$1.75. But this was a very insignificant sum to pay for the securing of a good Yankee girl to the West in those days.

But every time anyone speaks to me about the corruptions and defalcations among public men of the present day, I see "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin" written on the wall! I think of that \$1.75, and say nothing.



How the Yankee Clock-Peddlers Flanked an Early Chicago Law which Required only One Man to Break, but Two to Keep.

Ex-Lient. Gov. Bross is responsible for the following amusing incident in connection with "the law" and "clock-peddlers:"

It must be borne in mind that the first settlements were made in the southern parts of the State, by immigrants principally from Virginia, Kentucky, and some of the other Southern States. Many of them had a sort of "holy horror" for that ubiquitous, ever-trading sharper, "the live Yankee."

To guard against his depredations, a law was passed February 14th, 1823, duly enacting that "No person shall bring in and peddle or sell wooden clocks in this State, unless they first take out an extra license;" for which the price was \$50.

The penalty for violating the law was fixed at the same sum. This "said sum" would make a sad inroad upon Jonathan's profits, and hence, under the impulses of his "higher law" notions of the value of money, he pursued his "chosen calling," without any regard to the majesty of the law in "such case made and provided."

He was of course arrested, and in due form arraigned before the court of Fayette County.

The fact of "*selling*" was not denied, but it appeared in evidence that one Yankee brought them "*in*" across the river at St. Louis—and another "*sold*" them.

The counsel for the prisoner—Wm. H. Brown, Esq.—contended that it must be shown that the prisoner did both "*bring in and peddle or sell*."

Jonathan, as usual, escaped and went on his way "peddling" and "selling" his wooden wares. We believe his "*Yankeeship*" has always, since the failure of that law to "head him off," been permitted to exercise his peculiar habits without "let or hindrance."

**Getting on in the World Without Money.---An Amusing Story of a Scrip-ticket, "Good for a Drink" that Got Into a Contribution-box.**

Mr. Wentworth is responsible for the following: In early days nearly every man in Chicago doing business was issuing his individual scrip, and the city abounded with little tickets, such as, "Good at our store for ten cents," "Good for a loaf of bread," "Good for a shave," "Good for a drink," etc., etc. When you went to trade, the trader would look over your tickets and select such as he could use to the best advantage.

The times for a while seemed very prosperous. We had a currency that was interchangeable, and for a time we suffered no inconvenience from it, except when we wanted some specie to pay for our postage. In those days it took twenty-five cents to send a letter east.

But after a while it was found out that men were over-issuing. The barber had outstanding too many shaves; the baker too many loaves of bread; the saloon-keeper too many drinks, etc.

Want of confidence became general. Each man became afraid to take the tickets of another. Some declined to redeem their tickets in any way, and some absconded. And people found out, as is always the case where there is a redundancy of paper money, that they had been extravagant, had bought things they did not need, and had run in debt for a larger amount than they were able to pay. Of course nearly every one failed and charged his failure upon President Jackson's specie circular.

In after times I asked an old settler, who was a great growler in those days, what effect time had had upon his views of Gen. Jackson's circular. His reply was that Gen. Jackson had spoiled his being a great man. Said he, "I came to Chicago with nothing, failed for \$100,000, and

*could have failed for a million if he had let the bubble burst in the natural way."*

A single instance will illustrate to what various purposes those little tickets of indebtedness could be put. A boy had a ticket "Good for a drink." He dropped it into the church contribution box, and heard no more of it.

He told another boy, who did the same thing, with the same result. That boy told his sister, who told her mother, who told her husband, who deemed it his duty to tell *the deacon!*

Meanwhile the boys were putting in the tickets "Good for a drink," and telling the other boys to do the same.

The deacon, alive to all the responsibilities of his position, for the first time in his life entered a saloon; called the barkeeper one side and asked him to change a \$1 scrip, well knowing he could not do so unless it were in liquor tickets.

The saloon-keeper was afraid to offer such tickets, and declined to make the change, until the deacon gave him a hint that although he did not stimulate himself he thought he could use the tickets.

"Then," said the deacon, "I have a curiosity to know the extent of the circulation of these tickets, and really wish you would put a private mark upon them and notify me when one returns."

Think of a deacon putting such currency into a contribution box! But he did it, and the boys put in some more.

On Monday afternoon the deacon was notified that one of his tickets had been redeemed. Oh, what a chance for a scandal case! Imagine that such a thing had happened in our day! Think of our enterprising news-gatherers calling upon a deacon and asking him what was the average time of a liquor-ticket's going from his church contribution box to a saloon!

With solemn tread the deacon made his way to his pastor's

residence, and asked him *what disposition* he made of the various tickets taken from the contribution box.

The reply was that his wife assorted them, strung them upon the different strings, entered them upon a book, and gave the church credit as she used any of them.

"And do you say, my dear brother," asked the deacon, "that you have no knowledge of the particular uses to which these tickets have been put?"

"I do say so," said the pastor.

The deacon breathed freer. He had cleared his pastor, but I have no doubt he prayed, "May the Lord have mercy on his poor wife!"

The wife was called and her husband said, "The deacon wishes us to give an account of the proceeds of the contribution box."

"Not exactly so, my dear sister," said the deacon, "but I wish to know for what purposes the liquor-tickets have been used."

She comprehended the matter at once and promptly replied, "Why, Deacon, did *you* want them? I never thought *you were a drinking man!* Now, as you didn't have the tickets, will you share with us the proceeds? Let us all take a drink!"

She rushed to her pantry, brought out a pitcher, with tumblers, and it was filled with—*milk!*

In making the change with the milkman his eyes had fallen upon these tickets, and he said he could use them. Thus throwing the liquor-tickets into the contribution box was but a repetition of the old adage, "Evil be thou my good." They had discharged all the functions of the modern greenback, even to furnishing a poorly-paid clergyman's children with milk.

## Chicago's Early Fiddler, Mark Beaubien.

One of the noted men who formed an essential factor in the extemporized enjoyments of early Chicago was Mr. Mark Beaubien. He was born in Detroit, Mich., in 1800, and was an eye-witness of Gen. Hull's surrender of the American army in 1812. He came to Chicago in 1826.

Judge Caton says of him: "He used to play the fiddle at our dances, and he played it in such a way as to set every heel and toe in the room in active motion. He would lift the sluggard from his seat and set him whirling over the floor like mad! If his playing was less artistic than that of Ole Bull, it was a thousand times more inspiring to those who are not educated up to a full appreciation of what would now create a *furor* in Chicago; but I will venture the assertion that Mark's old fiddle would bring ten young men and women to their feet and send them through the mazes of the dance, while they would sit quietly through Ole Bull's best performance—pleased, no doubt, but not enthused so that they could not retain their seats."

Ex-Lient. Gov. Bross, in alluding to old times, gets off the following on "Mark": "Not satisfied with being already *chief* ferryman, as well as a merchant, or with having experienced the clemency of the court, in the shape of a remittance of a fine of ten dollars, "assessed to him for a fracas" with John G. Hall, he also applied for and received a license to "keep a tavern," being charged therefor the moderate sum of six dollars. As an offset to these various evidences of favor, he well-nigh met with a worse fate than old Charon, for he was "ordered" to ferry the citizens of Cook County "from daylight in the morning until dark, *without stopping*." The reason for this stringent order, as given by Dr. Kimberly, was that Mark at the time kept two *race horses*, and he had such a passion for the sports of

the turf that he would every day, if possible, get up a race with some of the Indian "bloods," and sadly neglect his duty to ferry the good citizens of Cook County free, according to the law in such case made and provided.

Mark Beaubien still lives, and at the recent "Old Settlers' Reception," it is said, fiddled the tunes of earlier days while many of the "boys" of ye olden times danced as of yore.

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#### Judge Caton's Chicago Bear Story.

Late in 1833 (says Judge Caton) a bear was reported in the skirt of timber along the South Branch, when George White's loud voice and bell—he was as black as night in a cavern, and his voice had the volume of a fog-horn, and he was recognized as the town-crier—summoned all to the chase. All the curs and hounds of high and low degree were mustered, with abundance of fire-arms of the best quality in the hands of those who knew well how to use them. Soon bruin was treed and despatched very near to where the Rock Island Depot now stands.

Then was the time when we chased the wolf over the prairies now within the city limits, and I know some that were of the party who pursued one right through the little hamlet and onto the floating ice near old Fort Dearborn. O, those were glorious times, when warm blood flowed rapidly no matter how low stood the mercury. Then in winter the Chicago River was our skating-rink and our race-course.

In those days young Caton and John Bates would occasionally skate up the south branch to "Hardscrabble," where Bridgeport is now located.

The First Irishman in Chicago—His Picture as Painted by "Long John."

The names of the voters in 1830, says Mr. Wentworth, indicate a large influx of the Anglo-Saxon race; but among them was *one Irishman*, probably the first who ever trod Chicago soil.

The first thought that occurred to me was, What could bring an Irishman out here all alone? Who was to help him celebrate St. Patrick's Day? Who was to attend his wake? His name was *Michael Welch*. What have our Irish Aldermen been thinking of, that they have never given us, in honor of their first settler, a Welch avenue, a Welch street, a Welch school-house, or a Welch fire-engine?

The next thought that occurred to me was, What could he be doing out here all by himself? Now, what would an Irishman naturally do when he found himself here all alone, hundreds of miles distant from any other Irishman?

He was a *bugler*. He blew his horn. He was a discharged soldier, and, having faithfully served out his time, he stopped long enough to vote the straight Jackson ticket, and then joined Captain Jesse Brown's Rangers, and marched on to clear the Indians out of the way of his coming countrymen, who were already aroused by his bugle's blast, as his patron St. Patrick, centuries before, had cleared the snakes out of his way in the land of his nativity.

Captain Jesse Brown was a brother of the late Judge Thomas C. Brown, of our Supreme Court, and was authorized by President Jackson to raise a company of men, who were called "Brown's Rangers," and was ordered to report to Gen. Stephen W. Kearney, on the Western frontier.

There is a prevailing impression that Irishmen never go anywhere except in squads. But the history of the American Continent will prove that Irishmen have ventured as

far alone upon hazardous explorations as any other men. But he dislikes to stay alone. Like the honey-bee, when he finds a good thing, he wants some others to come and help him enjoy it.

My original Congressional district extended north to the Wisconsin line, west to the Rock River Valley, south so as to embrace Princeton, LaSalle, Bloomington, Urbana, and Danville. I had to travel all over this district with a horse and buggy, and visit the sparse settlements. I often found an Irishman cultivating the soil alone. But when I made a second visit I found some more Irishmen there, or else the original one had gone.

Gov. Winthrop, of Boston, in his journal under date of 1642, tells us of one Darby Field, an Irishman, who could not rest contented after his landing in America until he had climbed to the top of the White Mountains. He was the first man to ascend Mount Washington, and when asked why he went, replied, "Merely to take a look at the country!"

The official dispatches of one of the battles of the Mexican War commended the conduct of Private Sullivan, of one of our Chicago regiments. In the battle he had advanced before his company, engaged in single combat with a Mexican officer, and killed him. I called President Polk's attention to the report, and asked for Sullivan's promotion. He referred the matter to the Adjutant General. Time passed along, and no appointment was sent to the Senate.

I called upon the Adjutant General, and he read me a letter from Sullivan's superior officer, commending his courage and general good conduct, but strongly protesting against his appointment as Lieutenant in the regular army, on account of his deficiency in West Point education.

I appealed to the President, and it did not take long to satisfy him that good fighting in war-time would counter-

balance all deficiencies in education, and Sullivan was promoted.

Some time after the close of the war, his father called upon me, said he had not heard from his son for a long time, and wanted me to find him.

I wrote to Washington, and received for answer that Sullivan resigned his Lieutenantcy at the close of the war. Inside the official letter was a note marked "private and unofficial." "Tell Sullivan's father to read the news from Mexico. I inclose some scraps from a New Orleans newspaper, and the Col. Sullivan therein mentioned is reported to be the late Lieut. Sullivan of the regular army."

Some time afterward an officer of the army gave me the following account:

After the close of the war with Mexico, some of the officers were tarrying late at dinner, when Lieut. Sullivan entered and was saluted with "Will you join us, Lieut. Sullivan?"

"Col Sullivan, if you please, gentlemen," was the reply.

Whereupon one of the officers said: "It will not surprise us at all if you are Col. Sullivan. If your killing that Mexican was of so much account as to put you on an equality with us who have studied four years at West Point, and have seen considerable active service, a little personal favoritism might carry you still higher, and make you a Colonel. Why, Lieut. Sullivan, if you should kill another Mexican, those politicians at Washington would make you Commander-in-Chief!"

"Gentlemen," said Sullivan, "It is business that brings me here. Here is my commission as Colonel in the Mexican revolutionary army, and now you know my authority. And now, here's my business in this paper, which I will read." He then read a paper authorizing and requesting him to employ a competent engineer upon his staff.

The officers reminded him that they knew nothing of the face of the Mexican country, had no maps, knew not his route, and insisted that they could be of no service to him.

"You do not understand me, gentlemen," replied Sullivan; "it is not for what I am going to do that I want any of your assistance. I only want you to map it out after I have done it. You

are always talking about your military school, and what you have studied, and the like of you will be at school hereafter, and they will want to study Sullivan's Route to the Capital of Mexico; and if ever I should be Emperor, whom should I want for Secretary of War but my own Engineer?"

Sullivan set out upon his march with no one to map his route. He penetrated forests where no man had ever been before. He came out of forests where men least expected him. He appeared to be everywhere, and the inhabitants could make no calculation where he was not. They either all joined him, or fled before him. He had everything his own way, until, in his efforts to join the main army, he found himself in the fortified country. Here he missed his engineer and his military education. He was wounded, taken prisoner, marched into the Plaza, a bullet pierced his heart, and that was the last of Sullivan. But it just took a Chicago Irish boy to teach the Emperor Maximilian how to die the death of a soldier some twenty years afterward; and Sullivan had as much right in Mexico as Maximilian.

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**Cook County and Chicago in 1831—Sketched by Ex-Lieut. Gov. Bross.**

The county of Cook, in 1831 (says Gov. Bross), embraced all the territory now included in the counties of Lake, McHenry, Dupage, Will, and Iroquois.

At that time Fort Dearborn was occupied by two companies of United States infantry, under the command of Major Fowle.

The resident citizens were Mr. Elijah Wentworth and family, occupying a house partly log and partly frame, owned by Mr. James Kinzie.

Mr. W. kept a tavern, the best in Chicago.

In the vicinity of this tavern resided Mr. James Kinzie and family, Mr. William See and family, Mr. Alexander

Robinson and family (afterward living on the Desplaines, two miles north of River Park, where he died only a few years ago), and Mr. Robert A. Kinzie, who had a store composed of dry goods—a large portion of them Indian goods—groceries, etc.

Across the North Branch of the Chicago River, and nearly opposite Mr. Wentworth's tavern, resided Mr. Samuel Miller and family, and with them Mr. John Miller, a brother. Mr. Miller also kept tavern. On the east side of the South Branch, and immediately above the junction with the North Branch, resided Mr. Mark Beaubien and family, who also kept tavern; and a short distance above him, on the South Branch, resided a Mr. Bourisso, an Indian trader.

Between Mark Beaubien's tavern and Fort Dearborn there were no houses, except a small log cabin, near the foot of Dearborn street, and used as an Indian trading house.

Near the garrison, and immediately south, on the property sold by James H. Collins, Esq., to the Illinois Central Railroad Company, was the residence of J. B. Beaubien and family, who was connected with the American Fur Company in the Indian trade. He had near his residence a store, containing such goods as were suitable to the business. A short distance south of him on the lake was a house, then unoccupied.

On the north side of the river, and immediately opposite the garrison, stood the old "Kinzie House," as it was commonly called, which was also then unoccupied, and in a very dilapidated state.

A short distance above, on the main branch of the river, and on the ground since occupied by the Chicago and Galena Railroad Company, stood what had been the Government Agency house, and known to the "oldest inhabitant"

as "Cobweb Castle." That was then unoccupied, Dr. Wolcott, the Government Agent, having died the fall before.

In its vicinity were several small log buildings for the accommodation of the blacksmith, interpreter, and others connected with the Agency. The blacksmith then occupying one of the buildings was a Mr. Magee, who afterward lived in Dupage County.

Billy Caldwell, the principal chief of the Ottawa, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa Indians, occupied another. He was then interpreter for the Agency.

Col. Thomas J. V. Owen, who had been, the winter before, appointed to succeed the late Dr. Wolcott, had not then taken up his residence in Chicago; G. Kercheval, who was then Sub-Agent, was a resident.

Dr. E. Harmon and James Harrington had taken up their residence, and were making claims on the lake shore.

Here we have some dozen families in the spring of 1831, constituting, with the officers and soldiers in the fort, the entire population of Chicago.

In June following, the garrison, by order of the Secretary of War, was abandoned by the troops, and left in charge of Col. T. J. V. Owen, the Government Agent of the Ottawa, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa Indians; and by September the fort, together with the old Kinzie House and the one on the lake shore (formerly vacant), were filled with immigrant families.

In the latter part of September the payment of the Indian annuities was made by Col. Owen. There were present on that occasion about four thousand Indians, and among them was a deputation of eight Sauk and Fox Indians, belonging to the band of the celebrated Black Hawk.

Their object was to induce the Ottawas, Pottawatomies, and Chippewas to join them in their contemplated invasion

of the Rock River country, and wrest it from the whites, who, they alleged, had obtained it fraudulently.

Had it not been for the influence of Billy Caldwell, little doubt was entertained of the success of their mission. Caldwell was well advised of the weakness of the Indians and the strength of the Government, and by his influence and representations prevented the alliance.

After the payment, a scene of drunkenness, debauchery, and violence occurred, such as is never witnessed except at an Indian payment.

During the fall, in the month of November, the schooner *Marengo*, belonging to Oliver Newberry, of Detroit, arrived. She encountered a heavy gale on Lake Michigan, which was just subsiding on her arrival.

There being no harbor, she anchored out in the lake, more than half a mile from the shore, nearly in front of the fort, where she remained until the lake became sufficiently calm to unload. This could only be done by the aid of small boats, crossing the bar at the mouth of the river, which then emptied into the lake near the foot of Randolph street.

The *Marengo* was commanded by Captain Stewart, a veteran sailor who had long been in the employment of Mr. Newberry. The *Telegraph*, which arrived in July, and the *Marengo* were the only arrivals during the season, except the one that transported the troops to Green Bay.

The principal part of the population of Chicago during the winter of 1831-2 occupied the quarters in the garrison, and were ministered to, in the way of creature comforts, by that estimable citizen, Geo. W. Dole, who was the only merchant then in Chicago, except Mr. R. A. Kenzie at "*Wolf Point*," which was the name given to the "*settlement*" at the junction of the North and South Branches.

The winter was long and intensely cold, and the popula-

tion of the surrounding country so sparse that no traveler could be found sufficiently reckless to traverse it.

There were then *no mail routes, post routes nor post offices at Chicago*, and the only means its inhabitants had of knowing anything of the world was by sending a half-breed Indian once in two weeks to Niles, in Michigan, to procure all the papers, both old and new, that could be had. "Great caution," says Colonel Hamilton, "was exercised in reading the old *first*, that we might be properly advised of events in the *world* as they occurred.

"The trip was made on foot, and usually occupied a week. The arrival of '*the mail*' was an event of quite as much interest then as it is now; but notwithstanding our exclusion from the world, we were not unhappy, and doubtless enjoyed ourselves as well as its inhabitants now do."

"A debating society was formed, composed of most of the male inhabitants of the fort, over which presided J. B. Beaubien with much efficiency and dignity. Although not very conversant with '*Jefferson's Manual*,' he had no occasion to use it, as every member was disposed to be orderly and behave himself; and each and all felt bound to contribute as much as possible to the general sum of knowledge and usefulness.

"To vary the amusement, a dance was occasionally got up at the house of Mark Beaubien, Esq., and for those who had no taste for such amusements a religious meeting was generally held once a week in the fort by Mark Noble, Jr., and his wife and two daughters, and Mrs. R. J. Hamilton, who were all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Col. Hamilton has paid a just tribute to the zeal and piety of Mr. Noble. He was the principal speaker at all these religious meetings, and his exertions in the cause of truth were greatly blessed. He was a young man of practical common sense and great ability, and well fitted for a stan-

dard-bearer on the borders of civilization. It will be seen that the Methodists were zealous workers in the great cause in Cook County and Chicago as early as 1831.

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**Gen. Winfield Scott in Chicago—His Official Report to Gov. Reynolds—An Interesting Bit of History.**

The following is taken from the Louisville (Ky.) *Advertiser* of July 27, 1832:

HEADQUARTERS N. W. ARMY, }  
CHICAGO, July 15, 1832. }

SIR—To prevent or correct the exaggerations of rumor in respect to the existence of cholera at this place, I address myself to your Excellency. Four steamers were engaged at Buffalo to transport United States troops and supplies to Chicago. In the headmost of these boats, the Sheldon Thompson, I, with my staff and four companies, a part of Col. Eustis' command, arrived here on the night of the 10th inst. On the 8th all on board were in high health and spirits, but the next morning six cases of undoubted cholera presented themselves. The disease rapidly spread itself for the next three days. About one hundred and twenty persons have been affected. Under a late act of Congress, six companies of rangers are to be raised and marched to this place. Gen. [Henry] Dodge, of Michigan, [Senator,] [then embracing Dodgeville, Wis.] is appointed Major of the battalion, and I have seen the names of the Captains, but I do not know where to address them. I am afraid that the report from this place, in respect to cholera, may seriously retard the raising of this force. I wish, therefore, that your Excellency would give publicity to the measures I have adopted to prevent the spread of this disease, and

of my determination not to allow any junction or communication between uninfected and infected troops. The war is not at an end, and may not be brought to a close for some time. The rangers may reach the theater of operations in time to give the final blow. As they approach this place, I shall take care of their health and general wants.

I write in great haste, and may not have time to cause my letter to be copied. It will be put in some postoffice to be forwarded forthwith.

I have the honor to be, your Excellency's most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. JOHN REYNOLDS.

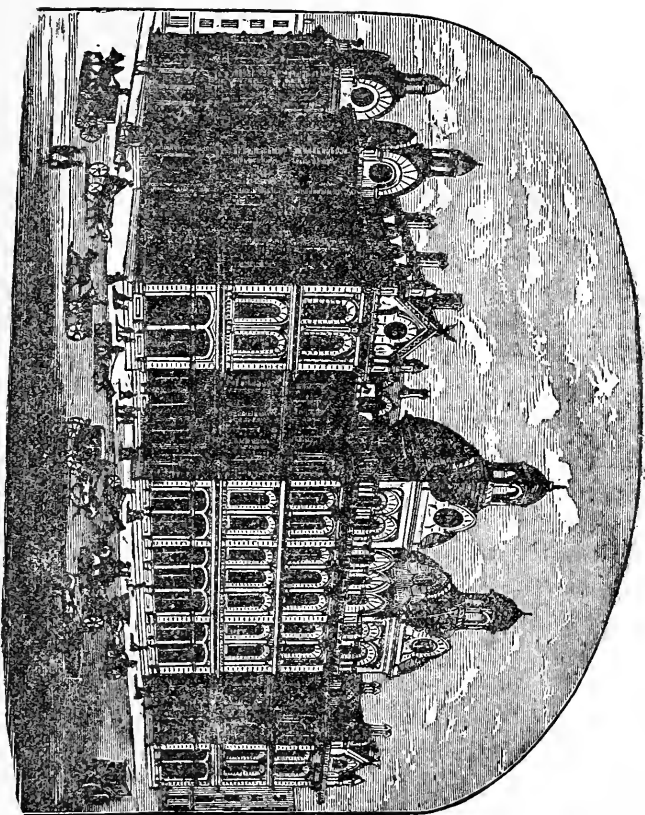
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**Early P. O. Days—“Long John” Perched on a Dry-Goods Box, Reads to the Citizens the New York Papers.**

“Long John” facetiously describes the early post-office days as follows: One of our most reliable places of entertainment was the Post-office, while the mail was being opened. The Post-office was on the West side of Franklin street, cornering on South Water street. The mail coach was irregular in the time of its arrival, but the horn of the driver announced its approach.

Then the people would largely assemble at the Post-office and wait for the opening of the mails which at times were very heavy. The Postmaster would throw out a New York paper, and some gentleman with a good pair of lungs and a jocose temperament would mount a dry-goods box and commence reading.

Occasionally I occupied that position myself. During exciting times our leading men would invariably go to the Post-office themselves, instead of sending their employes.



THE NEW POST OFFICE—See page 156.

The news would be discussed by the assemblage, and oftentimes heavy bets would be made, and angry words passed. If it was election times, there would be two papers thrown out, of opposite politics, two reading stands established, two readers engaged, and the men of each party would assemble around their own reader.

This condition of things would last until the mails were opened, when the gathering would adjourn until the next blowing of the driver's horn. This gathering afforded the best opportunity for citizens to become acquainted one with another.

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#### **How a New Silk Dress was Exchanged for a Fortune!**

I was introduced, says an old settler (in the early days of Chicago), to a Lieutenant in the army, who had just come to take charge of the Government works in this city. He had great confidence in our future, and expressed his intention to invest all his means here. He was eventually ordered away to some other station, but kept up his interest in Chicago.

His taxes became high, too high in proportion to his pay as an army officer and the support of his family. His wife had once placed the price of a *new dress* in a letter which was to leave by the return of a mail which brought her husband an exorbitant tax-bill.

He expressed his intention of ordering, by the same mail, the sale of his Chicago property, as his means could endure his taxes no longer.

His wife ordered her letter from the mail, took out the money, and, saying that she preferred the Chicago property to a new dress, insisted that he should use it to pay his

Chicago taxes. The next summer he visited our city, and rented his property for enough to pay the taxes.

That lady lost her dress for that year, but she gained thereby one of the largest and most celebrated (Kingsbury) estates in our city.

The narrator wisely adds: I mention this fact to warn our ladies that they should never ask for a new dress until they find their husband's tax-receipt in his wallet; and at the same time, I would also caution husbands not to try to carry so much real estate as to make their poorly-clad wives and children objects of charity when they make their appearance in the streets.

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**Hon. Isaac N. Arnold's Story of Abraham Lincoln.**

The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, a long, and honored resident of Chicago, tells the following interesting incident concerning the early surroundings of the Garden City in connection with young Lincoln, Gurdon S. Hubbard, and others:

In 1832 John Dixon kept the ferry across Rock River, and the latch-string of his hospitable home was never drawn in against the stranger. The Black Hawk war was pending, and settlers and whole families had been killed and scalped upon the prairie.

The National Government sent Gen. Scott with some regular troops to Chicago, and to these were added some companies of Illinois mounted volunteers, called out by Governor Reynolds, to aid in protecting the settlers and chastising the Indians.

Among the regulars who met on the banks of Rock River, at the crossing then called "Dixon's Ferry," under the im-

mediate command of General Atkinson, were Lieutenant Colonel Zachary Taylor, subsequently President of the United States; Lieutenant Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter; Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, and *Private Abraham Lincoln*; of Capt. Iles' company of Illinois Mounted Rangers.

These facts I received from John Dixon, a hale man of more than eighty years (of Dixon, Ill.) Anderson and Davis were young lieutenants, just from West Point, and Lincoln was a tall and boyish-looking young man of twenty-two. So far as I know, our fellow-citizen, Gurdon S. Hubbard is the only living citizen of Chicago who was engaged in this expedition against Black Hawk.

When Major Anderson visited Washington, after his evacuation of Fort Sumter, he called at the White House to pay his respects to the President. After the Chief Magistrate had expressed his thanks to Anderson for his conduct in South Carolina, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Major, do you remember of ever meeting me before?"

"No," replied Anderson "I have no recollection of ever having had that pleasure."

"My memory is better than yours," said Lincoln. "You mustered me into the United States service, as a high private of the Illinois volunteers, at Dixon's Ferry, in the Black Hawk war."

Father Dixon, the ferryman, and guide of the United States forces, and even then well known by the Winnebagoes as "*Nachusa*," or "Whitehead," says that in all the marches, whenever the forces approached a grove or depression, in which an Indian ambush might be concealed, and scouts were sent forward to examine the cover, Lincoln was the first man selected; and he adds that while many, as they approached the place of suspected ambush, found an excuse

for dismounting to adjust girths or saddles, Lincoln's saddle was always in perfect order.

"*Nachusa*" adds two or three other facts in regard to Lincoln: One was that while the little army was encamped around the ferry, every evening, when off duty, Lincoln could be found sitting on the grass, with a group of soldiers, eagerly *listening to his stories*, of which his supply seemed, even at that early day, inexhaustible; and that no one could induce the young volunteer to taste the whisky which his fellow-soldiers, grateful for the amusement which he offered them often pressed upon him.

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**The Hon. John Wentworth's Early Experience in Church Matters—Not Able to Rent but Half a Pew—His Description of Parson Hinton's Sensational Lectures on "The Devil."**

Not feeling able to sustain the expense of a whole pew, I engaged one in partnership with an unpretending saddle and harness maker (S. B. Cobb), who, by a life of industry, economy, and morality, has accumulated one of the largest fortunes in our city, and still walks our streets with as little pretense as when he mended the harnesses of the farmers who brought the grain to this market from our prairies.

The church building in those days was considered a first-class one, and we had a first-class pew therein, and the annual expense of my half of the pew was only \$12.50, more than it would have been in the Savior's time.

People wonder at the rapid increase in the price of real estate at the West; but it bears no comparison with the increase in the price of gospel privileges. A good clergyman is well worth all that a liberal-hearted congregation may see fit to pay him. But the people ought to cry out against the reckless waste of money, steadily increasing

in the erection of extravagant church edifices. And the pride in such matters seems to eat up all other considerations.

During the recent panic, a Christian lady of this city, with a large family of children, whose husband was suddenly reduced from opulence to penury, astonished me by observing, with tears in her eyes, that her most grievous affliction was that she would be compelled to give up her pew in the church, which was the most expensive in the city, and take one in a cheaper edifice. And yet our people sing in every church, "God is present everywhere."

At the close of service one day, Parson Hinton said he thought Chicago people ought to know more about the devil than they did. Therefore he would take up his history, in four lectures.

First he would give the origin of the devil.

Second, state what the devil has done.

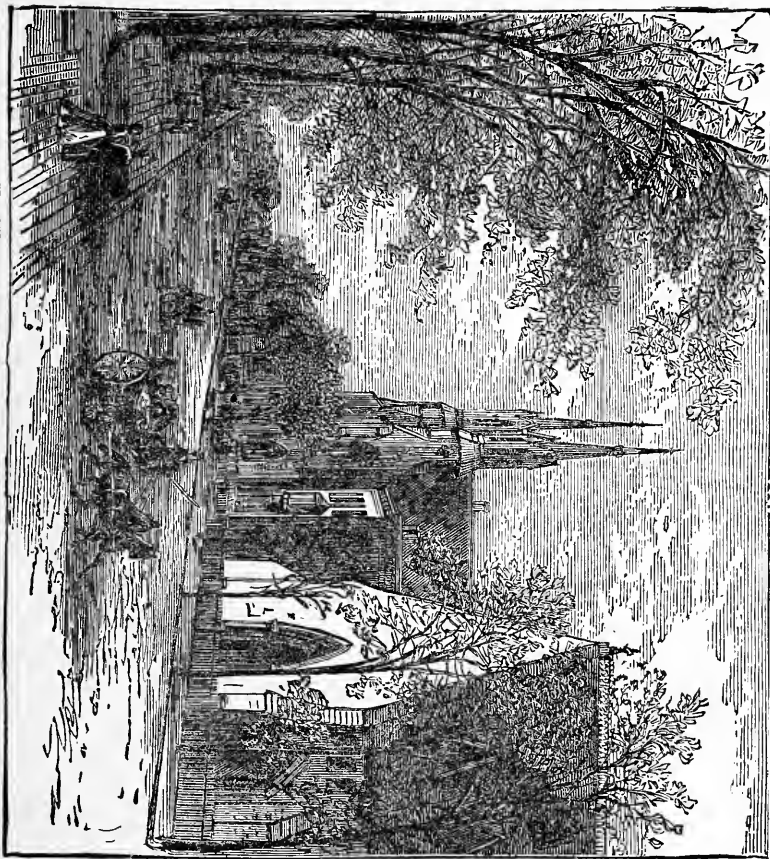
Third, state what the devil is now doing.

And fourth, prescribe how to destroy the devil.

These lectures were the sensation for the next four weeks. The house could not contain the mass that flocked to hear him, and it is a wonder to me that those four lectures have not been preserved. Chicago newspaper enterprise had not then reached here.

The third evening was one never to be forgotten in this city; as it would not be if one of our most eminent clergymen, with the effective manner of preaching that Mr. Hinton had, should undertake to tell us what the devil is doing in this city to-day. The drift of his discourse was to prove that everybody had a devil; that the devil was in every store, and in every bank, and he did not even except the church. He had the devil down the outside and up the middle of every dance; in the ladies' curls, and the gentlemen's whiskers. In fact, before he finished, he proved con-

VIEW ON DEARBORN AVENUE BEFORE THE FIRE.



clusively that there were just as many devils in every pew as there were persons in it; and if it were in this our day, there would not have been swine enough in the Stock-Yards to cast them into.

When the people came out of church, they would ask each other: "What is your devil?"

And they would stop one another in the streets during the week, and ask, "What does Parson Hinton say your devil is?"

The fourth lecture contained his prescription for destroying the devil. I remember his closing: "Pray on, brethren and friends; pray ever. Fight as well as pray. Pray and fight until the devil is dead !

The world, the flesh, the devil,  
Will prove a fatal snare,  
Unless we resist him,  
By faith and humble prayer.

In this grand contest with his Satanic Majesty, he, our leader, fought gloriously, but he fell early in the strife. We, his hearers, have kept up a gallant fight to this day, but, judging by our morning papers, the devil is far from being dead in Chicago.

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**An Amusing Indignation Meeting—How State Senators Were Tortured in True Indian Style and Blown to Atoms.**

The Hon. Grant Goodrich is responsible for this story, graphically illustrating the anger of young Chicago on a certain occasion: In the winter of 1834-5, Gurdon S. Hubbard, John H. Kinzie, and others visited the Legislature at Vandalia, to urge the passage of a bill to commence the work on the canal.

They succeeded well in getting it through the House of Representatives, and securing the pledges of votes enough

to carry it in the Senate ; but two Senators who had agreed to support it changed their minds, and secured its defeat.

The indignation at Chicago was hot and fierce, and she must give some signal expression of it. A cannon was procured, effigies of the offending Senators made, and placed on the bank of a cellar, where the Tremont House now stands, and John and Robert Kinzie, and others, performed around them the ceremonies which the Indians practiced around prisoners, devoted to mockery, torture, and an ignominious death, after which one was shot into fragments from the mouth of the cannon.

The other one was laid upon a rude bier, and carried upon the ice in the river, escorted by Geo. White, as master of ceremonies, the town bell-ringer and the only negro here. The effigy was then placed over a can of powder, which was exploded, up-heaving the ice, and blowing the Senator high in the air, and tearing him into fragments, amidst the shouts and jeers of the multitude.

We were compelled (says the Judge) to furnish our own amusements, and this is a specimen of the way in which it was done.

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**Laughable Court Work—Regulating the Price of Boarding, Horse-Feed, and  
"The Drinks."**

The Commissioners' Court, under the act organizing the county, was opened March 8, 1831.

The first record we have is that "Samuel Miller, Gholson Kercheval, and James Walker, Commissioners for Cook County, were sworn into office by J. S. C. Hogan, Justice of the Peace. William See was appointed Clerk of the Commissioners' Court, who, after being duly sworn and giving bonds 'according to law, the Court proceeded to business.'

"Archibald Clybourne was appointed County Treasurer, and an order passed that the 'S. W. fraction of Sec. 10, in T. 39 N., R. 14 East of the third principal meridian, be entered for county purposes.'

"At the next meeting, March 9, the Treasurer is authorized to *borrow one hundred dollars*, with which to enter the land before mentioned, and he is directed 'not to give more than six per cent. interest.' It is also ordered that Jesse Walker be employed to enter the land, that Jedediah Wooley be nominated to the Governor for County Surveyor, and that there be three precincts in the County of Cook, to-wit: 'The Chicago Precinct,' the 'Hickory Creek Precinct,' and the 'Dupage Precinct.'

"The boundaries of these three precincts were established, Judges of Election appointed, and the times and the places of holding the same. Grand and Petit Jurors were selected, and some other minor business transacted, when the 'Court adjourned until Court in course.'"

April 13, 1831.—A special term was held. The record says: "Court was called at the hour of 10 o'clock in the morning, and Samuel Miller and Gholson Kercheval, being present, formed a quorum, and proceeded to business.

"*Ordered*, That there be a half per cent. levied on the following description of property, to wit: On town lots, on pleasure carriages, on distilleries, on all horses, mules, and neat cattle above the age of three years; on watches, with their appurtenances, and on all clocks."

Elijah Wentworth and Samuel Miller were licensed to keep a tavern in the town of Chicago, and taxed therefor the sum of \$7 and \$5 respectively. The following financial measure was also adopted, and as one of the "quorum" on this occasion was also one of the prospective "tavern-keepers," we have a right to presume that the tariff was fairly adjusted:

"*Ordered*, That the following rates be allowed to tavern-keepers, to wit :

Each half-pint of wine, rum, or brandy.....	25 cents.
Each pint do.....	37½ "
" half pint of gin.....	18¾ "
" pint do.....	31¼ "
" gill of whisky.....	6¼ "
" half-pint do .....	12½ "
" pint do .....	18¾ "
For each breakfast and supper.....	25 "
" dinner.....	37½ "
" horse feed .....	25 "
Keeping horse one night.....	50 "
Lodging for each man, per night.....	12½ "
For cider or beer, one pint.....	6¼ "
" " one quart .....	12½ "

The first licensed merchants in Cook County, as appears from the licenses granted at this time, were B. Laughton, Robert A. Kinzie, Samuel Miller; and the first auctioneer, James Kinzie. Russell E. Heacock was licensed to keep a tavern at his residence.

Initiatory steps were taken for the establishment of a ferry across both branches of Chicago River, at the forks, over which the people of Cook County, with their "traveling apraties" (according to the record), were to be passed *free*.

Rates of ferriage were specified for outsiders, and a ferry scow was purchased from Samuel Miller for sixty-five dollars.

At the next meeting of the Court, Mark Beaubien filed his bond for \$200, with James Kinzie as security, and having agreed to pay into the Treasury fifty dollars, and "to ferry all citizens of Cook County free," became the first ferryman of Chicago.

During vacation of Court, permits to sell goods were obtained from the Clerk by Alexander Robinson, John B. Beaubien, and others.

At the next term of Court, June 6, Jesse Walker, who

had been commissioned to enter the land selected for county purposes, reported that he had been refused permission to enter the same, and *paid back* the money put into his hands for that purpose.

The fees received by the members of the Commissioners' Court at this time were, as appears from appropriations made them, at the rate of \$1.50 per day for actual term time, which were paid in county orders.

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**Old Jack, the Singing Ferryman—A Floating Music Hall.**

An interesting institution, says Mr. Wentworth, was the ferry-boat between the North and South sides. It was a general intelligence office. Business was done principally upon the South Side, while most of the dwelling-houses were upon the North Side.

The ferryman knew about every person in town, and could answer any question as to who had crossed. The streets had not been raised to their present grade, nor the river deepened or widened, and the boat was easily accessible to teams. It was pulled across by a rope, and was not used enough to kill the green rushes which grew in the river.

If a lady came upon the South Side to pass an evening, she would leave word with the ferryman where her husband could find her. Bundles and letters were left with him to be delivered to persons as they passed. He was a sort of superannuated sailor, and if he had not sailed into every port in the world, he had a remarkable faculty of making people think he had.

His fund of stories was inexhaustible, and he was constantly spinning his interesting yarns to those who patronized his institution. Like most sailors, he could not pull

unless he sung, and to all his songs he had one refrain with a single variation. His voice was loud and sonorous. If he felt dispirited, his refrain was, "And I *sigh* as I pull on my boat." If he felt jolly (and people took particular pains to make him so), his refrain was, "And I *sing* as I pull on my boat."

All night long this refrain was disturbing the ears of those who dwelt near the banks of the river. Song after song was composed for him, in the hope of changing his tune, but it would not be long before he would attach to it his usual refrain. One of our musical composers composed a quadrille, which our young folks used to dance in the evening on the ferry, during certain portions of which they would all join in old Jack's refrain, and sing, "And we'll dance as we ride on the boat."

There was a little boy who took great delight in Jack's company, whose parents lived on the margin of the river near the ferry, and as in the last of his sickness he was burning with a violent fever, nothing would quiet him but the sound of old Jack's voice. Old Jack had just sung, "And I sigh as I pull on my boat," when the boy whispered his last words to his mother, "And I die while Jack pulls on his boat."

Jack heard of this, and his lungs became stronger than ever. Racking both his memory and his imagination for songs, all night long he sung, with his plaintive refrain, "Charlie dies while Jack pulls on his boat." A distinguished poetess, traveling at the West about this time, was tarrying at the "Lake House," and heard of the incident. She wrote for a New York magazine some beautiful lines appropriate to the last words of the child and the circumstances. These were reproduced in our Chicago papers.

Old Jack went to church one Sunday, and the clergyman preached from the text: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of

Me and My words, of Him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory."

After church was over the clergyman took Jack to task for making so much noise on his ferry-boat, and told him he was going to have him removed.

"You can't do it," said Jack.

"Why not?" said the clergyman.

"Your sermon, sir, your sermon! You said we must make a practical application of it."

"How can you apply that to your position?"

"In this way," said Jack; "the Mayor appoints a ferryman. I will just tell him, he that is ashamed of me and my boat, of him will I be ashamed when I go to the polls on the day of election."

Jack was not removed. But he went one fall to the South with the robins; but, unlike the robins, he returned no more. He probably saw the coming bridge.

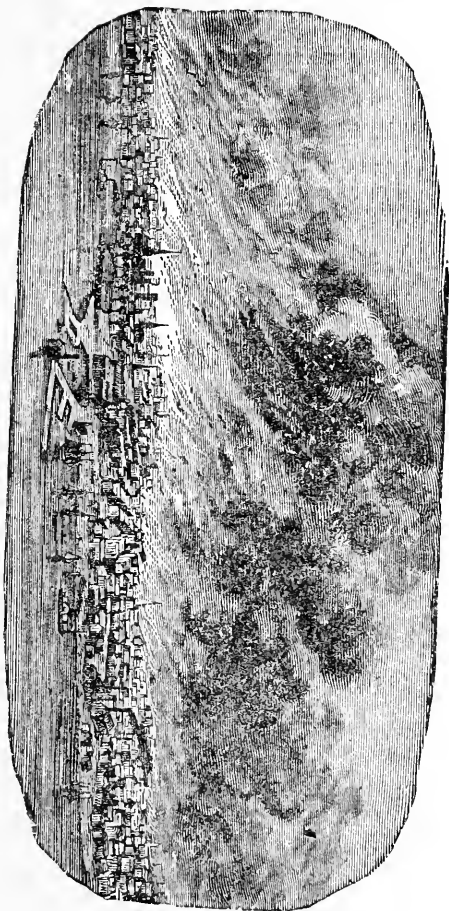
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#### A Wedding Reminiscence of the Great Fire.

A wedding fixed for the week after the great fire was postponed by a letter of the lady to her lover, who was in an Eastern city. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and in the letter, after telling him of the fire, she wrote :

"Our wedding will have to be postponed for at least one year, as I am in no condition at present to be married; not that I love you less than ever, for you know that better than I can tell you, but that we have no house to live in and my father is rendered almost destitute by the fire. His place of business was, as you know, in the burnt district, and was swept away in company with a number of others the second night of the fire. We expect to have a new house built in

THE GREAT FIRE, AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE.



a few weeks, just around the corner from where we formerly resided, near —— street and —— avenue. I am very glad you did not come to this city when you intended, for then you would be as the rest of us, half scared to death. Father was up at the time, and saved two suits of clothes—the one he had on and another—but we, that is Mar, Jeannette, and I, were less lucky. You would have been surprised to see me, the morning after we were driven out of the house, with a pair of Jim's old pants on, one slipper, one shoe, and a waterproof cloak. This was, indeed, my complete outfit, and it was not until yesterday that I received some other clothes from my cousin Mary, who sent them from Cincinnati. That would have made a splendid wedding suit, wouldn't it?

"The city is building up lively. Work is lively, but a number of laborers have left this, the doomed city.

"Frank, please come on and see us as soon as you can; I want to see you very badly."

It is said that Frank did not decline that invitation, nor did he consent to postpone the wedding a year, or any longer than a new outfit could be provided.

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**How a Woman was Saved in the Great Fire by Brave Men---A Narrow Escape.**

The following thrilling episode connected with the great fire is narrated by an eye witness:

A woman was seen at the window of a building, shrieking for assistance. The building was on fire within, and the only hope of escape, the staircases, had been destroyed. The walls were still safe, and a short ladder was procured. A man with long, silvery hair mounted a box and cried out:

"A hundred dollars to any brave man who will go to her rescue!"

A dozen men sprang forward, and the leader said: "We don't want your money, but we will try!"

Throwing off his coat, the stranger seized a rope, ran up the ladder, and entered the lower window. He was lost to view for a moment, but soon returned, his shirt blackened with the smoke and burned by the falling embers.

"Let some one come up," he shouted; "I want some help."

Another followed, and the ladder was drawn in and pushed up through the burning flames at the staircase. They mounted to the story above and repeated the process. They were now within one story of the poor woman. She meanwhile had been caught by the flames, and to save herself had been obliged to tear off her outer clothing.

Not a moment was to be lost, and when the men appeared at the window—with hair curled with the intense heat, their clothing in rags and partially burned—and sent down the coil of rope for a new ladder (theirs having been broken by a falling timber), all hope seemed gone. But by great efforts they raised the ladder to where they were, and once more essayed to reach the hapless woman above them. But the flames were too hot, and they were forced back from the interior to the window. Here they essayed to throw the rope to the woman, but in the excitement of the occasion they could not succeed.

The leader, however, was a man of resources, and lowering the rope again, he started for the hook. One was attached, and when drawn up he managed to hand the rope to the woman, and shouted to her to make it fast and descend to them. She tied the rope to some place, still strong enough to sustain the strain, but could not, in her weakness, risk herself in the descent.

All seemed lost; but the crowd soon beheld the first of the men slowly ascending the rope, hand over hand. Cheer

after cheer hailed him as he drew himself into the window. In a moment the woman was lowered to the story below, where she was seized by the second brave rescuer, who drew her into the room and waited for the descent of his companion.

The rope was not long enough to reach from where it was attached to the pavement, but a second was produced, and a piece of twine attached to a stone was thrown in, which enabled them to haul it up. The two then lowered the woman, almost "*in natura puribus*," to the street, and the first lowered the second and then came down himself.

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#### A Dreadful Scene in the Washington Street Tunnel During the Great Fire.

While the great fire was raging in the South Division a thrilling scene occurred in the Washington street tunnel, which led to the West Side. Several of the bridges over the South Branch being on fire, the tunnel was resorted to by thousands of people who desired to pass from one division to the other.

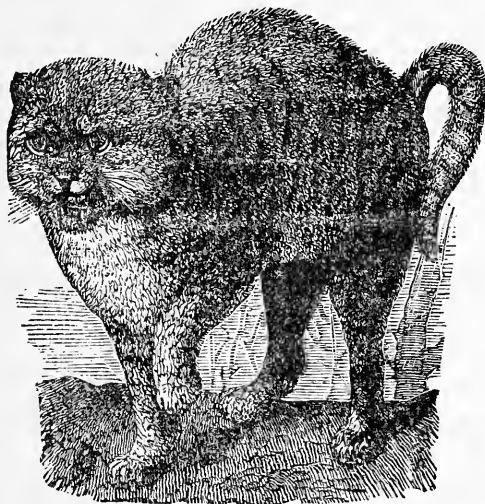
At a moment when the passage-way was filled with pedestrians, rushing wildly in either direction, the *gas suddenly gave out*, and all were left in total darkness. A terrible panic, a collision, and the trampling to death of the weaker by the stronger seemed inevitable.

But, strange as it may seem, everybody in that dark recess seemed at once to comprehend the necessity for coolness and courage; not a man lost his presence of mind; but all, as with one accord, bore to the right, each calmly enjoining upon others to be cool and steady, and to march steadily on till the end of the tunnel could be reached.

Rapidly, but without confusion, the two columns moved on through the thick darkness with almost military preci-

sion, the silence being broken only by frequent shouts of "right," "right." There was no collision, and no one was harmed, but all reached the ends of the tunnel in safety, and then, for the first time in almost ten minutes, breathed freely.

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**How a Cat in the Old Postoffice Saved its Life by Jumping into a Pail of Water**

One of the features of the Postoffice was the "official cat." This notorious feline may or may not have had a name; at any rate it is not now known. It had been once before burned out, and was, therefore, in a measure prepared for this calamity.

On the night of the great fire the cat was present and assisted in the removal, though she did not go herself. Nobody invited her, and she was too much of a public-spirited employe to go without permission.

When the work afterward of removing the safes was in progress, the tearing away of a partition revealed the faithful public servant in a pail partially filled with water. She had rented this as temporary quarters, and apparently enjoyed the cool shelter which it afforded. From her position it appeared impossible that she could have gone away and returned after the fire, and so she may be set down as a *living being* who passed Sunday night and Monday in the burnt district.

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**A Remarkable Incident in the Great Fire, where a Man Saves his House by Throwing Hard Cider on it.**

A policeman named Bellinger lived in a small, white, wooden cottage on Lincoln place. When he saw the fire coming he hauled up the sidewalk, raked up the leaves and burned them, hewed down the fence and carried it into the house in pieces, and notified his neighbors that, live or die, he would stick to that house.

The fire advanced and gave battle. It flung torches into his porch; it hurled them through the windows. It began and kept up a hot bombardment of flaming shot upon the roof.

He met it at every point; with hands and boots, with water and wet blankets, and finally as the last wave of fire enveloped the building in a sirocco, and whirled through the crackling tree-tops, and gyrated madly over the adjacent walls, and wavered and whirled over the smoking roof, Bellinger cast a pail into his cistern and it was dry. The blankets were on fire.

Then the Bellinger genius rose triumphant. He assaulted his cider barrels, and *emptied their contents* on the roof. It was the *coup de guerre*. It gave him victory. His blankets were scorched, his hands blistered, his boots distorted, and his cider spilled, but his house *was saved!*

**The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold's Personal Experience in the Great Chicago Fire—A Graphic Description of that Wonderful Conflagration.**

The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, the friend and biographer of President Lincoln, whose name is well known in this and other countries, and who is still a resident of Chicago, describes his own thrilling adventures in the great fire as follows:

There was literally a rain of fire. It caught in the dry leaves; it caught in the grass; in the barn; in the piazza; and as often as it caught it was put out, before it got any headway. When the barn first caught, the horses and cows were removed to the lawn. The fight was continued, and with success, until 3 o'clock in the morning.

Every moment flakes of fire falling, touching dry wood, with the high wind, would kindle into a blaze, and the next instant would be extinguished. The contest after 3 o'clock grew warmer and more fierce, and those who fought the devouring element were becoming exhausted.

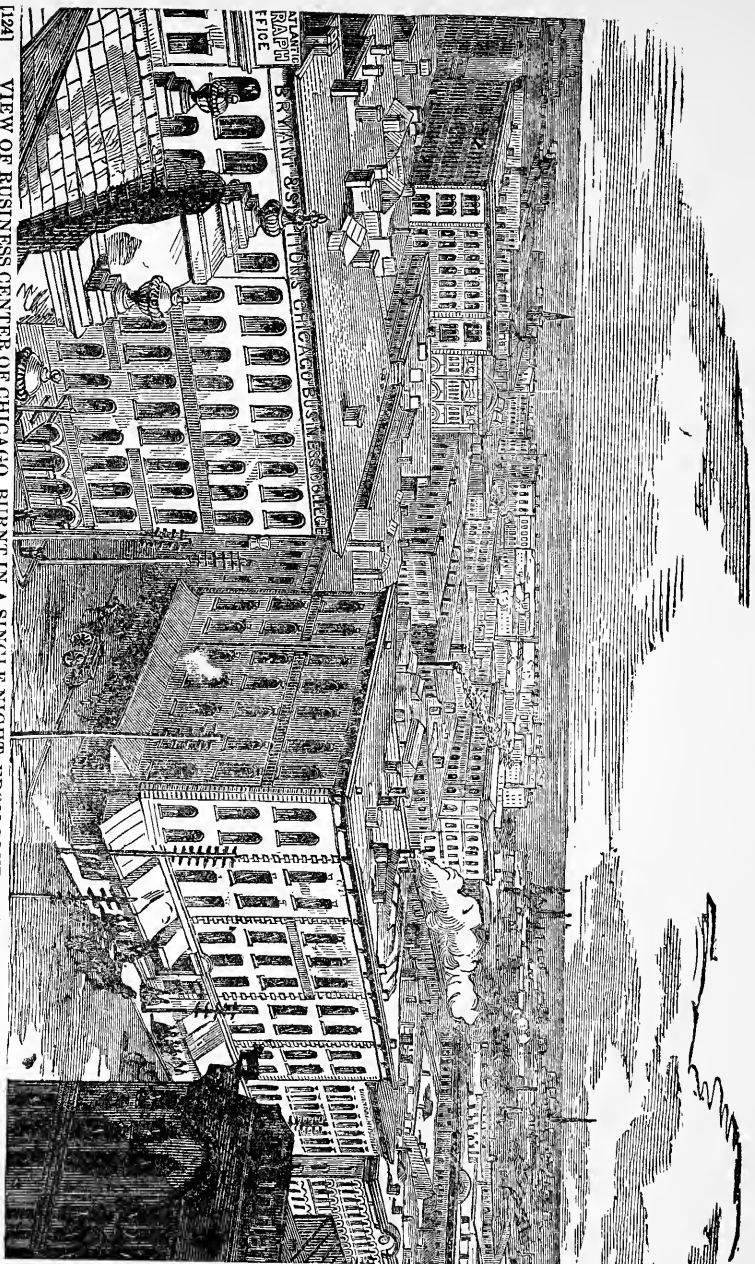
The contest had been going on from half-past 1 until after 3, when young Arthur Arnold, a lad of 13, called to his father: "The barn and hay are on fire!"

"The leaves are on fire on the east side," said the gardener.

"The front piazza is in a blaze," cried another; "the front greenhouse is in flames, and the roof on fire."

"*The water has stopped!*" was the last appalling announcement.

"Now, for the first time," says Mr. A., "I gave up hope of saving my *home*, and considered whether we could save any of the contents. My pictures, papers, and books, can I save any of them?" An effort was made to cut down some portraits, a landscape of Kensett, Otsego Lake, by Mignot—it was too late! Seizing a bundle of papers, gathering the children and servants together, and leading forth the animals they started. But where to go?



[124] VIEW OF BUSINESS CENTER OF CHICAGO, BURNT IN A SINGLE NIGHT, FROM COURT HOUSE LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

They were surrounded by fire on three sides; to the south, west, and north raged the flames, making a wall of fire and smoke from the ground to the sky; their only escape was east to the lake shore. Leading the horses and cow, they went to the beach. Here were thousands of fugitives hemmed in and imprisoned by the raging element. The sands, from the Government pier north to Lill's pier, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, were covered with men, women, and children, some half-clad, in every variety of dress, with the motley collection of things which they sought to save.

Some had silver, some valuable papers, some pictures, some old carpets, beds, etc. One little child had her doll tenderly pressed in her arms, an old woman a grunting pig, a fat woman had two large pillows, as portly as herself, which she had apparently snatched from her bed when she left. There was a singular mingling of the awful, the ludicrous, and the pathetic.

Mrs. Arnold and her little daughter Alice had been sent away to the residence of Mrs. Scudder, and the party were accordingly separated, a circumstance which added to the anxiety of the wanderers.

After toiling along W. B. Ogden's pier, they hired a small row-boat, and were conveyed to the lighthouse, where they were cordially received by the authorities, and other refugees who had preceded them. The party remained prisoners in the lighthouse, and on the pier on which it stood, for several hours.

The shipping above in the river was burning; the immense grain elevators of the Illinois Central and Galena Railroads were a mass of flames, and the pier itself, some distance up the river, was slowly burning toward the lighthouse.

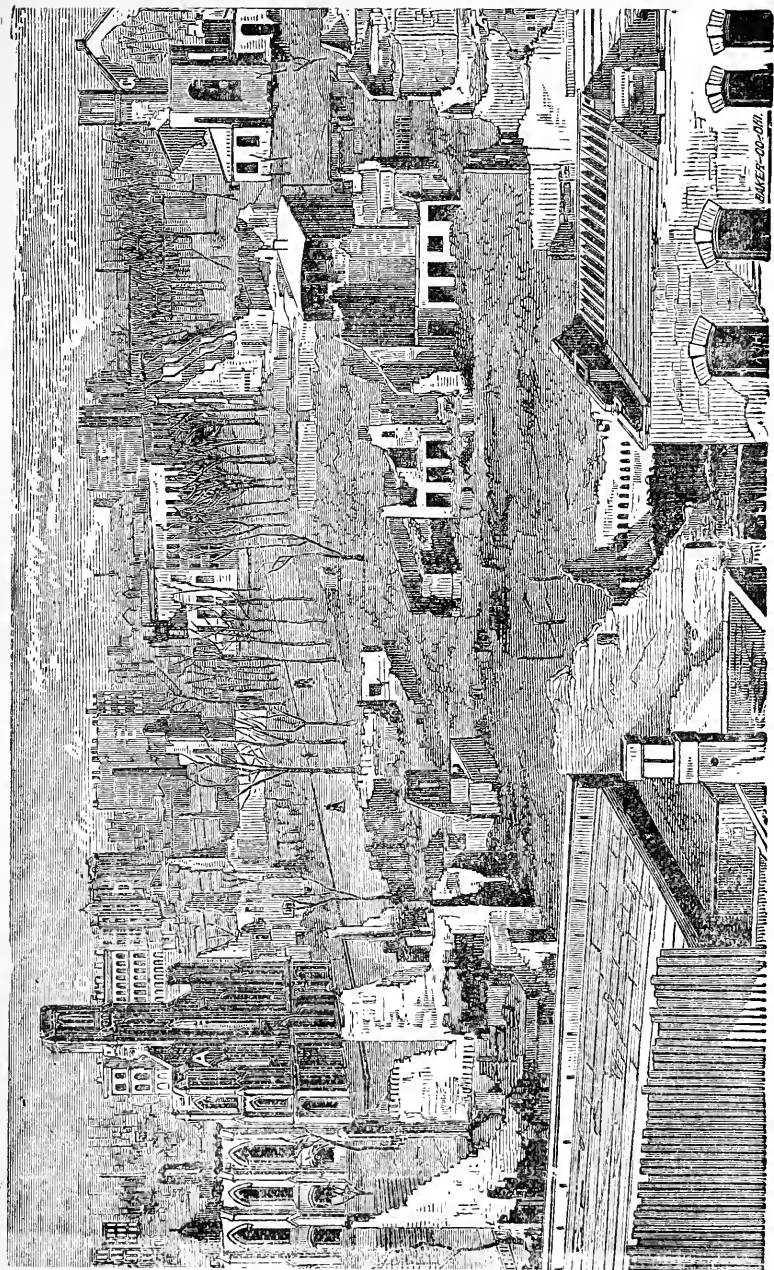
A large propeller fastened to the dock a short distance

up the river caught fire, and the danger was that as soon as the ropes by which it was fastened burned off it would float down stream and set fire to the dock in the immediate vicinity of the lighthouse. Several propellers moved down near the mouth of the river, and took on board several hundred fugitives and steamed out into the lake.

If the burning propeller came down it would set fire to the pier, the lighthouse, and vast piles of lumber, which had as yet escaped in consequence of being directly on the shore and detached from the burning mass. A fire company was organized of those on the pier, and with water dipped in pails from the river the fire kept at bay, but all felt relieved when the propeller went to the bottom. The party were still prisoners on an angle of sand, and the fire running along the north shore of the river. The river and the fire prevented an escape to the south, west, and north. The fire was still raging with unabated fury.

The party waited for hours, hoping the fire would subside. The day wore on, noon passed, and 1 and 2 o'clock, and still it seemed difficult, if not dangerous, to escape to the north. Mr. Arnold, leaving his children in the lighthouse, went north toward Lill's, and thought it was practicable to get through, but was not willing to expose the females to the great discomfort and possible danger of the experiment.

Between 3 and 4 in the afternoon the tug-boat Clifford came down the river and tied up near the lighthouse. Could she return—taking the party up the river—through and beyond the fire to the West Side, or was it safer and better to remain at the lighthouse? If it and the pier, the lumber and shanties around should burn during the night, as seemed not unlikely, the position would not be tenable, and might be extremely perilous; besides, Mr. A. was extremely anxious to *know* that Mrs. A. and little Alice were safe.



CHICAGO ONE DAY AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

Rush, Clark, State, and Wells street bridges had all burned, and their fragments had fallen into the river. The great warehouses, elevators, storehouses, docks on the bank of the river, were still burning, but the fury of the fire had exhausted itself.

The party resolved to go through this narrow canal or river to the south bank, outside the burning district. This was the most dangerous experience of the day. The tug might take fire herself, the wood-work of which had been blistered with heat as she came down; the engine might get out of order and the boat become unmanageable after she got inside the line of fire, or she might get entangled in the floating timber and *debris* of the bridges. However, the party determined to go.

A full head of steam was gotten up, the hose was attached to the engine, so that if the boat or clothes caught it could be put out. The children and ladies were put in the pilot house, and the windows shut and the boat started. The men crouched clear to the deck behind the butt works, and with a full head of steam the tug darted past the abutments of Rush street bridge; as they passed the State street bridge the pilot had to pick his way carefully among falling and floating timber.

The extent of the danger was now obvious, but it was too late to retreat. As the boat passed State street the pump supplying cold water ceased to work, and the exposed wood in some parts was blistering. "Snatching a handkerchief," says Mr. Arnold, "I dipped it in water, and covering the face and head of Arthur, whose hat the wind had blown away, I made him lie flat on the deck, as we plunged forward through the fiery furnace. On we sped past Clark and Wells streets."

"Is not the worst over?" asked Mr. Arnold of the Captain, as the boat dashed on and on.

"We are through, sir," answered the Captain.

"We are safe." "Thank God!" came from hearts and lips as the boat emerged from the smoke into the clear, cool air outside the fire lines."

The party went ashore at Lake street, and Mr. Arnold commenced a search for his wife and child, whom he found had gone to Evanston. It was not until the next night that the whole family were united at the residence of Judge Drummond.



## Singular Incident in Connection With the Great Fire.

On State street was the fine row of five-story marble-front buildings known as "Booksellers' Row." These magnificent buildings were one hundred and ninety feet deep, and, including the basements, were filled with books and stationery. Griggs & Co., besides a large stock of imported works, had whole floors of school books. The Western News Company, besides its immense sales-room, had a force of sixty persons engaged in packing goods.

All these stores were elaborately finished, and of course included heavy stocks of paper and other stationery.

An exploration of the ruins failed to discover a single book, or a sheet or a quire of paper.

The only legible thing found was a single leaf, badly scorched, of a Bible, and this is said to have contained that part of the first chapter of Jeremiah which opens:

"How doth the city set solitary that was full of people, how she became as a widow.

"She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks."

That is all that was left of the more than a million of books contained in all these immense stores.

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Bits of History.

CHICAGO had a debating society as early as 1831, with J. B. Beaubien for the first President. It was considerable of an "institution" during its day.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH arrived in Chicago Oct. 25, 1836, and, as he laughingly asserts, was in time to see the *first white man hung*, which occurred on the *open prairie*, south of the Court House.

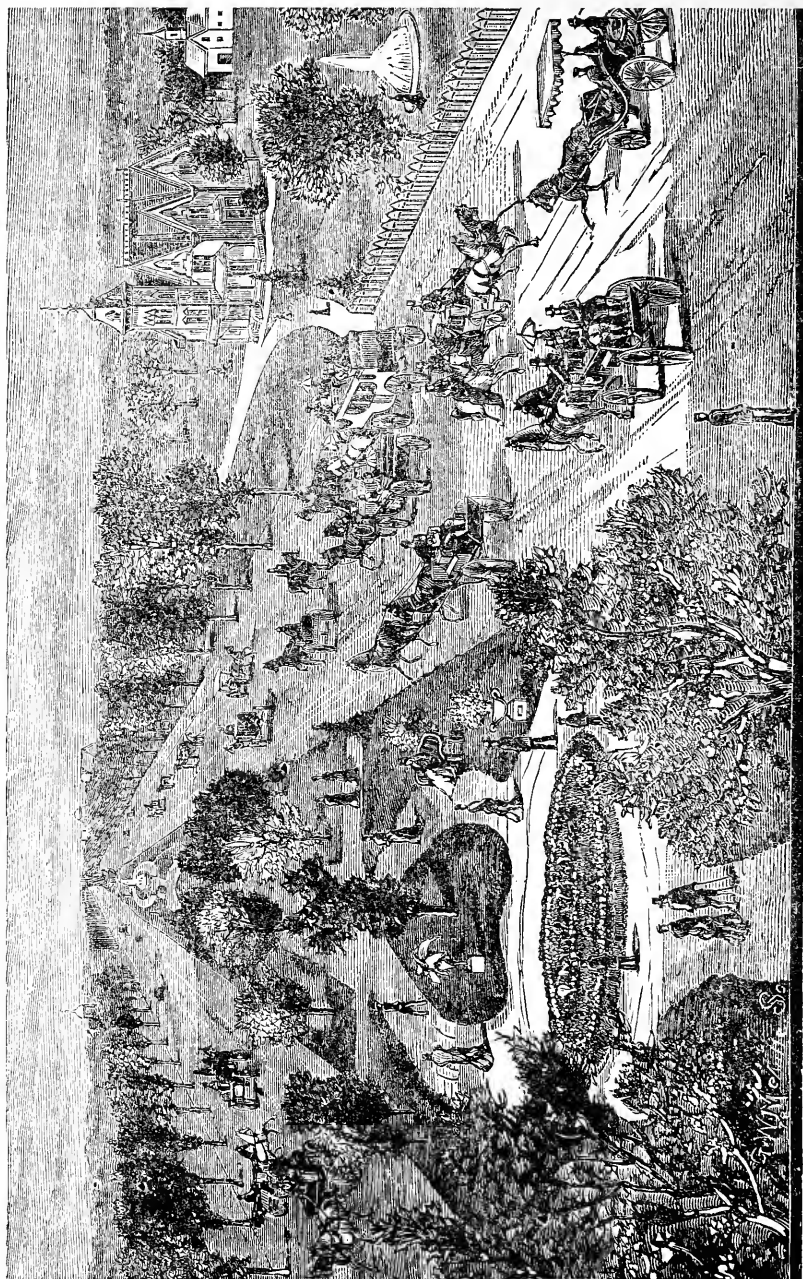
THE first will on record is that of Alexander Wolcott, filed April 27th, 1831, before R. J. Hamilton, Judge of Probate.

EVEN Chicago was "slightly tainted" with negro slavery. "Black Jim" was a negro slave, owned, it is said, by John Kinzie, who brought the sable brother to Fort Dearborn in 1804.

THE first lady visitors to Chicago from New England were Mrs. Lydia Pomeroy and Mrs. Beard (mother of the celebrated artist by that name) and wife of Captain James Beard, who commanded the vessel "Selina," and entered the port of Chicago in the summer of 1809.

LOCAL rivalries made their appearance in the young city as early as 1831. At that date there were only two merchants, and one of these—R. A. Kinzie—was located on the West Side, at "Wolf Point," which was the name given to the "settlement" at the *junction* of the north and south branches of the river. The other merchant, Geo. W. Dole, resided in "the lower village," on the South Side near where the Tremont now stands. After much advice and mature deliberation, P. F. W. Peck, a third merchant, who arrived in 1831, determined to locate in the "lower village," believing it would ultimately be the future Chicago.

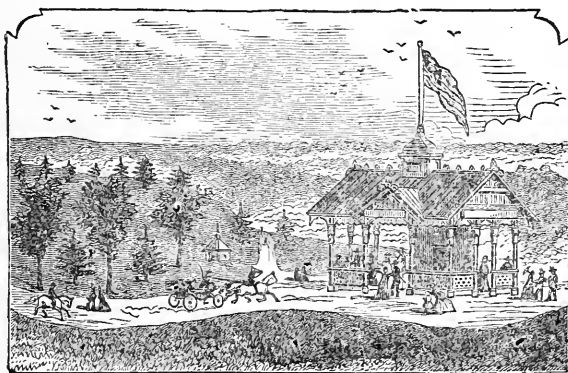
MORE than half a century since, I first came to Chicago on horseback, from Saint Louis, stopping on the way at the log-cabins of the early settlers, and passing the last house at the mouth of Fox River. I was married in Chicago, having to send a soldier one hundred and sixty miles, on foot, to Peoria, for a license. The northern counties in the State had not then been organized, and were all attached to Peoria County. My dear wife is still alive, and in good health; and I can certify, a hundred times over, that Chicago is a first-rate place from which to get a good wife.—*David Hunter, Washington, D. C., 1879.*



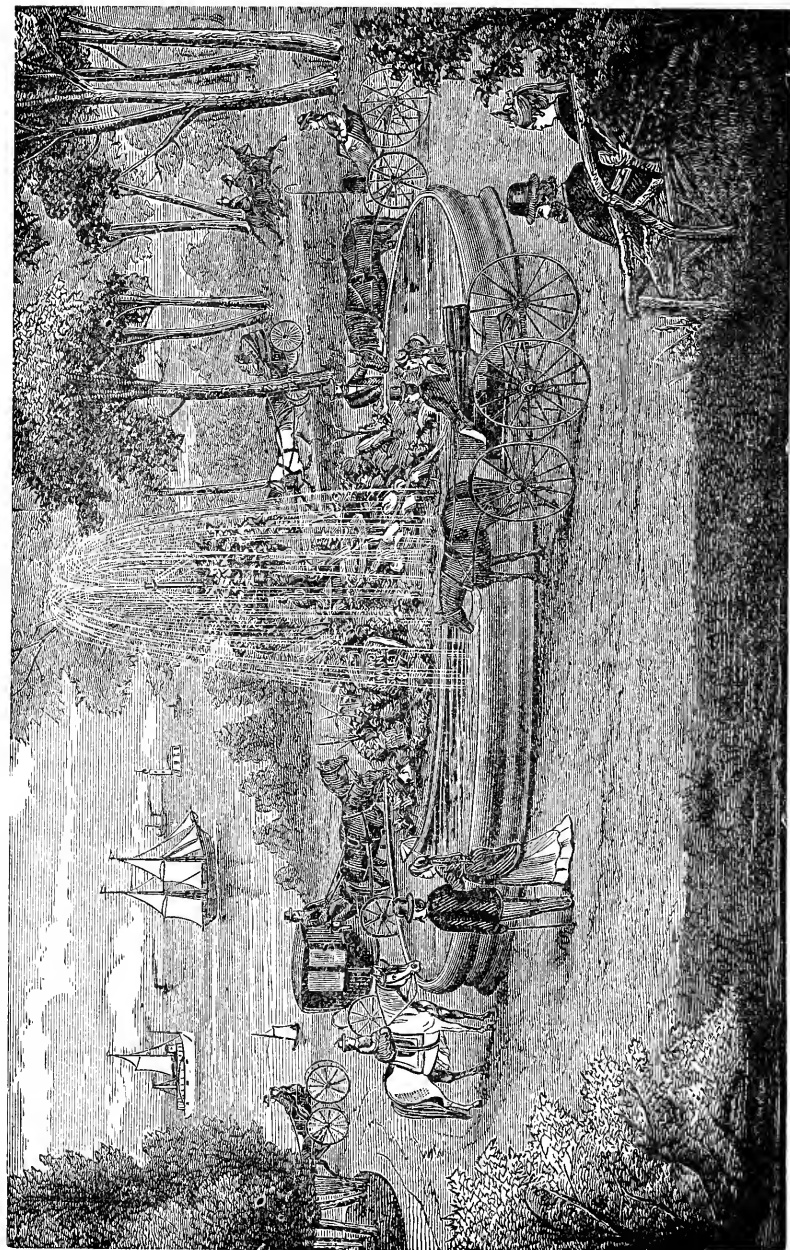
# WONDERS AND BEAUTIES.

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## The Parks and Boulevards.

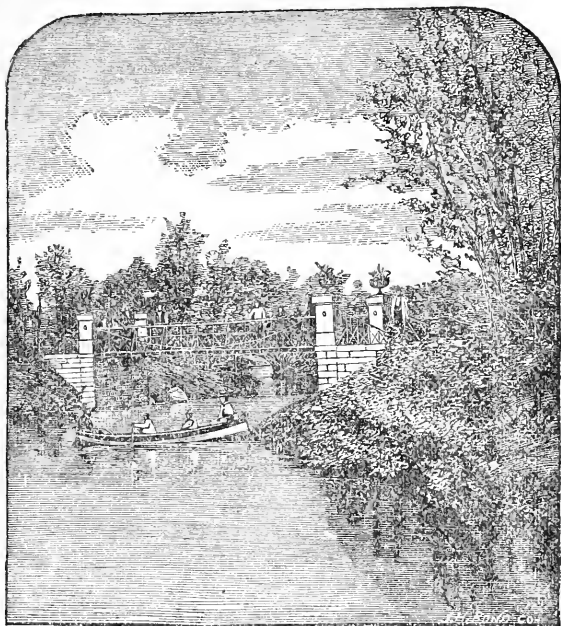


The parks and boulevards of Chicago are remarkable for their numbers, magnificence, beauty, and the *short space of time* in which they have been brought to such a high degree of perfection. What was recently but a dry, dead level, and comparatively barren prairie, as if by magic has been changed into magnificent spaces of rivers, lakes, lawns, and groves, with all the park accompaniments of older cities. The visitor should, therefore, as he glides through these immense pleasure grounds, remember that about all he sees *that* make up the Chicago parks has been "imported," and that all this has been effected with much labor of head and hand, and at great expense.



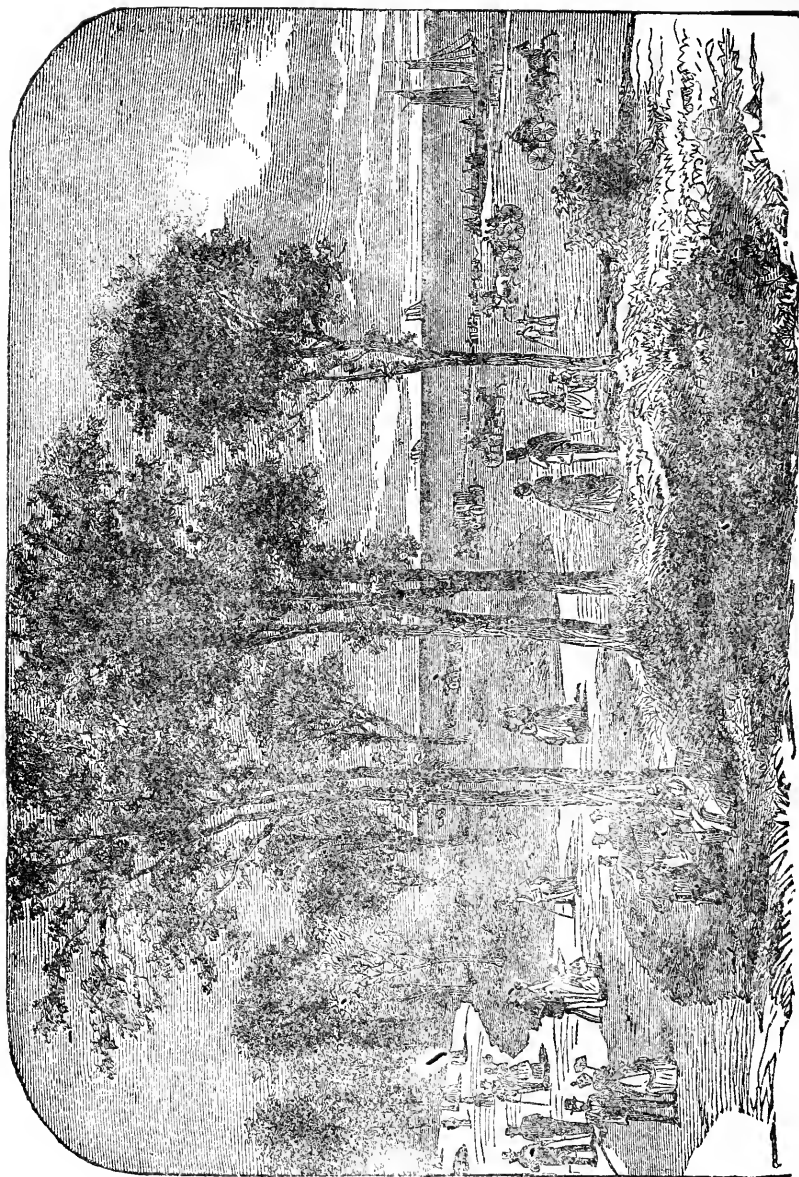
VIEW OF FOUNTAIN IN LINCOLN PARK

The Boulevards, as shown in the accompanying map, connect the principal parks, and will form, when completed, a continuous drive of 30 miles, with a width varying from 150 to 250 feet.



Lincoln Park.

This popular park is located on the lake shore, two miles north of the Court House, and is easily accessible by the Clark or Wells street line of street cars, or—in the summer—by excursion boats, which usually start from Clark street bridge. A more pleasant way, perhaps, would be to take a carriage and pass into the park via the celebrated “Lake Shore Drive,” which you will enter at the North Side “Water Works.” Lincoln Park has a frontage on Lake Michigan of two and a quarter miles, and contains 250 acres.



LAKE SHORE DRIVE AT LINCOLN PARK.

It is noted for its chain of miniature lakes in the center, the magnificent view of Lake Michigan along its eastern boundary, its beautiful flower beds, zoological gardens, and extensive groves of natural foliage.

It is said that fully 1,500,000 persons visited these lovely grounds during the past year, and that as many as 3,000 vehicles passed through it in a single day.

In the northern portion of the Park will be found several extensive hot-houses and hot-beds; also the "French Flower Garden," in the center of which is the fountain presented by Perry H. Smith, Esq. The lover of flowers will be highly delighted with a visit to this region of Lincoln Park.

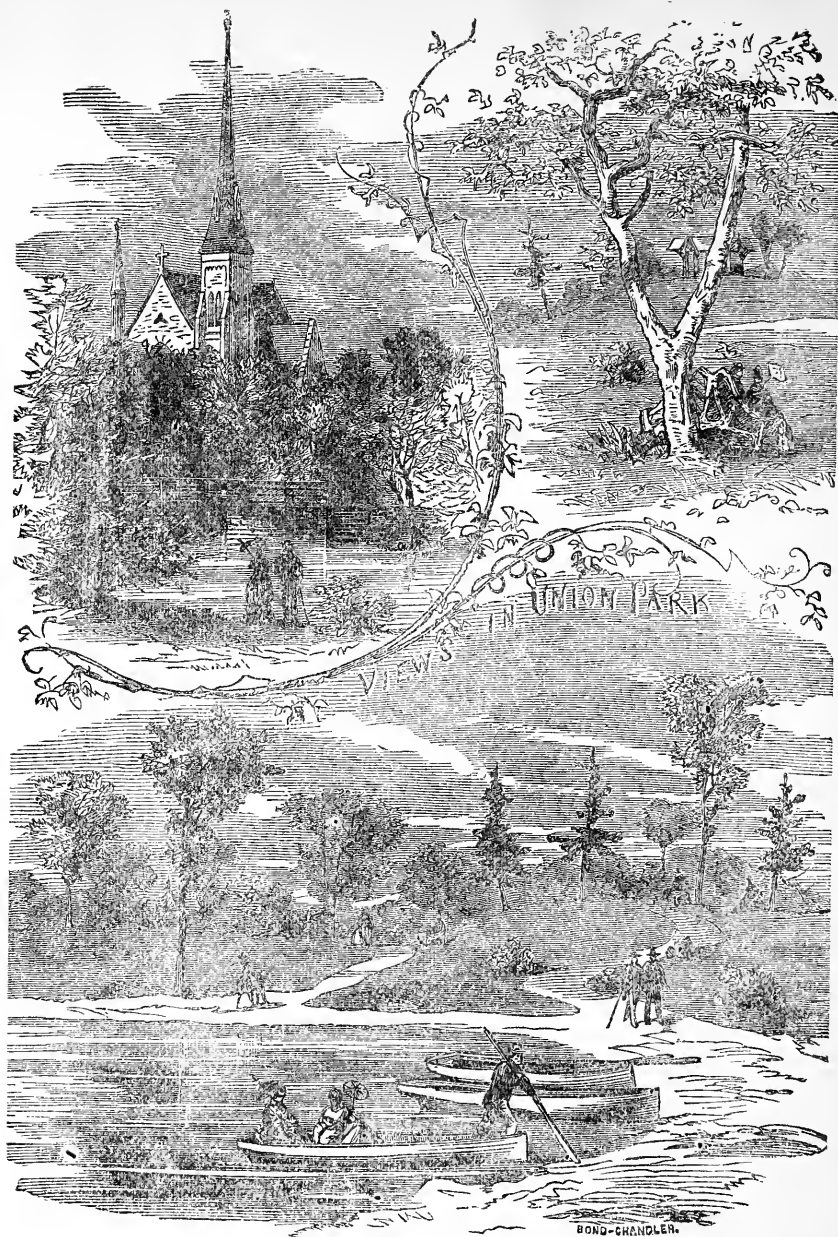
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#### **The Zoological Gardens in Lincoln Park.**

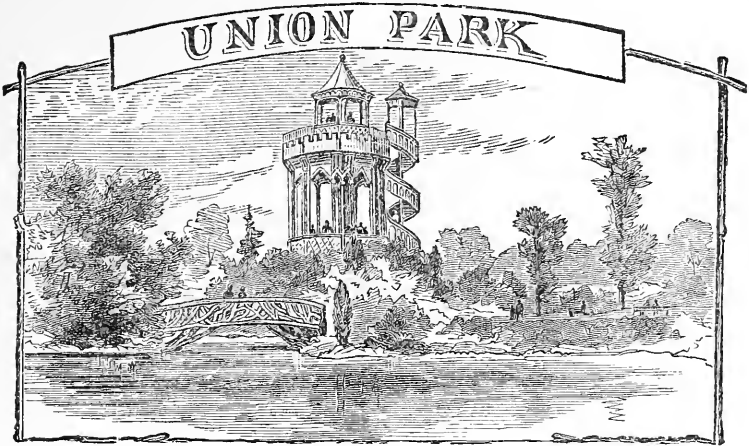
In this fine collection will be found buffalo, elk, wolves, foxes, and other animals. A sea lion has been recently introduced, and the lakes are tenanted by swans, geese, ducks, and other fowls.

The "Bear Pit" is an interesting place at the north end of the Park, which the visitor should not fail to see. Here the bears—a wild specimen of which was killed within the "city limits" not a great many years ago—are snugly "at home," and are quite willing to show their dexterity, at least occasionally, by climbing to the tip-top of the snarly oak tree at the mouth of their caverns.

There are also several specimens of "the great American eagle," with room enough to "spread their wings," and other native birds, comfortably housed in this Park.

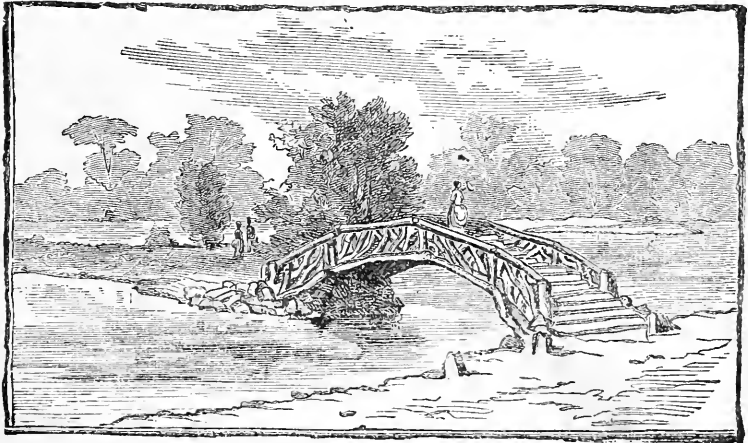


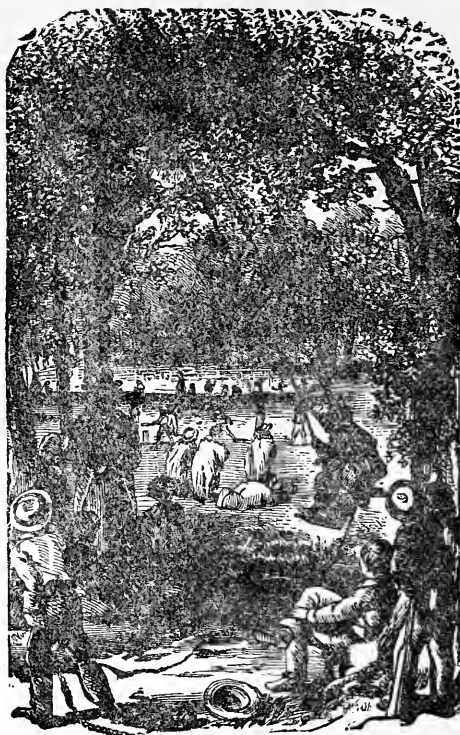
THE PARKS OF CHICAGO.



Union Park.

This is a little gem park in the West Division, bounded by Ashland and Ogden avenues and Madison and Lake streets. It abounds with rustic bridges, miniature lakes, etc., and is a popular resort. Take the Madison or Randolph street cars west to Ogden avenue, distant one and a half miles from the business center.





South Park.

South Park, including South Park proper, the Lake Shore Park, and the Boulevards, contains 1,003 acres, located in the southern part of the city, about six miles from the Court House. These parks are approached by two magnificent roadways, known as the Drexel Boulevard (sometimes called the Grove Parkway) and the Grand Boulevard, each 200 feet in width, the former having a continuous stretch of fine floral ornamentation in its center. There are fourteen miles of driveway and thirty miles of walks in these parks. It is said, when fully completed, as a park system they will be

unsurpassed by any grounds in the world. Enough has already been done to render them exceedingly attractive. The "South Open Green"—said to be the largest unbroken lawn in the world—which greets the eye of the visitor as he enters the north end of the "System," is but the preface page of the wondrous beauties now being developed in these parks. The Drexel Boulevard is, perhaps, not surpassed by any similar driveway in the country. No visitor fails to see it, as well as the whole South Park System, for it is worth while to see a park "in process of erection," as well as the grounds, which are ultimately to become the finest in the world.

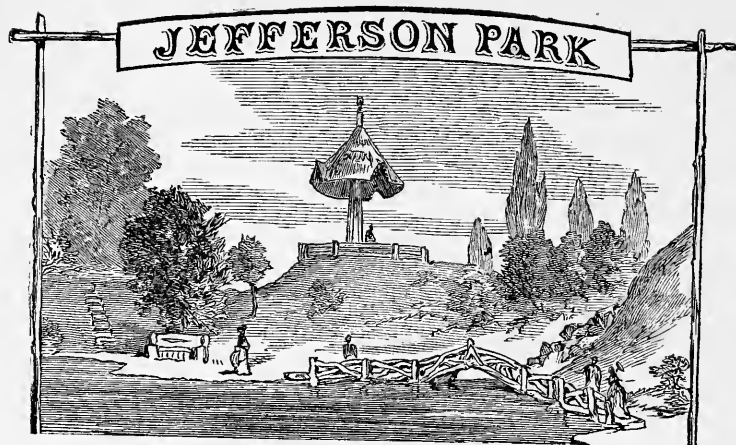
Visitors can easily reach the South Park by taking the Cottage Grove avenue cars on State street and going to Thirty-ninth street, where connection is made with steam cars, or phaetons (in the summer), to the park. It can also be reached by railroad from the depot at foot of Lake street; also by carriage drive up Michigan or Wabash avenues to South Park avenue, and thence over the Grand Boulevard.

#### Central Park.

Central Park is located near the western limits of the city, about four miles from the Court House, and is accessible to visitors by the Madison street cars, which carry passengers to the main entrance. This park covers 185 acres, and contains some very beautiful artificial lakes, lawns, groves, etc., and the foundations of the unfinished "Fire Monument," which was to have been built out of the many great iron safes ruined by the great fire.

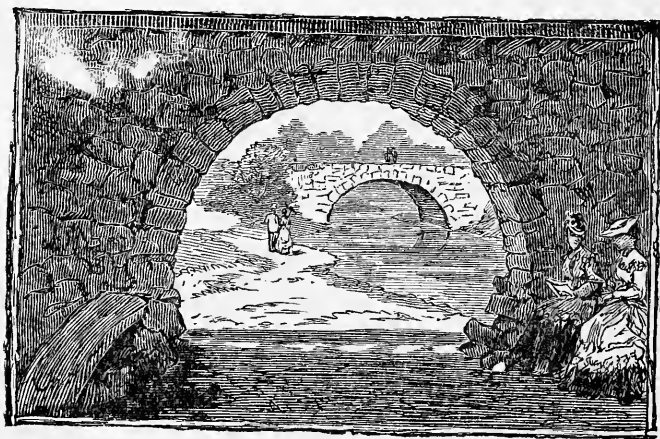
#### Humboldt Park.

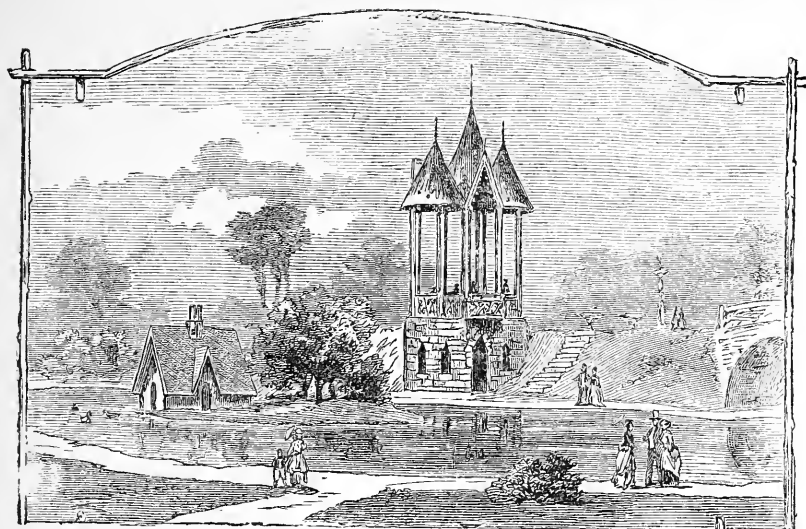
This park, which covers 200 acres, is located in the north-western part of the city, and may be reached by the Milwaukee avenue cars. It is noted for its fine lakes and band stand. Humboldt, Central, and Douglas Parks are connected by boulevards 250 feet in width.



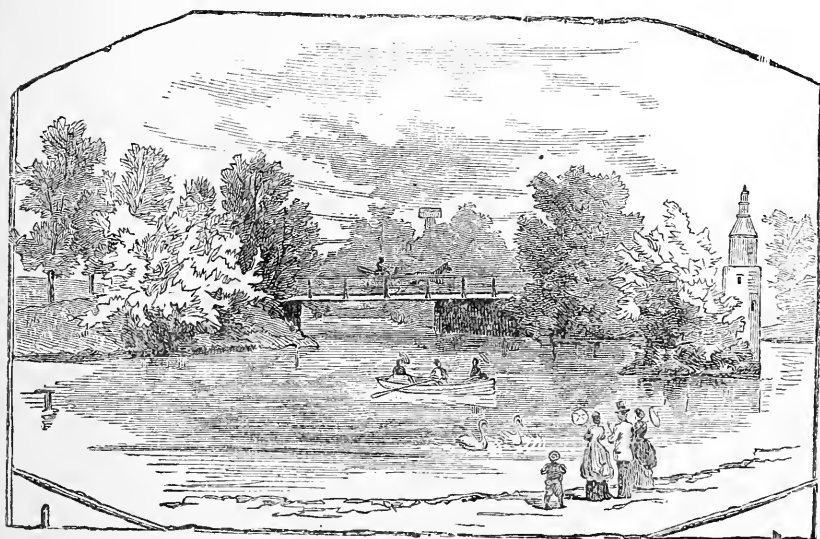
Jefferson Park.

This is a *petite*, but very beautiful park, in the West Division, bounded by Monroe, Throop, and Adams streets and Center avenue. No carriages enter this park, which renders it popular with the little ones. Take the Madison street cars to Center avenue, and go south one square.





VIEW IN JEFFERSON PARK.



VIEW IN UNION PARK.

**Douglas Park.**

Douglas Park is in the southwestern part of the city, four miles from the Court House. Though among the newest, it is a magnificent park. It contains 180 acres. Visitors will find the Ogden avenue cars (a branch of the Madison street lines) the most convenient to reach this pleasure-ground.

**Lake Park.**

This is the most accessible park in the city, and is noted for its refreshing breezes in the summer time. It extends along the lake shore from Jackson street to Park Row, and is bounded west by Michigan avenue. The great Exposition Building is located at the north end. Though not as large as some other parks, its convenience and coolness make it among the most popular summer evening resorts.

**Other Parks.**

There are many other smaller parks in the city, some of which are very beautiful. Among these are Dearborn, Vernon, Wicker, Campbell, Ellis, Congress, and also Washington Square and Union Square.

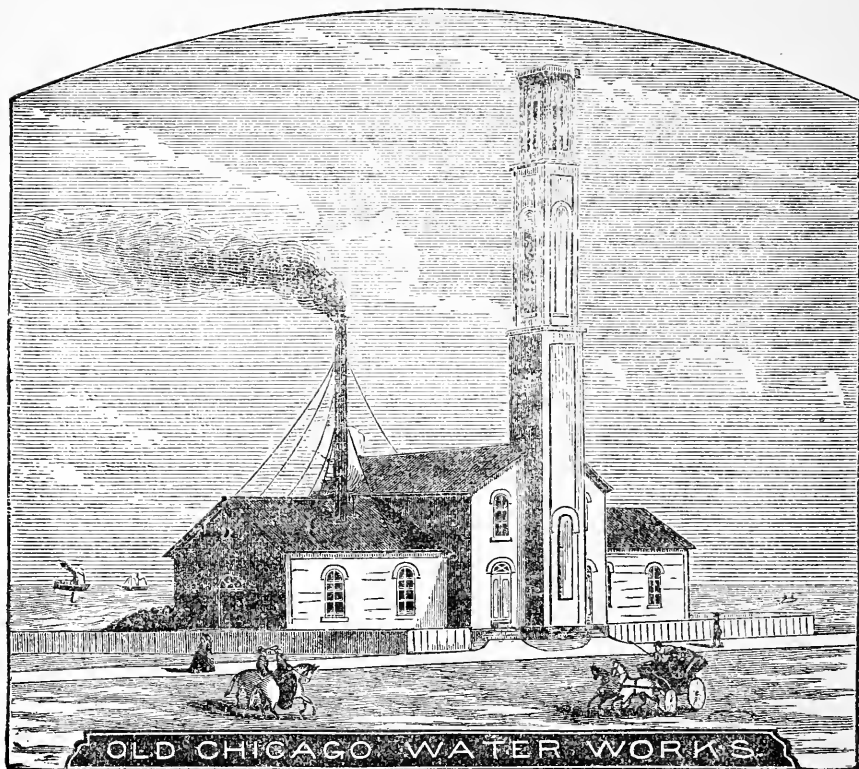




AT PLAY IN THE PARK.

[145]

## The Chicago Water Works.



The North Side Water Works are located on Chicago avenue and Pine street, near the lake shore, and may be reached by the State street line of cars, or by carriage.

The first man to conceive and perfect the peculiar and stupendous mechanism by which Chicago obtains the purest water of any city, perhaps, in the world, was E. S. Cheshbrough. It is said that in boyhood and early manhood he



THE NEW WATER WORKS AT FOOT OF CHICAGO AVENUE.

had been made thoughtful and self-reliant, and that he thus became a most persevering, hopeful, and positive man.

As City Engineer he suggested in 1863 the plan "to take the water from about two miles east of the pumping works, where the lake is supposed never to be affected by impurities from the river," and bring it in a brick tunnel to the present works, where it might be distributed throughout the city. This plan was considered a "visionary scheme," an "expensive experiment," in fact, "an unprecedented bore," by the conservatives of that day. But notwithstanding all this, the necessary legislation was secured and on the 9th of September, 1863, the contract for making the great tunnel and crib was awarded to Messrs. Dull & Gowan, of Harrisburg, Pa., for \$315,139.

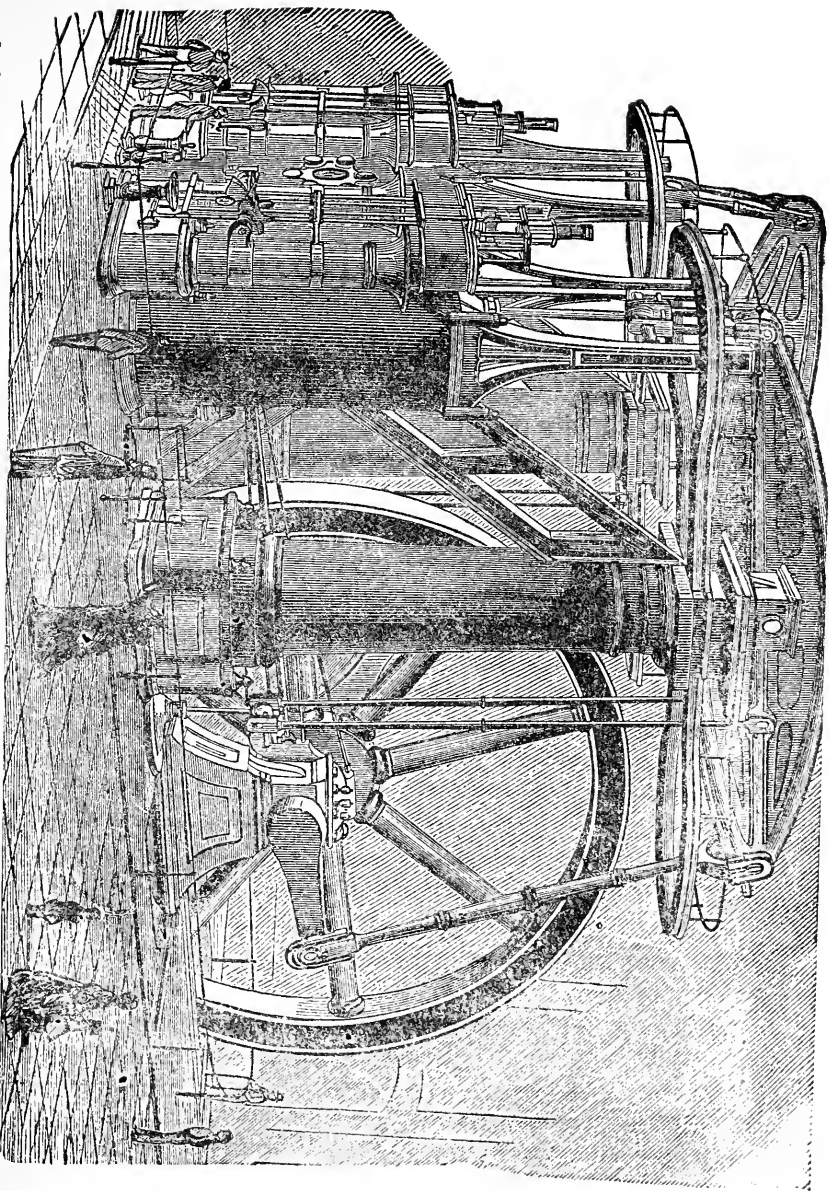
The work began March 17, 1864, and the last brick was laid Dec. 6, 1866.

The tunnel is five feet in diameter and two miles long. At the east, or Crib end, it is sixty-six feet below the water level of the lake, and under a head of eighteen feet, with a velocity of 4 2-10 miles per hour, it will deliver 57,000,000 gallons of water daily.

Received through this spacious tunnel, the water is lifted by the immense engines into the stand-pipe, or "water tower," 175 feet high, from whence by its own weight it is distributed through the mains and into the dwellings.

A similar tunnel has been recently made leading from the Crib to the corner of Ashland and Blue Island avenues, where are located the West Side Pumping Works. It is six miles in length, and may be said to pass under and across the entire city, in a southwesterly direction. This tunnel system is pronounced one of the grandest triumphs of modern engineering.

Visitors to the North Side water works will be greatly interested in seeing what is said to be the largest engine in



[149]

THE GREAT ENGINE AT THE WATER WORKS.

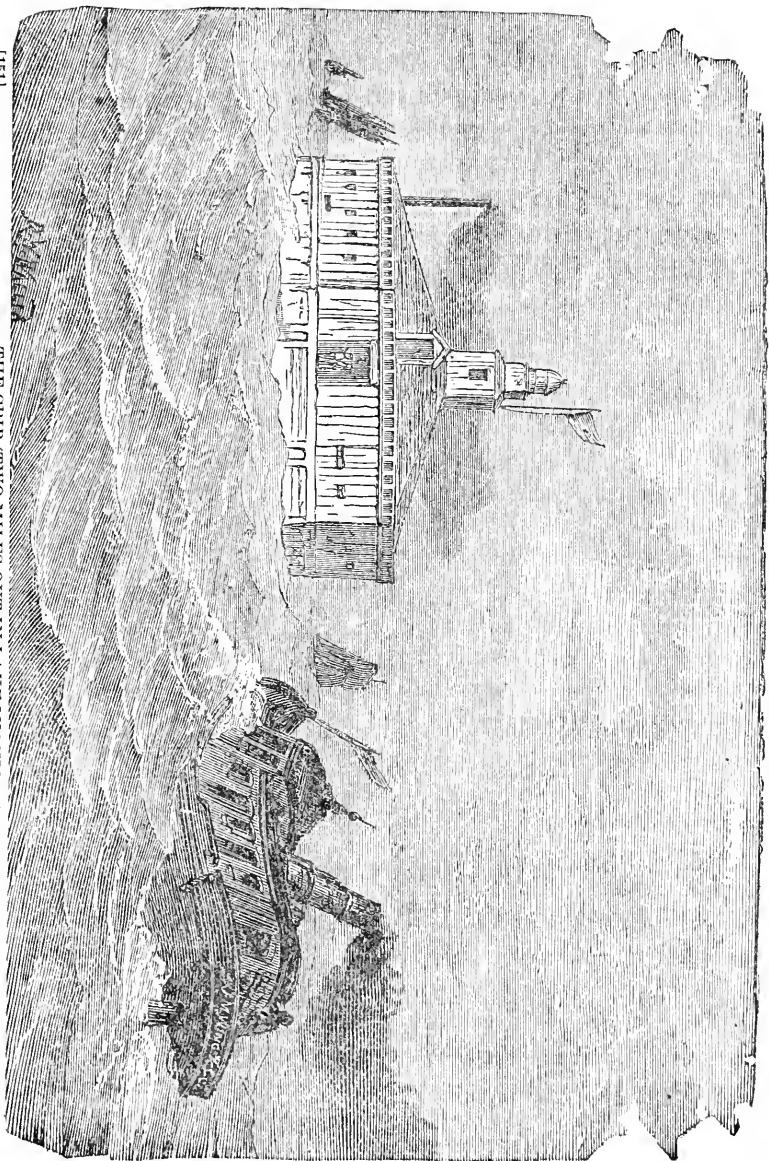
the world, procured at an expense of \$200,000, and which pumps 2,750 gallons of water at each "stroke." It is a 1,200 horse-power, with a large fly-wheel 26 feet in diameter. The four engines combined are equal to 3,000 horse-power. A magnificent view of the city and of Lake Michigan may be had from the summit of the great Water Tower, reached, however, with some difficulty by a winding and seemingly endless stairway.

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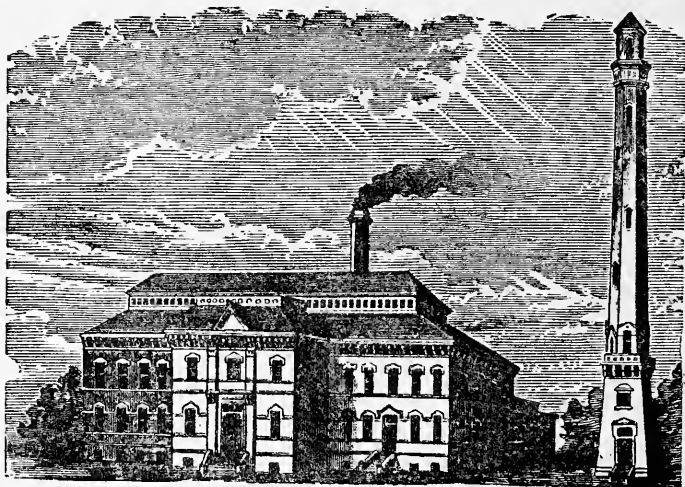
### **The Crib.**

Two miles from the lake shore, in an easterly direction from the North Side Water Works, is "the Crib," which to the eye is a veritable cottage in the sea, and in which, the year round, dwells a "happy family," who superintend the grand entry of the waters at that end of the line. Many have wondered how they live in such absolute isolation. A visit, however, easily made on excursion boats in the summer-time, will show all the "comforts of a home," including telephone communication, etc.

The Crib was built on shore, and launched like a sea-vessel. No expense was spared to make it strong. It is forty feet high, and constructed in pentagonal form in a circumscribed circle of  $98\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter. It is made of three walls—the outer, the center, and the inner—and all firmly braced and bolted together so as to form one great structure. Each of these walls is calked and tarred like the hulk of a vessel. Twelve-inch square timbers of white oak were used for the first twelve feet from the top, and white pine of the same dimensions for the remaining forty-eight feet. These timbers are bolted together with strong square rods of iron. The bottom is composed of twelve-inch timbers firmly bolted.



When completed it contained fifteen separate water-tight compartments. In the center is "the well," through which the shafts descend to the bottom of the lake. Including the West Side Water Works, it is possible for Chicago to receive now 150,000,000 gallons daily.

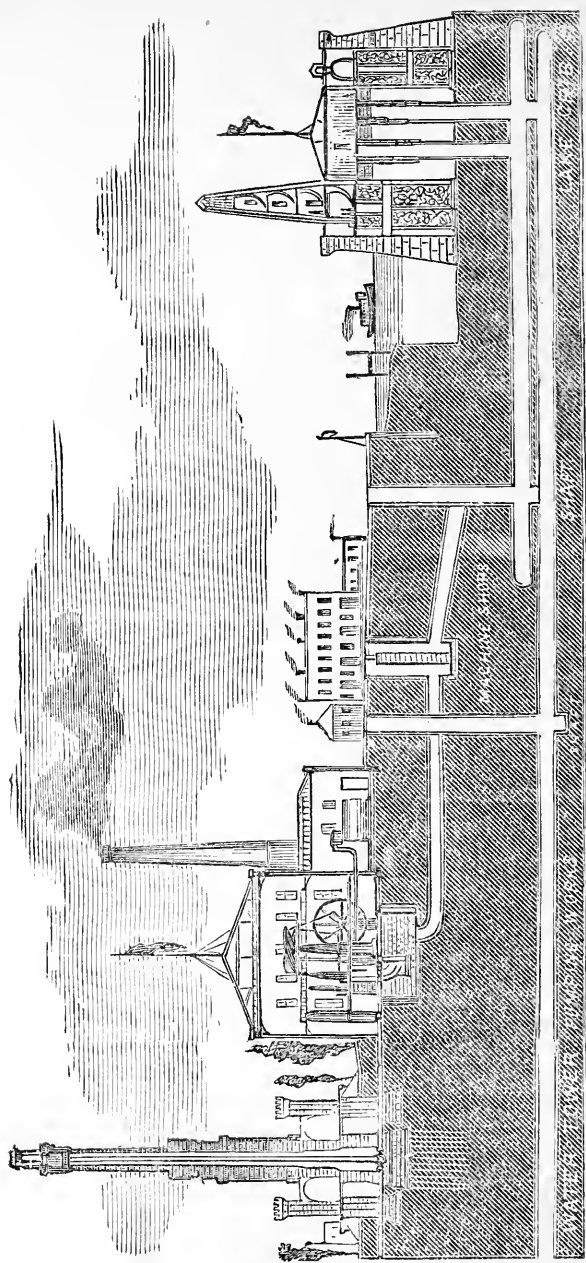


[West Side Pumping Works on Ashland Avenue.]

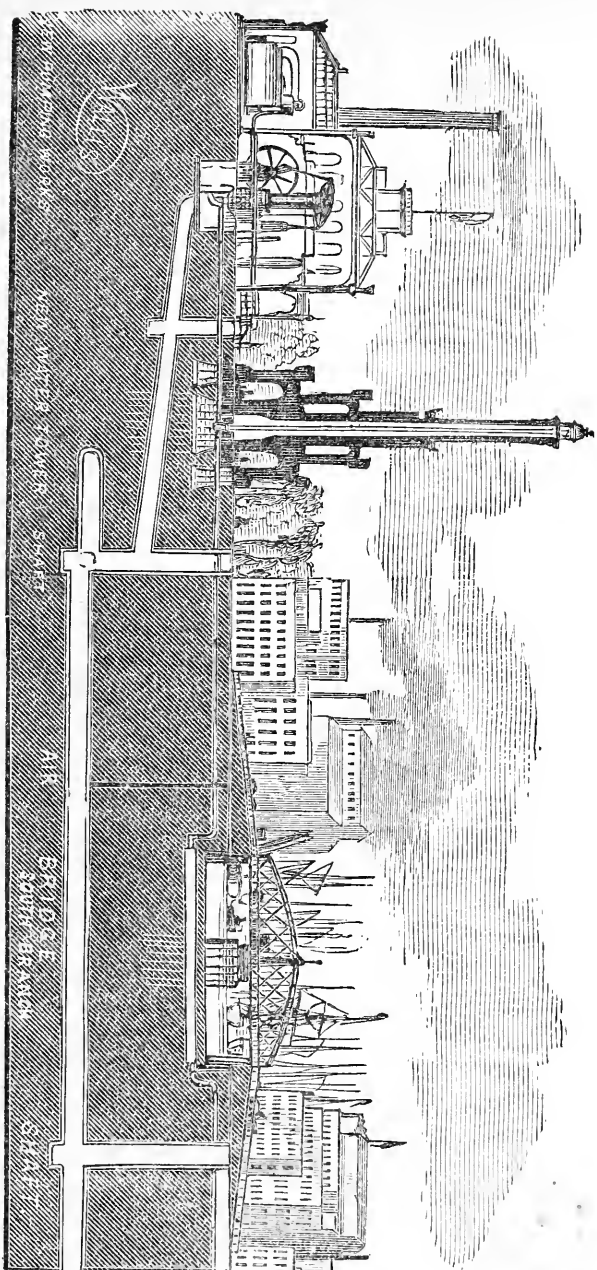
In 1871 the city had 272 miles of water-pipe; to-day it has nearly 500 miles. It also has over 3,000 fire hydrants. This immense "water system" of the young Garden City has been perfected at an expense of about \$8,000,000.



ARCHING THE TUNNEL.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF NORTH SIDE WATER-WORKS, CRIB, TUNNEL, TOWER, ETC.,  
 Showing how the Water is Taken from the Lake through the Tunnels, and is Pumped into the Tower and Distributed  
 through the the Mains over the City. Distance from Crib to Tower, Two Miles.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF WEST SIDE WATER-WORKS, TOWER, TUNNEL, ETC.,  
 Showing how the Tunnel Passes under the City and Rivers to the West Side Pumping-works. This Tunnel Receives the  
 Water from the City, and is Six Miles in length.

**Postoffice and Custom House.**

This magnificent building, which, including grounds, has been erected at an expense of \$6,000,000, occupies the square between Dearborn, Clark, Adams, and Jackson streets. It is a three story, basement and attic stone edifice, in the style of architecture known as the Romanesque with Venetian treatment.

The basement and first floor are devoted entirely for post-office purposes; the second floor is for customs, internal revenue, sub-treasury, commissioner of pensions, and special mail agents; and the third for courts, and offices connected with the Interior Department.

The approaches are from each of the four streets, the entrance to the courts, customs, and sub-treasury being by grand stairway from Adams and Jackson streets.

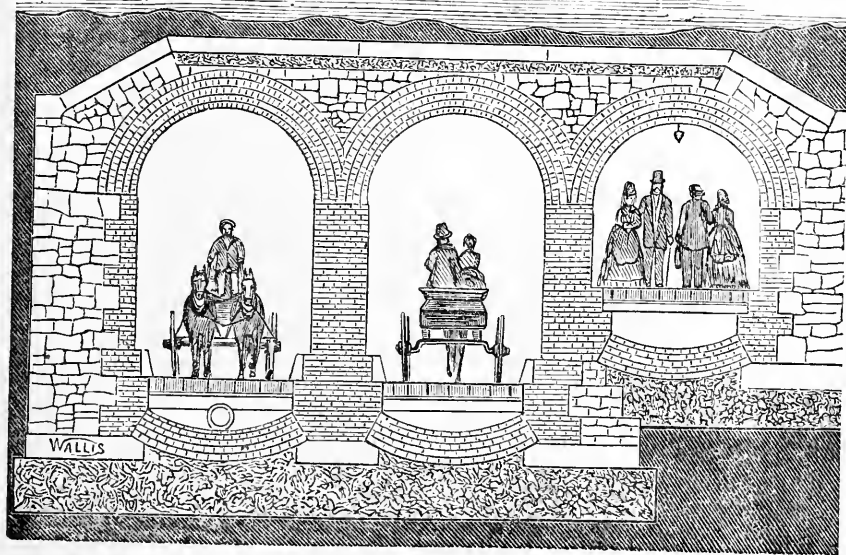
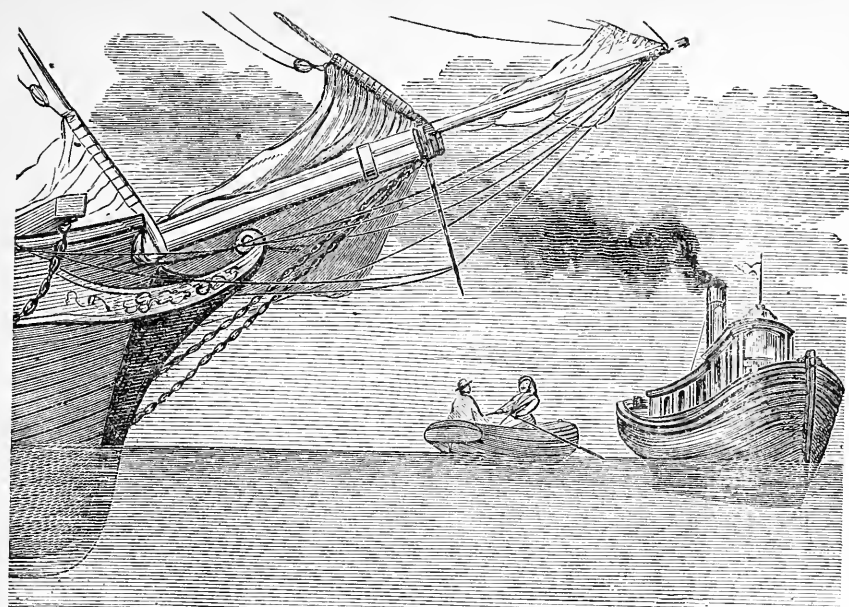
The interior finish is exceedingly rich and fine, and is well worth a visit from the stranger. (See page 103.)

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**River Tunnels.**

Chicago has under her rivers two immense tunnels, completed at an expense of a million dollars. The one first constructed is under the South Branch at Washington street, which connects the South and West Divisions of the city. It is known as the Washington Street Tunnel, and may be seen by following that street to the river. It was in this tunnel that the thrilling scene occurred during the great fire elsewhere described in this volume.

The larger and more interesting of the two tunnels is underneath the main river at LaSalle street, connecting the North and South Divisions of the city, and known as the LaSalle Street Tunnel. It is a marvelous underground

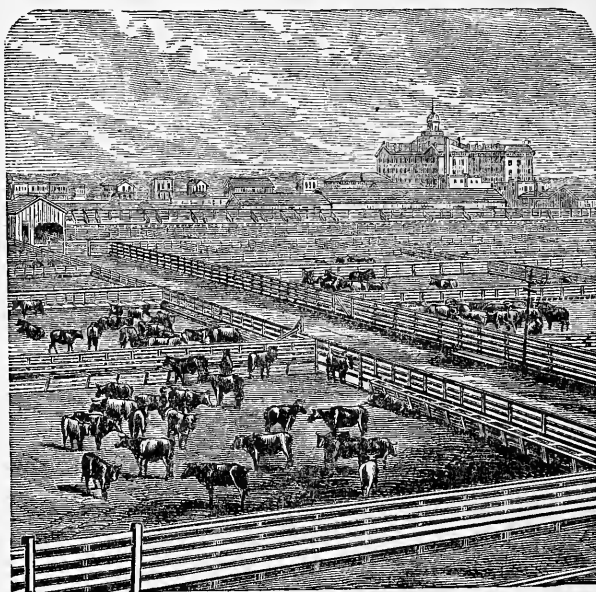


**SECTIONAL VIEW OF LA SALLE ST. TUNNEL, SHOWING MASONRY**

highway, containing two passage-ways for vehicles, besides a footway for pedestrians, passing not only under the river but also under several squares on either side, making it of an easy grade and, with its long rows of gas-lights, a very "cheerful tunnel!"

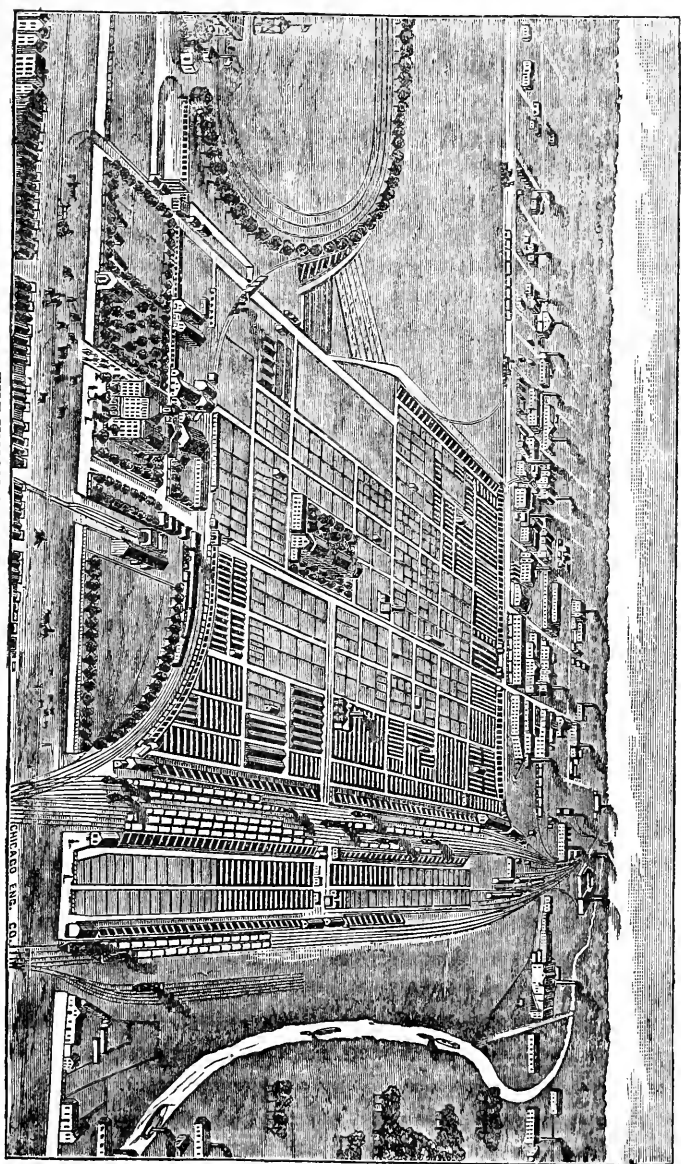
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**The Union Stock Yards.**



[Stock Yards and Transit House.]

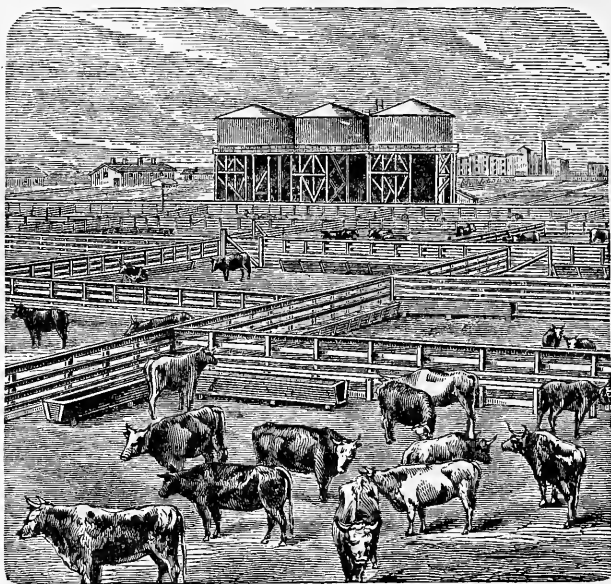
The Union Stock Yards, the great live-stock emporium of the world, whose yearly receipts foot up 8,000,000 head, are located in the southwest part of the city, and may be reached by State street cars, or by the Madison and South Halsted line. The business man, at least, who is visiting



THE UNION STOCK YARDS OF CHICAGO.

Chicago will be interested in what is to be seen at this wonderful place.

The yards occupy an area of 345 acres, and have a capacity of 150,000 head of stock, besides stalls for 500 horses. Eight miles of streets and alleys penetrate every portion of the yards, and three and one-half miles of water troughs and ten miles of feed troughs are in use. There are 2,300



[Water Tanks at Stock Yards.]

gates, 1,500 open stock-pens, and 800 covered pens for hogs and sheep.

There are also enormous water-tanks supplied with water from artesian wells, with thirty-two miles of drainage to facilitate cleanliness, etc. All the railroads have branches entering the yard, and the facilities for "handling stock" are simply wonderful. It is said that as many as 500 cars

can be loaded or unloaded at the same time, the whole operation occupying only a few moments.

Near the Stock Yards are located the immense packing houses for which Chicago is noted, some of which are capable of transforming 15,000 live hogs into dressed pork in the short space of twenty-four hours! They are really one of the "great sights" of the city, and should be visited in connection with the Stock Yards.

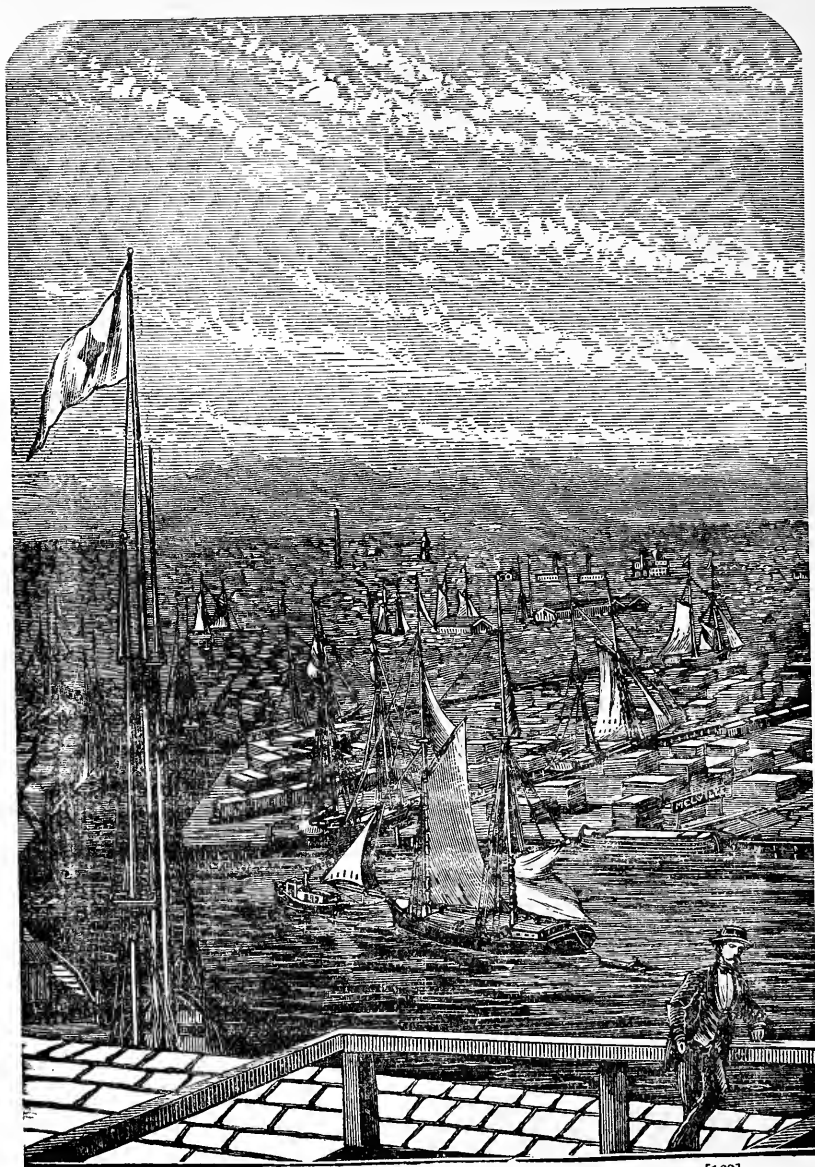
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#### **The Grain Elevators.**

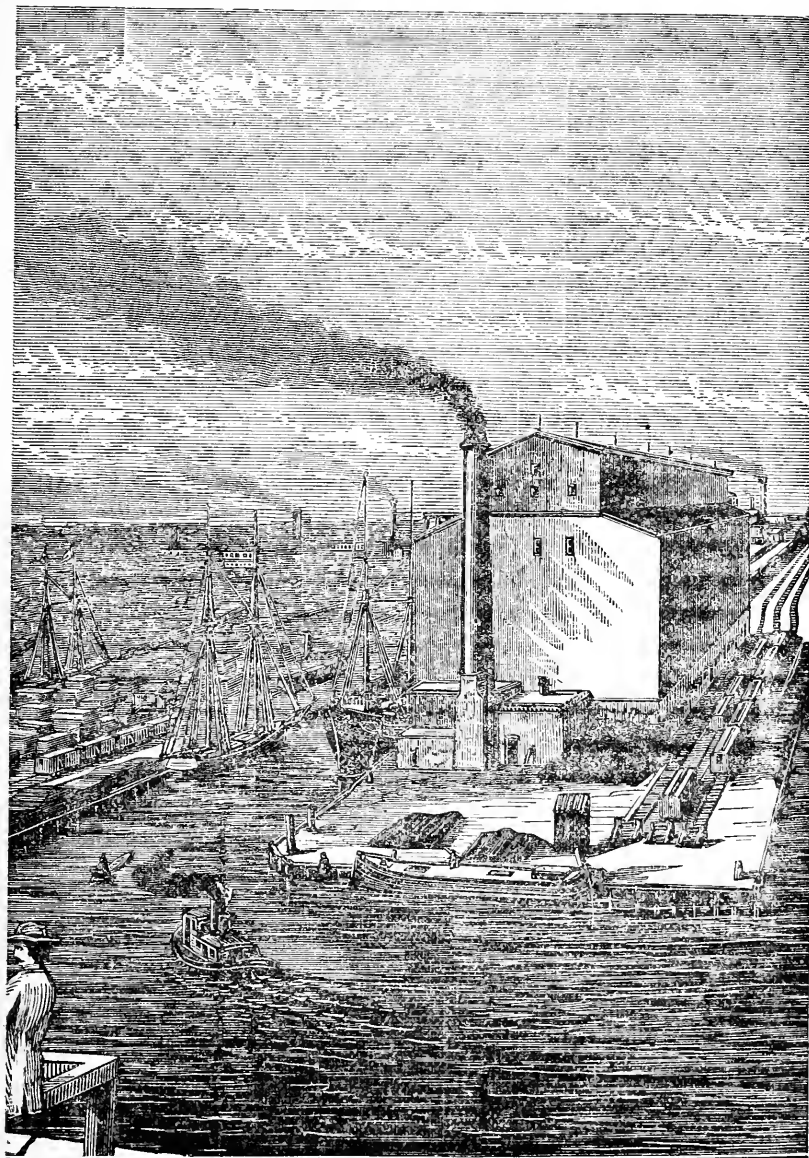
The grain elevators of Chicago—purely a Chicago invention—rank among the great wonders of the city. They are found at various places along the river and in connection with one or more railway lines. The capacity and facilities of these remarkable institutions may be best given by the following account of one recently built:

"The building is 312 feet long, 84 feet wide, and 130 feet high, and is divided into 150 bins 65 feet deep, with a storage capacity of 1,250,000 bushels. The yard will hold 300 or 400 cars. Two switch engines, when in full operation, are required to put in and take out cars. Two tracks receive each ten cars, unloaded at once, in six to eight minutes, each car having its elevator, conveying the grain to its large hopper-scale in the top of the building. When weighed, it is spouted to the bin appropriated to that kind and quality. To carry the grain to the several bins renders the elevation necessary. Allowing fifteen minutes to unload each set of ten cars, four hundred are unloaded in ten hours, about 140,000 bushels.

"The shipping facilities equal the receiving, there being six elevators for that work, each handling 3,000 bushels per hour, or 180,000 bushels in ten hours. The grain is run



THE LUMBER DISTRICT.



ELEVATOR AND LUMBER YARDS.

out of the bins to another set of elevators, which throw it into large hoppers at the top of the building, in which it is weighed, and sent down in spouts into the hold of the vessel.

"The same company have another elevator on the opposite side of the slip—for a slip at right angles to the South Branch is cut to lay vessels alongside the warehouse—and ten other large elevators and five smaller afford the same facilities. Any one of thirteen of them, too, will unload a canal boat of 5,000 or 6,000 bushels in an hour and a half or two hours; an aggregate from 65 canal boats alone of 357,000 bushels in ten hours."

The machinery of this large establishment requires an engine of 400 horse-power. Chicago has 20 similar elevator buildings, with a total capacity of 15,600,000 bushels, and actually handled—including flour reduced to wheat—during the past year, 137,624,833 bushels of grain.

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#### **Chicago Lumber Yards.**

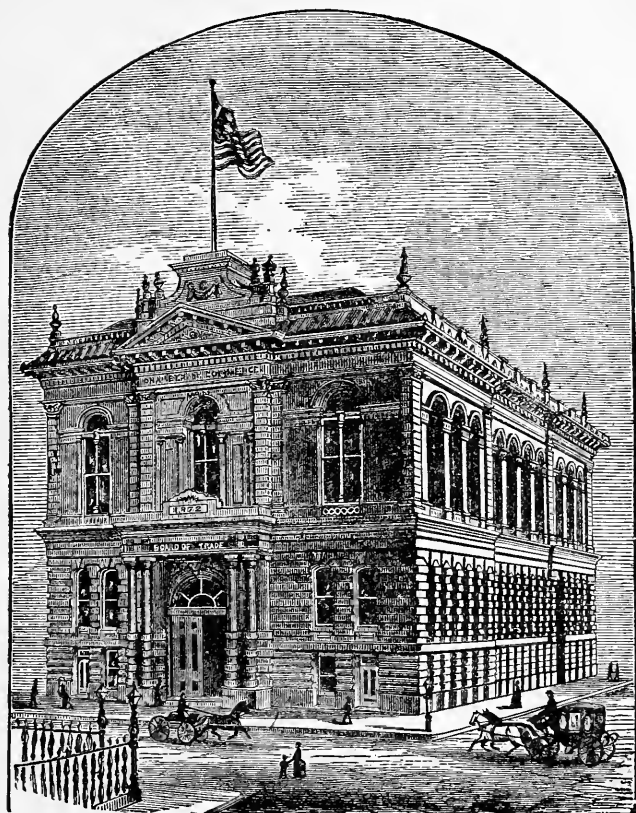
(See Illustrations on pages 162 and 163.)

Chicago is noted for the greatest lumber market in the world. The principal yards are located on the South Branch, and may be reached by the Madison and South Halsted line of cars.

The number of laborers engaged in this business would populate a respectable city. About three hundred firms are represented, with a capital of many millions. The yards, of course, connect with the river and railroads, and possess facilities for handling lumber that is marvelous. Fifteen hundred million feet is the average annual movement.

The greater portion of this lumber is brought from the immense pineries of Michigan and Wisconsin.

## Chamber of Commerce.



[Board of Trade Building.]

The Chamber of Commerce, containing the Board of Trade Hall, the finest of its kind in the world, is located on the southeast corner of Washington and LaSalle streets. The gallery, commanding a full view of the "bulls and bears," is accessible to visitors during business hours, and those desiring to know what it is to be "on change" should

not fail to look in. The hall is 142 feet long and 87 feet wide, with a magnificently frescoed ceiling 45 feet in height. In the corners are telegraph offices, etc., connecting with the great outside world, which "change" the bulletins with the speed of lightning to the great joy or sorrow—as it happens—of the "longs" or "shorts." Around the walls are tables on which are exhibited samples of grain, bearing the trade nomenclature, "No. 2 Spring," "Rejected," etc., while in the more central parts are the local groupings of members buying and selling the various commodities, the largest of which is generally that devoted to wheat.

This immense building was completed and occupied just one year after the great fire, and, aside from the terrific buzz of its twenty-five hundred board of trade men, is noted for always getting the best speeches out of such men as Dom Pedro, the King of Siam, and other like potentates, when they come around.

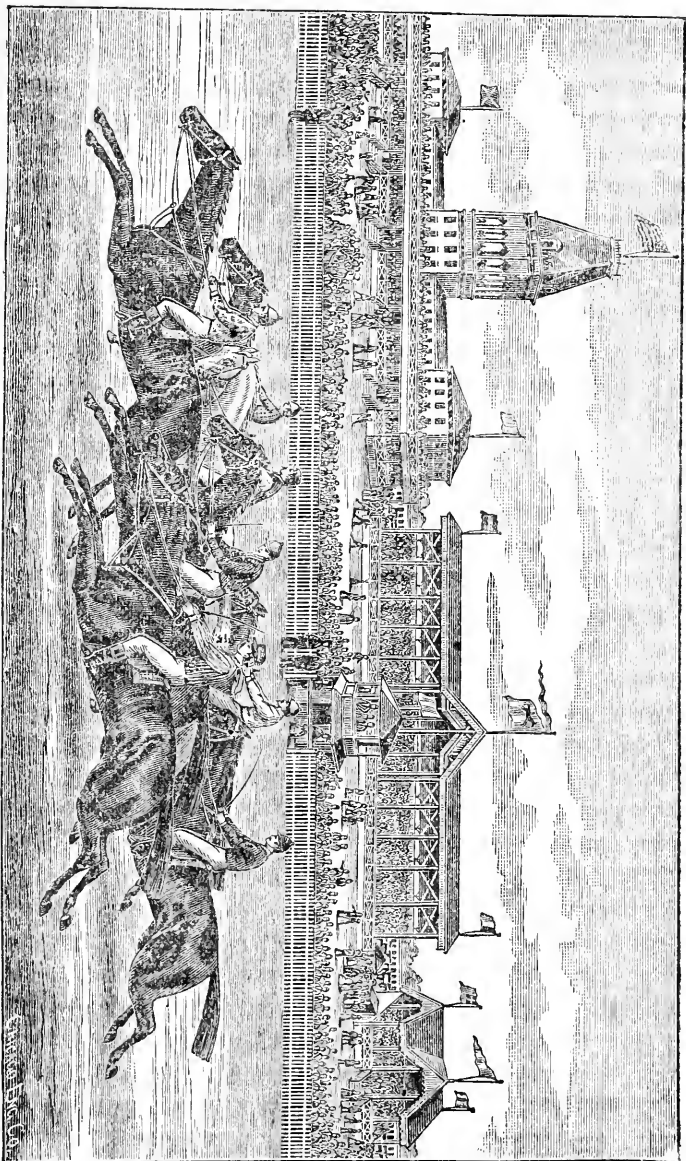
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#### **Trotting Park.**

The Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, a view of whose magnificent ground and buildings is given herewith, was established in the summer of 1878, the projectors of the enterprise being Messrs. Lawrence & Martin, a couple of well-known business men, who determined that Chicago should have the the best appointed race-course in the country.

In sixty days from the time their plans were formed the track and buildings were completed, and in October of the same year the inaugural trotting meeting, the great event of which was the handicap race between Rarus, Hopeful, and Great Eastern—the former going to harness, Hopetful to wagon, and Great Eastern under saddle. Thirty thou-

TROTTING PARK, LOCATED NEAR WESTERN LIMITS OF CITY.



sand people witnessed this race, and two days later Hopeful exceeded all previous performances at that way of going by drawing a wagon in three heats in the unprecedented time of 2:16½, 2:17, 2:17.

Last summer the running and trotting meetings over this track were among the most successful in the country, and on July 25 the blind pacing horse Sleepy Tom lowered the pacing record by doing a mile in 2:12¼.

The Jockey and Trotting Club has for officers some of the best men in Chicago, the list of them being as follows:

Persident, S. K. Dow ; Vice President, B. H. Campbell; Treasurer, H. V. Bemis ; Secretary, N. Rowe ; General Manager, J. H. Haverly ; Superintendent, D. L. Hall.

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#### A Laughable Story of an Early Horse Race on the Ice.

Judge Caton told the following laughable story to the "Old Settlers" at their recent "May meeting" in Chicago:

Let me ask Silas B. Cobb if he remembers the trick Mark Beaubien played on Robert A. Kinzie to win the race on the ice? See now how Mark's eye flashes fire and he trembles in every fiber at the bare remembrance of that wild excitement. (Mr. Beaubien was present.) This was the way he did it:

He and Kinzie had each a very fast pony, one a pacer and the other a trotter. Mark had trained his not to break, when he uttered the most unearthly screams and yells which he could pour forth, and that is saying much in that direction, for he could beat any Pottawatomie I ever heard, *except* Gurdon S. Hubbard and John S. C. Hogan.

The day was bright and cold. The glittering ice was smooth as glass. The atmosphere pure and bracing. The start was about a mile up the South Branch.

Down came the trotter and the pacer like a whirlwind, neck and neck, till they approached Wolf Point, or the junction, when Kinzie's pony began to draw ahead of the little pacer, and bets were two to one on the trotting nag as he settled a little nearer to the ice, and stretched his head and neck further and further out, as if determined to win if but by a throat-latch.

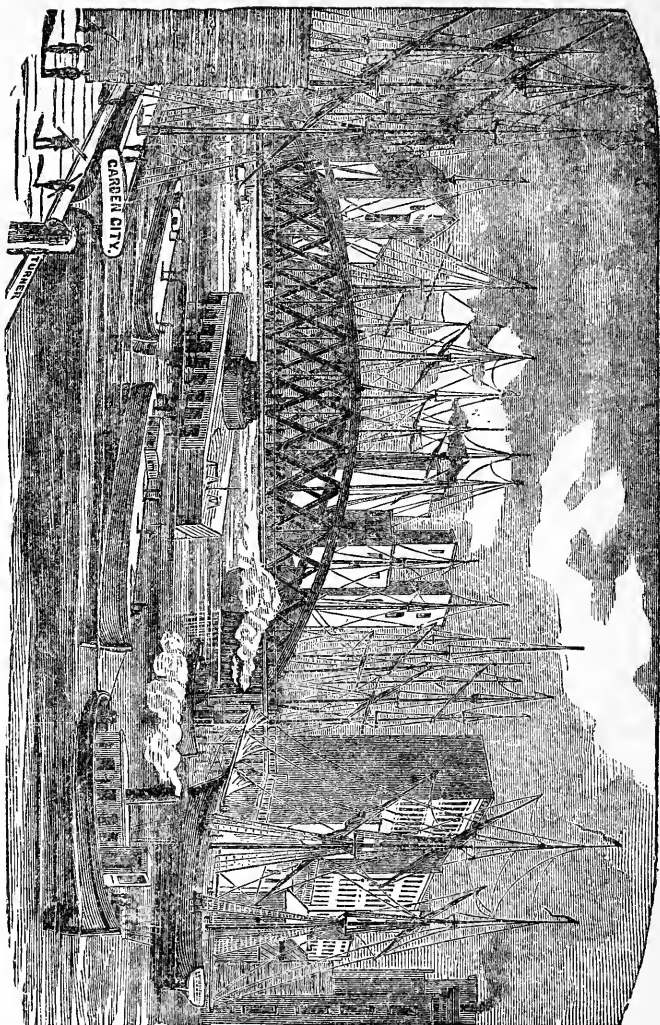
It was at this supreme moment that Mark's tactics won the day. He sprang to his feet in his plank-built pung, his tall form towering above all surroundings, threw high in the air his wolf-skin cap, frantically swung around his head his buffalo robe, and screamed forth such unearthly yells as no human voice ever excelled, broken up into a thousand accents by a rapid clapping of the mouth with the hand. To this the pony was well trained, and it but served to bring out the last inch of speed that was in him, while *the trotter was frightened out of his wits*, no doubt thinking a whole tribe of Indians were after him, and he broke into a furious run, which carried him far beyond the goal before he could be brought down.

Hard words were uttered then, which it would not do to repeat in a well-conducted Sunday-school, but the winner laughed with a heartiness and zest which Mark alone could manifest.

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#### The Bridges and a Bridge Story.

Chicago has thirty-six bridges, each of which is made to "swing" on tables in the center of the channel by means of a simple mechanism manipulated by the bridge-tender. It not unfrequently happens that, in the hurry to turn a bridge, a foot passenger is "caught" on the boards and



"necessarily detained" until shore connections are made. When, in the hot days of summer, and the Chicago River *at its worst*, this is a serious matter to the olfactories. For example:

In the summer of 1879 a gentleman who had an office on the North Side had occasion to pass the State street bridge on his way home, where the odors arising from the river are very strong; and arriving at the bridge just as it was being turned he determined not to run the risk of standing so near the deadly stench, but run over the bridge and thus escape it. But he was too late, and was obliged to remain on the bridge while some half dozen vessels passed through the draw. He hardly dared to draw a full breath for fear of inhaling the poisonous miasma.

He was unable to escape, and began to calculate what his chances were of escaping the terrible disease likely to be engendered by the poisonous vapors which he was obliged to breathe.

To obtain some data upon which to found his calculations, he thought he would inquire of the two bridge-tenders to ascertain, if possible, about how long a man could live in such an unhealthy situation. Not deeming it prudent or expedient to make the question direct, and ask how long they expected to survive, or, what was equivalent, how many of their predecessors had died during the last five years, he concluded to make indirect questions, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Pretty bad smell from the river to-day."

"Yes," answered the elder of the two, Martin Casey, "it is so bad it nearly makes me sick."

"Must be rather unhealthy to breathe such an atmosphere," said our friend, who stood trembling in his boots for fear the odor which *nearly* made the tender sick would fill his system with the poisonous virus of that odor.

"Yes," replied Casey, "I guess it is not very healthy to breathe till one gets used to it; but I have got used to it."

"Got used to it? What do you mean? How long have you breathed this terrible odor?"

"I have not breathed it all the time, of course, for I am here only half of the time during the day and night; and then in 1854 I was sick—or got hurt and was off a week or two—but I have breathed this kind of air ever since I commenced being bridge-tender, which was in 1853."

"You don't say you have breathed this air during the last 26 years and not been sick?"

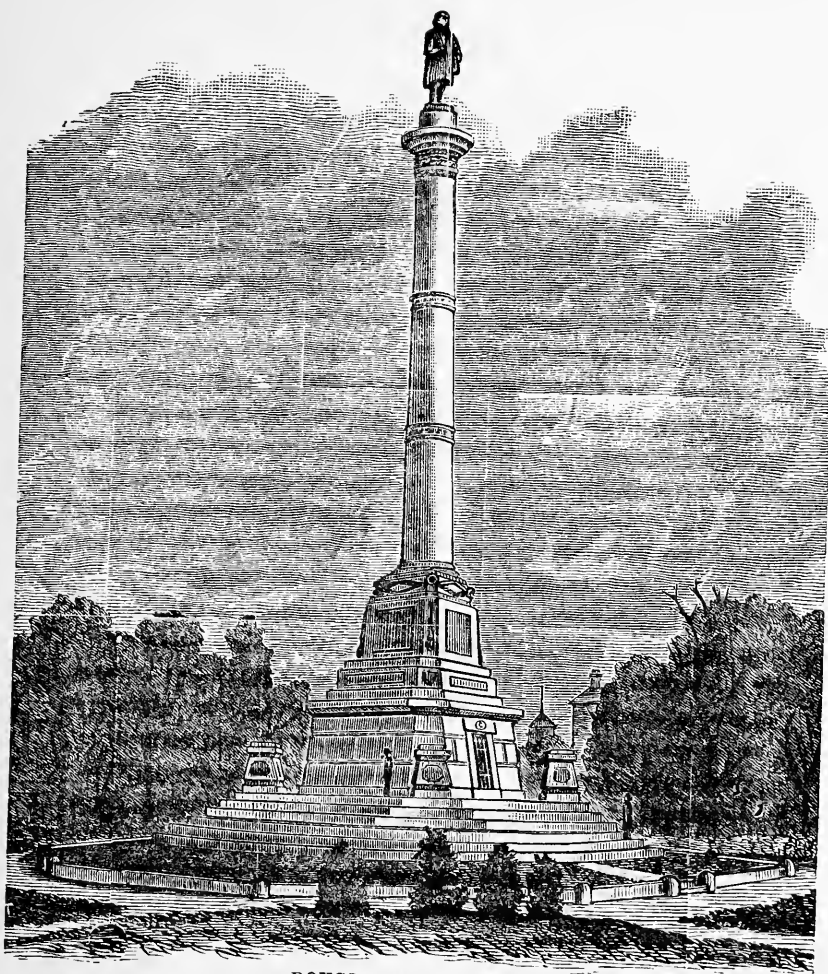
"Yes, sir," said Casey, "I have worked on these bridges for 26 years, and the river has been *awful* sometimes, but it never made mesick, only to be a little sick at the stomach."

The bridge turned and our friend walked off, and wisely concluded that the odors from Chicago River were decidedly more disagreeable than dangerous.

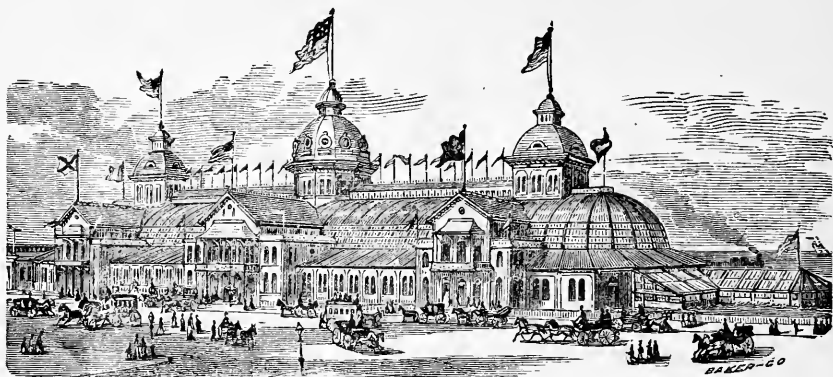
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#### The Douglas Monument.

This beautiful and appropriate monument, erected in honor of the gifted citizen of Illinois, and the liberal donor of the Chicago University grounds, is located on the lake shore at the eastern terminus of Douglas avenue, in the southern part of the city. It is built of granite from Lowell, Me., at an expense of about \$100,000. It is 104 feet high, surmounted with an excellent bronze statue of Douglas, executed by Leonard Volk, a Chicago artist. The residence of Senator Douglas was in this immediate vicinity. A neat little park surrounds the mausoleum, which adds much to the beauty and significance of the final resting place of the great Senator.



DOUGLAS MONUMENT.



The Industrial Exhibition Building.

This is said to be the largest building in the world without interior roof supports, its present dimensions being 1,000 by 225 feet; all of which was completed within ninety-six days, at an expense of \$400,000. It is purely a Chicago production, and for exposition purposes is without a parallel in the history of human industries.

Its convenience of location—on the lake front, just east of the business center—together with its agreeable and popular manager, J. P. Reynolds, who in all cases carefully consults the public interest, make the building an important factor of Chicago.

It is within this building that some of Chicago's largest assemblages convene, and not unfrequently as many as ten, twenty, forty, and fifty thousand people come together.

The great Republican Convention of 1880 convenes in the south end of this immense structure, in June, opening on the 2nd day of that month.

Seven successful annual exhibitions have been held, and the next opens, at the usual time, September 8th, and closes October 23.

The Hotel Buildings of Chicago and a Laughable Hotel Story---Where Horace Greeley got his "Go West Young Man."

Chicago may justly boast of its many magnificent hotels, some of which are not surpassed by any similar buildings in the world. The Grand Pacific and Palmer, each cost about two millions, while the Tremont, Sherman, and Gardner possess, respectively, nearly an equal capacity. There are also about forty other hotel buildings in Chicago, many of which would be an ornament in any city. The Lake House (burned out Oct. 1871), was Chicago's first hotel that aspired to first-class pretensions.

The Hon. John Wentworth tells an amusing story concerning this early "stopping place" of Chicago: There was an elegant party given at the Lake House one evening, when one of the most fashionable men on the North Side, who was a *candidate for office*, thought he would throw an anchor to the windward by dancing with a South Side dressing-maid, while he supposed his wife was being entertained at the supper-table. But she entered the ball-room while the dance was going on. At once a proud heart was fired. Quicker than thought she spoke to a carriage-driver who stood at the door looking in:

"Can you dance, Mike?"

"It's only for the want of a partner," was the response.

Seizing him by the hand, she said, "Come on!" and, turning to the crowd, she said, "This is a game that two can play at!" and immediately the dance went on, amid the applause of the whole room—the man with the South Side dressing-maid, and his wife with the South Side driver.

And thus free suffrage began its work against artificial social position.

Not long after my first election to Congress, upon opening my mail at Washington, I found a letter dated in the

western part of Iowa, then far in the wilderness, reading in this way:

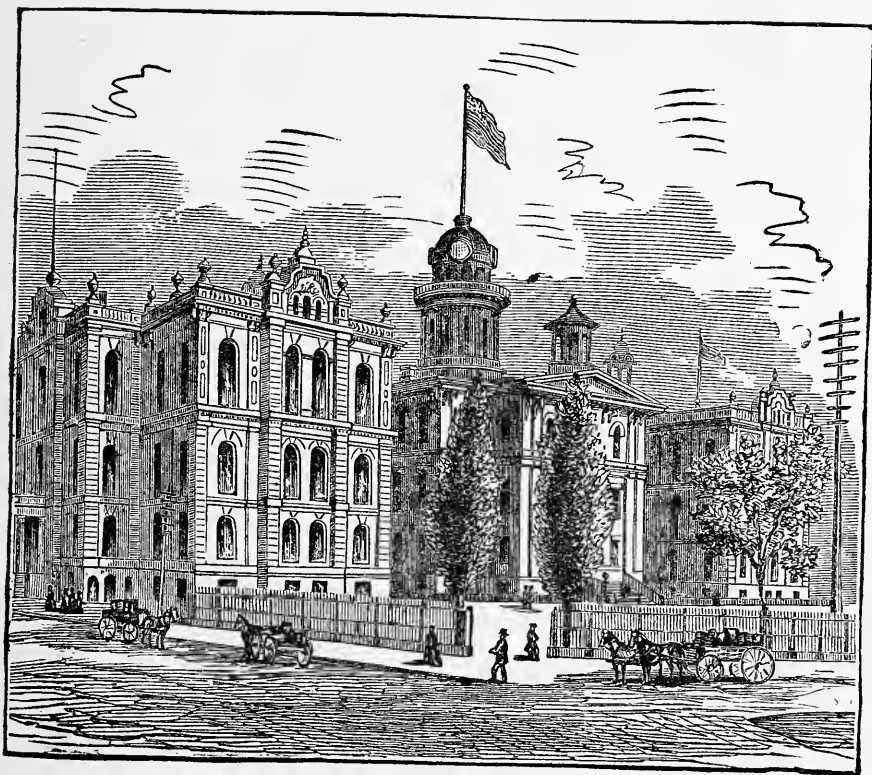
"MY DEAR OLD CHICAGO FRIEND: I see you have been getting up in the world, and it is so with myself, who am the Sheriff's deputy here, and I also *keep hotel*. I am the same one who made all the fuss dancing with the lady at the Lake House ball, and you were there; and the girl I married is the same domestic her husband danced with. The Judge of the Court boards at our house, and he often dances with my wife at the big parties here, where we are considered among the first folks, and I reckon my wife Bridget would put on as many airs as the lady did at the Lake House, if she should catch me dancing with domestics. I found out that those people who made so much fuss at the Lake House were not considered much where they came from. But they emigrated to Chicago, and then set up for big folks. So I thought I would marry Bridget and start for a new country where I could be as *big as anybody*. And now remember your old Chicago friend, and tell the President that I am for his administration, and would like to get the postoffice here."

I remember that during that session of Congress I boarded at the same house with Horace Greeley, and he was frequently in my room; and I think that it was from this letter he borrowed his sentiment, "Go West, young man!"

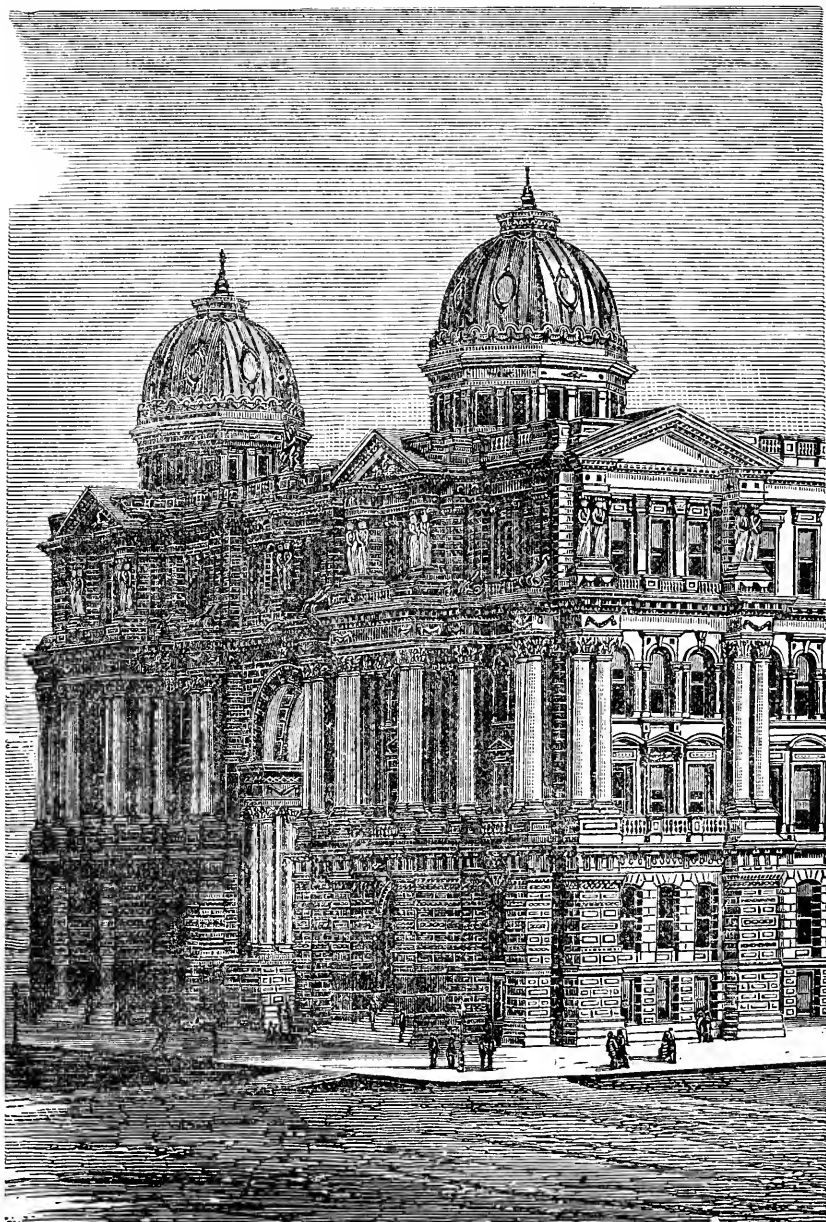
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#### The New Court House and City Hall.

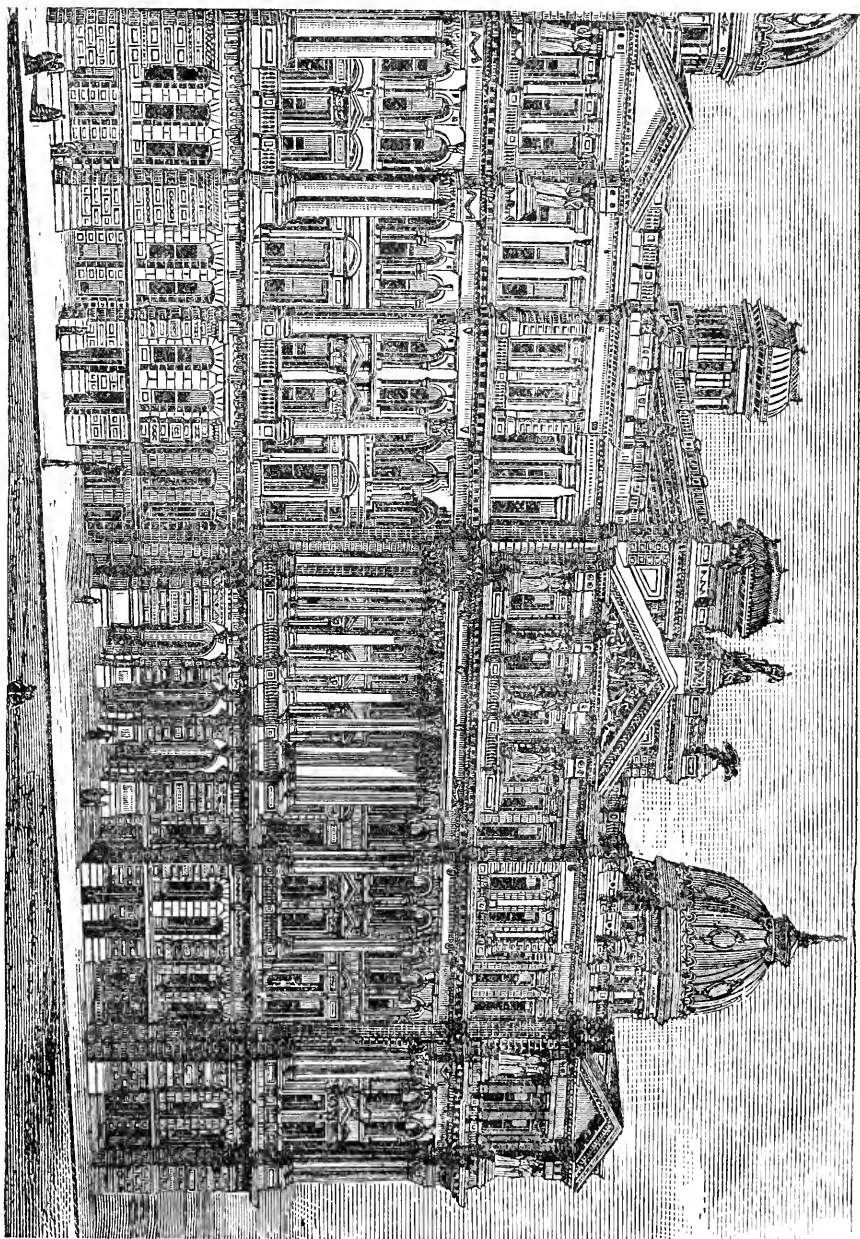
This magnificent building, located on the Public Square, with a frontage of 340 feet on Clark and LaSalle streets, and 280 feet on Washington and Randolph streets, is the most elaborate edifice in Chicago, and is said to be the finest of its kind in the world. It is in the modern French *renaissance* style of architecture, with a colonade story of Corinthian columns surrounding the sub-building, the whole producing a very fine architectural effect. These columns are each thirty-five feet high, and support an elegantly-proportioned entablature, which is divided into



THE OLD COURT HOUSE—Burned 1871.



NEW CITY HALL AND COURT HOUSE, [Washington St. Front.]



NEW COURT HOUSE.

[Clark St. Front.]

architrave, frieze, and cornice. Over this entablature is an attic story, enriched with allegorical groups, representing Agriculture, Commerce, Mechanical Art, Peace and Plenty, and Science Art. The principal story is of Athens marble, with polished columns, pilasters, and pedestals of Maine granite. The whole is thoroughly fire-proof, and will cost, when fully completed, about \$5,000,000.

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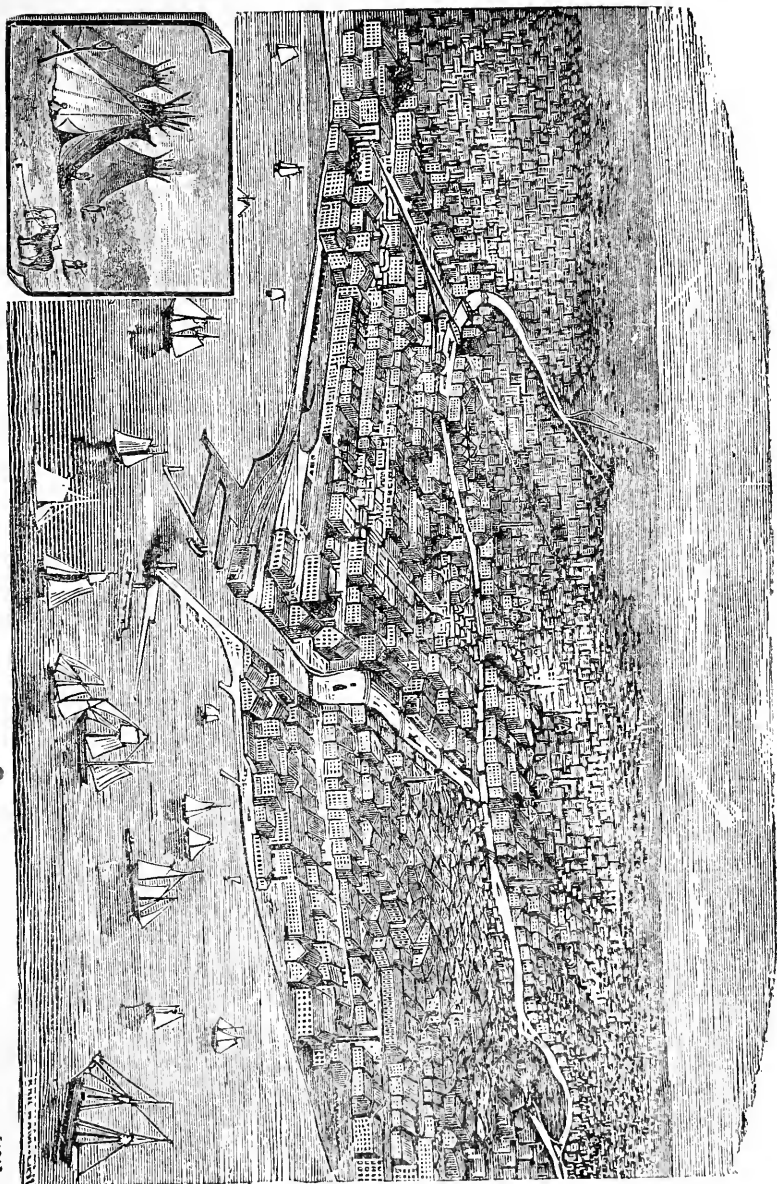
Chicago "Yesterday and To-Day"—A Graphic Picture by Gen. Strong.

At a recent reception given by the Calumet Club to the "Old Settlers of Chicago," Gen. Strong in his address of welcome said:

More than forty years ago, Harriet Martineau, who was here, wrote of the then Chicago: "It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined, and wealthy persons as may be found there living in such small, inconvenient houses on the edge of the prairie." And to-day you *founders of Chicago* witness the strange if not anomalous spectacle of your municipal bantling throwing into commotion the three leading nations of Europe, and causing their hoary statesmen to take down their long-shelved industrial creeds, and even to revise again what was supposed to be the postulates of political economy; and all Europe, wonderful to relate, is discussing the re-enactment of corn-laws

When we contemplate these astounding results, how our incredulous minds turn back to verify for themselves the almost fabulous story of the date and origin of such a municipal prodigy; to try to discover the succession of events and their cause, which have produced the miracle of civic growth and power. And, sure it is, we find your story true.

Were they living, I would also call Heacock as a witness



"YESTERDAY,"

(CHICAGO)

"TO-DAY."

—the sagacious, enterprising, “Shallow-Cut” Heacock—the fundamental canon of whose hydraulic faith was that water would not run up hill. He was right, and you *boys* had to knock under or the canal would not have come. And Garrett, too, Auctioneer Garrett, him of the prophetic soul, who, with Abraham’s faith, predicted the future greatness of Chicago, founded the Garrett Biblical Institute of Evanston, and, when short of change, was wont to send back to his laundress to be rewashed the shirts he could not redeem.

But we have the living witnesses here to-night. Hubbard, Gurdon S. Hubbard, the oldest of this Trojan band; and Beaubien, the Apollo of the early settlers; and Caton, and John Wentworth, and Scanmon, and Drummond, and Skinner, and Hoyne, and Blodgett, and Grant, and Morris, and Goodrich, and the Burleys, and Cobb, and Walter, and Arnold, and Raymond, and King, and Williams, and the Wadsworths, and Beecher, and the Kimballs—Mark and Walter—and Laffin, and Dickey, and Van Higgins, and Carpenter, and Carter, and Gray, and Stewart, and the Runseys, and Stearns, and Boone, and Freer, and Taylor, and Wright, and Eldridge, and Follansbee, and Gale, and Botsford, and more than one hundred others whom I may not stop to name, gathered from all parts of the land—the men of that little log and clapboard village.

And there were the women, too—the noble, faithful women—your wives, who nursed the infant Chicago, and who, in all these years of waiting, shared your sacrifices, lightened your burdens, and sustained your faith.

Gentlemen, you saw the infancy of this city, and you see it to-day.

Yesterday a hamlet; to-day a continuous city, covering an area of more than fifty square miles. Yesterday not a single vessel had entered this port. Now more vessels

enter and leave this port every year in the season of navigation than in the same months enter all three of the largest Atlantic ports.

Yesterday you built your houses of logs. Now the lumber that is yearly sold in Chicago would freight a continuous line of vessels 250 miles in length, and would load a freight train 1,400 miles long.



[The Pioneer.]

Yesterday you could not give away a lot of ground. Now every week there are more voluntary sales of real estate than in all the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and I think I might safely throw in St. Louis

and Cincinnati. These are prophetic sales, too; prophetic of future growth, for the purchasers are largely from the other cities I have named.

Yesterday you fattened your yearly pig and made your own pork. You bought and sold none. Now the hogs and the hog-product sold and made here yearly exceed thirteen hundred million pounds, a line of living hogs that would reach nearly a quarter around the globe. The lard made by one Chicagoan is known the world over.

Yesterday the neighboring farmer dragged in through the mud his few bags of wheat or corn. Now one hundred and thirty million bushels of grain are sold yearly in Chicago—I mean are actually received from the adjacent country. Instead of the back-room of the store where you kept your wheat, there are now elevators with a capacity of fifteen million bushels.

Yesterday the aggregate sales of stock and merchandise, and manufacturers' products of all kinds, were less than ten thousand dollars yearly. To-day they are seven hundred and fifty million dollars. The annual sales of one dry-goods house are over twenty million dollars.

Yesterday the prairie-schooner was your only means of transportation. Now *twelve thousand vessels* yearly enter your port, and *ten thousand miles of railway* have their headquarters here, not including the Eastern lines, nor lines in the far West not controlled here, but which look to this city as their market.

Yesterday was heard the anvil of the single blacksmith. Now may be heard the hammers of the largest rolling mill corporation in the world, employing in all its branches over four thousand men and supporting over twenty thousand people with its capital stock above par, while even Pittsburg mills barely survived the late panic.

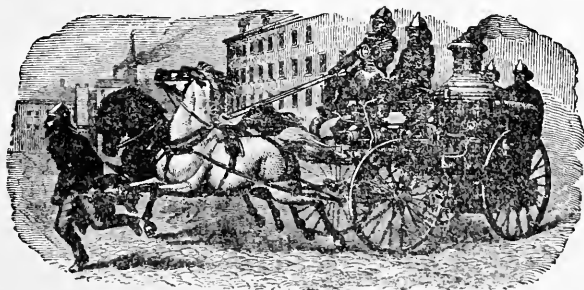
Yesterday you waded through mud between your stores

and houses. To-day there are 122½ miles of continuous street railway, 650 miles of streets, 7.8 miles of boulevards, and 844 acres in improved parks.

Yesterday you dug your shallow wells in the surrounding swamp. To-day you have 430 miles of water mains, and are annually supplied with 19,564,000,000 gallons of the purest water in the world.

Yesterday you groaned under a debt of seven thousand dollars, and feared municipal bankruptcy. To-day the obligations of the city, if non-taxable, would stand on a par with the bonds of the Federal Government, and the municipal debt is less per capita than any other large city on the continent.

I hurriedly mention these few facts, showing what clothes your infant wears, because some of you now residing at a distance are not aware how the child has kept on growing since you left. Why, they thought they had destroyed it by fire a few years since. I'll tell you now (otherwise you might not know it by what you see) they did burn it up; that is, they burnt several hundred million dollars of buildings and property. But the men you left here, and others that came in, built it right up, better than before; for you can't burn pluck, and enterprise, and courage, and faith. They are the indestructible gifts of God, *and the best legacy you, the founders of Chicago, shall ever leave your children.*



# The Visitors' GUIDE TO CHICAGO.

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## Hack Ordinance.

The price to be charged by the owner or owners, or drivers, of any hackney coach, carriage, or vehicle for the conveyance of passengers, except omnibuses, for hire within the city of Chicago, shall be as follows, to be regulated and estimated by the distance on the most direct routes, namely:

For conveying each passenger from one railroad depot to another railroad depot, fifty cents.

For conveying each passenger not exceeding one mile, fifty cents.

For conveying a passenger any distance over one mile and less than two miles, one dollar.

For conveying each additional passenger of the same family or party, fifty cents.

For conveying children between 5 and 14 years of age, half the above rates may be charged for like distances, but for children under 5 years of age, no charge will be made: Provided, that the distance from any railroad depot, steamboat landing, or hotel to any other railroad depot, steamboat landing, or hotel shall in all cases be estimated as not exceeding one mile.

For the use by the day of any hackney coach, or other vehicle drawn by two horses or other animals, with one or more passengers, eight dollars per day.

For the use of such carriage or vehicle by the hour, with one or more passengers, with the privilege of going from place to place, and stopping as often as may be required, as follows: For the first hour, two dollars; for each additional hour or part of an hour, one dollar.

For conveying one or more passengers to or from any place in said city, between the hours of 12 o'clock midnight and 7 a. m., for each trip, without regard to distance or number of passengers, two dollars.

For the use of any cab or vehicle drawn by one horse, or any

other animal, by the hour, with the privilege of going from place to place, with one or more passengers, and stopping when required: For the first hour, one dollar; for each additional hour or part of an hour, fifty cents.

For the use of any such carriage by the day, four dollars.

Every passenger shall be allowed to have conveyed upon such vehicle, without charge, his ordinary traveling baggage, not exceeding in any case one trunk and twenty-five pounds of other baggage. For every additional package, where the whole weight of baggage is over one hundred pounds, if conveyed to any place within the city limits, the owner or driver shall be permitted to charge fifteen cents.

### ASYLUMS AND HOSPITALS.

Alexian Brothers' Hospital, 539 to 559 N Market.	Mercy Hospital (Sisters of Mercy,) Calumet ave., cor. Twenty-Sixth.
Chicago Nursery and Orphan Asylum, 855 N Halsted and 173 Burling sts.	Marine Hospital, five miles north from the Court House, on Lake Shore.
Chicago Protestant Orphan Asylum, 789 Michigan ave.	Office, room 7, Custom House.
Chicago Reform and Industrial School, Bridgeport. 707 Archer ave.	Newsboys and Bootblacks' Home, Quincy st., near Fifth ave.
Chicago Hospital for Women and Children, W Adams, cor of Paulina.	Old Peoples' Home, Indiana ave., n. w. cor. Thirty-Ninth st.
Cook County Hospital, West Harrison, cor of Wood.	St. Joseph's Hospital, Sophia, cor. of Burling st. In charge of the Sisters of Mercy.
Erring Woman's Refuge, cor of Indiana ave and Thirty-First.	St. Joseph's Home for the Friendless, 409 S May st.
Foundlings' Home, 72 S Wood, near W Madison.	St. Luke's Free Hospital, 724 Indiana ave.
Good Samaritan Industrial Home, 151 Lincoln ave.	Uhlich Evangelical Lutheran Orphan Asylum, Burling st., n. w. cor of Centre st.
Hahnemann Hospital, 287 and 289 Cottage Grove ave.	Washingtonian Home, 566 to 572 W Madison st.
Home for the Friendless, 911 Wabash ave.	Woman's Hospital for the State of Illinois, 273 Thirtieth st.

### COLLEGES, UNIVERSITIES AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

Bennett Medical College, 511 and 513 State st.	Hahnemann Medical College, 287 Cottage Grove ave.
Chicago College of Pharmacy, 235 Wabash ave.	Hershey School of Musical Art, 83 E. Madison st.
Chicago Homeopathic College and Dispensary, s. w. cor. Michigan av. and Van Buren st.	Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest, 1060 N. Halsted st.
Chicago Medical College, Prairie av., cor. Twenty-sixth st.	Rush Medical College, cor. of Wood and W. Harrison sts.
Chicago Conservatory of Music, s. e. cor. State and Adams sts.	St. Ignatius College, 413 W. Twelfth st.
Chicago Musical College, 493 Wabash ave.	Union College of Law, of the University of Chicago and of the Northwestern University.
Chicago Theological Seminary, cor. of S. Ashland and Warren ave.	University of Chicago, 570 Cottage Grove ave.

## CONVENTS.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Little Sisters of the Poor, S. Halsted, cor. of Polk.   | Ladies of the Sacred Heart, cor. Throop and W. Taylor sts.      |
| The Benedictine Sisters, N. Market st, cor. of Hill st. | Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, 203 W. Eighteenth st. |
| The Good Shepherd, N. Market st., cor. of Hill st.      | Sisters of Mercy, Wabash av., cor. of Twenty-ninth st.          |
| The Immaculate Conception, 511 N. Franklin st.          | Priory of St. Joseph, of the Benedictine Fathers.               |
| Poor Hand-Maids of Jesus Christ, 212 Church st.         | The Redemptorist Fathers, Hurlbut st., near Eugenie st.         |
| Servants of Mary, 1266 W. Van Buren st.                 |   |

## CHURCHES IN CHICAGO.

## BAPTIST.

- Baptist Tabernacle, 302 Wabash av.  
 Centennial Church, W. Jackson cor. Lincoln.  
 Central Church, Martine's Hall, 274 Chicago av.  
 Coventry Street Church, Coventry, cor. Bloomingdale road.  
 Evangel Church, S. Dearborn nr. Forty-seventh.  
 First Church, South Park av. cor. Thirty-first.  
 First German Church, Bickerdike cor. W. Huron.  
 First Swedish Church, 118 Oak.  
 Fourth Church, W. Washington cor. Paulina.  
 Halsted Street Church, S. Halstead, bet. 41st and 42d.  
 Hyde Park Church, Hyde Park.  
 Michigan Avenue Church, Michigan av. near Twelfth-third.  
 Millard Avenue Church, Lawndale.  
 Nordish Tabernacle, Noble, cor. W. Ohio.  
 North Star Church, Division, cor. Sedgwick.  
 Olivet Church, 201 Fourth av.  
 Providence Church, 13 Perch.  
 Scandinavian Union Church, 187 North Union.  
 Second Church, cor. Morgan and W. Monroe.  
 South Church, Lock, cor. Bonaparte.  
 Thirty-sixth Street Church, Thirty-sixth, cor. S. Dearborn.  
 Twenty-fifth Street Church, Twenty-fifth, nr. Wentworth av.  
 University Place Church, Douglas av., cor. Rhodes av.  
 Western Avenue Church, Western av., cor. Warren av.
- MISSIONS.
- Danish Mission, 187 N. Union.  
 Paulina Mission, Portland av., cor. 28th.  
 Trinity Mission, Indiana cor. Lincoln.

## FREE BAPTIST.

- Eree Will Church, cor. Loomis and W. Jackson.

## CHRISTIAN.

- Central Church, Western av., cor. Van Buren.  
 First Church, Indiana av., cor. Twenty-fifth.  
 Christian Church, 278 and 280 Milwaukee av.

## CONGREGATIONAL.

- Bethany Church, Paulina cor. W. Huron.  
 Clinton Street Church, S. Clinton, cor. Wilson.  
 First Church, W. Washington, sw. cor. Ann.  
 Leavitt Street Church, W. Adams cor. Leavitt.  
 Lincoln Park Church, Sophia cor. Mohawk.  
 New England Church, Dearborn av. cor. Delaware pl.  
 Plymouth Church, Michigan av. nr. 26th.  
 Ravenswood Church, Ravenswood.  
 South Church, cor. Drexel and Union avs.  
 Union Park Church, cor. South Ashland av. and W. Washington.  
 Welsh Church, 213 and 215 W. Madison.

## DUTCH REFORMED.

- First Reformed Holland Church, W. Harrison cor. May.  
 True Dutch Reformed Church, Gurley bet. Miller and Schlotz.

## EPISCOPAL.

- All Saints Church, W. Ohio cor. N. Carpenter.  
 Cathedral Church, SS. Peter and Paul, cor. W. Washington and Peoria.  
 Calvary Church, Warren av., bet. Oakley and Western avs.  
 Church of Our Saviour, Lincoln av. cor. Belden av.  
 Church of the Ascension, N. LaSalle cor. Elm.  
 Church of the Atonement, W. Washington cor. Robey.  
 Church of the Epiphany, Throop bet. W. Monroe and W. Adams.  
 Church of the Holy Communion, S. Dearborn, nr. Thirtieth.

## EPISCOPAL (CONTINUED.)

Grace Church, Wabash av. nr. 16th.  
Mission of the Good Shepherd, Lawn-  
dale.  
St. Ansgarius Church, Sedgwick nr. Chi-  
cago av.  
St. James Church, cor. Cass and Huron.  
St. John's Church, W. Washington, cor.  
Ogden av.  
St. Mark's Church, cor. Cottage Grove  
av. and Thirty-sixth st.  
St. Paul's Church, Hyde Park av. bet.  
Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth.  
St. Stephen's Church, Johnson nr. W.  
Taylor.  
Trinity Church, cor. Michigan av. and  
Twenty-sixth.

## EPISCOPAL (REFORMED.)

Christ Church, Michigan av. and 24th.  
Church of the Good Shepherd, Jones  
cor. Homan.  
Emmanuel Church, Hanover and 28th.  
Grace Church, Hoyle av. cor. Le Moyne.  
Immanuel Church, Centre cor. Dayton.  
St. John's Church, Ellis av. nr. 37th.  
St. Paul's Church, W. Washington, nw.  
cor. Carpenter.  
Trinity Church, Englewood.  
Tyng Mission, Archer av. cor. 21st.

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION OF  
NORTH AMERICA.

## GERMAN.

Douglas Avenue Mission, Douglas av.  
nr. S. Halsted.  
First Church, Thirty-fifth cor. S. Dear-  
born.  
Harrison Street Church, W. Harrison  
cor. Hoyle av.  
Second Church, Wisconsin cor. Sedg-  
wick.  
Sheffield Avenue Church, Sheffield av.  
north of city limits.  
St. John's Church, Noble cor. W. Huron.  
Twelfth Street Church, W. Twelfth cor.  
Union.

## EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

## DANISH.

Trinity Church, 342 and 344 W. Chi-  
cago av.

## ENGLISH.

Bethania Church, W. Indiana se. cor.  
Carpenter.  
Church of the Holy Trinity, Dearborn  
av. sw. cor. Erie.

## GERMAN.

Bethlehem Church, Paulina cor. Mc-  
Reynolds.  
Emanuel Church, Brown cor. W. Taylor.  
St. James Church, Sophia cor. Fremont.  
St. John's Church, Superior cor. Bicker-  
dike.  
St. Matthew's Church, Hoyle av. bet.  
Twentieth and Twenty-first.

St. Paul's Church, Superior, cor. N.  
Franklin.  
St. Peter's Church, S. Dearborn cor.  
Thirty-ninth.  
Trinity (U. A. C.) Church, Hanover cor.  
Kossuth.  
Trinity West Chicago Church, 9, 11, and  
13 Snell.  
Zion Church, W. Nineteenth nr. Halsted.

## NORWEGIAN.

Bethlehem Church, N. Sangamon cor.  
Milwaukee av.  
Evangelical Church, N. Franklin cor.  
Erie.  
Our Saviour's Church, May cor. W. Erie.  
St. Paul's Church, N. Lincoln, cor. Park.  
St. Peter's Church, Winslow's division  
Humboldt Park.  
Trinity Church, W. Indiana cor. Peoria.

## SWEDISH.

Evangelical Lutheran Mission Church,  
280 N. Franklin.  
Gethsemane Church, May cor. W. Hu-  
ron.  
Immanuel Church, Sedgwick cor. Hob-  
bie.  
Salem Church, Bushnell bet. Archer av.  
and Pittsburg and Ft. Wayne cross-  
ing.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN [IN-  
DEPENDENT.]

Church of Peace, N. Wood cor. Newton.  
First Church, Augusta cor. Samuel.  
Salem Church, N. Wood cor. W. Division.

## EVANGELICAL UNITED.

First German, St. Paul's Church, Ohio  
sw. cor. N. LaSalle.  
Second German, Zion Church, Union  
nw. cor. W. Fourteenth.  
Third German, Salem Church, Went-  
worth av. cor. Twenty-fourth.  
Fourth German, St. Peter's Church,  
Chicago av. cor. Noble.  
Free Methodist First Church, 49 N.  
Morgan.

## INDEPENDENT.

Calvary Tabernacle, 320 Ogden av.  
Chicago Avenue Church (Moody's), cor.  
Chicago av. and N. LaSalle.  
Central Church, Prof. Swing, Music Hall,  
se. cor. State and Randolph.  
South Park Avenue Church, South Park  
av. cor. Thirty-third.  
West Side Tabernacle, W. Indiana se.  
cor. Morgan.

## JEWISH.

Congregation Ahavi Emenah, 384 and  
386 S. Clark.  
Congregation Beth Hamidrash, 134 Pa-  
cific av.  
Congregation E'nei Avrohoon, S. Halsted  
nr. Eighteenth.  
Congregation Ahavi-Sholom, 576 S.  
Canal.  
Congregation of the North Side, Dear-  
born av. e. of Washington Square.

## JEWISH (CONTINUED.)

- Congregation Ohev Sholom (Orthodox), 452 Milwaukee av.  
 Kehillah Anshe Maarev (Congregation of the Men of the West), Indiana av. cor. Twenty-sixth.  
 Kehillah B'nai Sholom (Sons of Peace), Michigan av. bet. Fourteenth and Sixteenth.  
 Sinai Congregation, worship at the Temple, Indiana av. cor. Twenty-first.  
 Zion Congregation, cor. S. Sangamon and Jackson.

## METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

- Ada Street Church, Ada nr. W. Lake and Fulton.  
 Centenary Church, West Monroe nr. Morgan.  
 Dickson Street Church, Dickson nr. North av.  
 First Church, cor. Clark and Washington, Methodist Church blk.  
 Fulton Street Church, Fulton st. and Artesian av.  
 Grace Church, cor. N. LaSalle and White.  
 Grant Place Church, cor. Grant pl. and Larrabee st.  
 Halsted Street Church, S. Halsted st. n. Canalport av.  
 Langley Avenue Church, Langley av. cor. Egan av.  
 Michigan Avenue Church, Michigan av. nr. Thirty-second.  
 Park Av. Ch. cor. Park av. and Robey.  
 Simpson Church, Bonfield nr. Hickory.  
 State Street Church, cor. Forty-seventh and State.  
 St. Paul's Church, cor. Newberry and Maxwell.  
 Trinity Church, Indiana av. nr. Twenty-fourth.  
 Wabash Avenue Church, cor. Fourteenth and Wabash av.  
 Western Avenue Church, cor. W. Monroe and Western av.  
 Winter St. Church, Union Stock Yards.

## PRESBYTERIAN.

- First Ch., cor. Indiana av. and 21st st.  
 Second Ch., cor. Michigan av. and 20th st.  
 Third Ch., S. Ashland and Ogden avs.  
 Fourth Ch., cor. Rush and Superior sts.  
 Fifth Ch., cor. Indiana av. and 30th st.  
 Sixth Ch., cor. Vincennes and Oak avs.  
 Westminster Ch., W. Jackson & Peoria.  
 Eighth Ch., W. Washington and Robey.  
 Jefferson Park Ch., W. Adams & Throop.  
 Fullerton Av. Ch., Fullerton av., near Clark st.  
 Reunion Ch., W. 14th st., near Throop.  
 Forty-first St. Ch., Prairie av., cor. 41st st.  
 Welsh Ch., cor. W. Monroe and Sangamon sts.  
 Noble St. Ch., cor. Noble and W. Erie.  
 First United Ch., cor. W. Monroe and Paulina sts.  
 First Scotch Ch., cor. S. Sangamon and Adams sts.  
 Lawndale Ch., Lawndale.

- First German Ch., Howe and Centre sts.  
 Hyde Park Ch., Hyde Park.  
 River Park Ch., River Park.

## ROMAN CATHOLIC.

- Cathedral of the Holy Name, cor. Superior and N. State.  
 All Saints Church, Kossuth nr. Wallace.  
 Church of Notre Dame de Chicago (French), Halsted cor. W. Congress.  
 Church of our Lady of Sorrows, 1406 W. Jackson.  
 Church of the Annunciation, N. Paulina sw. cor. Wabash avenue.  
 Church of the Holy Family, cor. May and W. Twelfth.  
 Church of the Holy Trinity (Polish), 546 Noble.  
 Church of the Immaculate Conception, N. Franklin nr. Schiller.  
 Church of the Nativity, cor. Thirty-eighth and S. Halsted.  
 Church of the Sacred Heart, cor. W. Nineteenth and Johnson.  
 St. Adalbert's Church (Polish), cor. W. Seventeenth and Paulina.  
 St. Anne's Church, cor. Fifty-fifth and Wentworth avenue.  
 St. Anthony of Padua Church (German), cor. Hanover and McGregor.  
 St. Boniface's Church (German), cor. Cornell and Noble.  
 St. Bridget's Church, Archer av. cor. Church place.  
 St. Columbkil's Church, N. Paulina cor. W. Indiana.  
 St. Francis Assisum Church (German), W. Twelfth cor. Newberry avenue.  
 St. James' Church, Prairie av. nr. Twenty-sixth.  
 St. Jarlath's Church, Hermitage av. cor. W. Jackson.  
 St. John's Church, Clark cor. Eighteenth.  
 St. John Nepomucene's Church, Twenty-fifth and Portland av.  
 St. Joseph Church (German), N. Market cor. Hill.  
 St. Mary's Church, Wabash av. cor. Eldridge ct.  
 St. Michael's Church (German), Eugenie cor. Hurlburt.  
 St. Patrick's Church, Desplaines cor. W. Adams.  
 St. Paul's Church, S. Hoyne av. cor. Ambrose.  
 St. Peter's Church (German), Clark cor. Polk.  
 St. Pius' Church, Paulina cor. W. Nineteenth.  
 St. Procopius Church (Bohemian), Alport av. cor. Eighteenth.  
 St. Stanislaus Kostka's Church (Polish), Noble cor. Bradley.  
 St. Stephen's Church, N. Sangamon cor. W. Ohio.  
 St. Thomas' Church, Hyde Park.  
 St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Webster av. cor. Osgood.  
 St. Wencelans' Church (Bohemian), 173 DeKoven.

## SWEDENBORGIAN.

German Society of the New Jerusalem,  
Temple, east side Ashland av. nr.  
W. Chicago av.

Lincoln Park Chapel, N. Clark nr. Men-  
ominee.

New Church Hall, Prairie av. cor.  
Eighteenth.

Union Church, Hershey Music Hall, 83  
Madison.

Union Park Temple, cor. W. Washing-  
ton and Ogden av.

## UNITARIAN.

Church of the Messiah, Michigan av. and  
Twenty-third.

Fourth Church, Prairie av. cor. Thir-  
tieth.

Third Church, cor. W. Monroe and Laflin.  
Unity Church, Dearborn av. se. cor.  
Walton pl.

## UNIVERSALIST.

Church of the Redeemer, W. Washington  
cor. Sangamon.

St. Paul's Church, Michigan av. nr.  
Eighteenth.

Third Universalist Sunday School, In-  
diana av. se. cor. Thirty-first.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Advent Christian Church, 91 S. Green.  
Central Meeting of Friends, Room 1,  
Athenæum building.

Disciples of Christ, meet at 229 W.  
Randolph.

First Society of Spiritualists, Laflin cor.  
W. Monroe.

Friends Meeting House, Twenty-sixth,  
bet. Indiana and Prairie avs.

German Advent Church, Chicago av. nw.  
cor. Chase.

Mariners' Church, N. Market, cor. Mich-  
igan.

Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, 517 W.  
Madison.

Scandinavian Advent Chapel, 269 W.  
Erie.

Trine Immersion Adventists, 523 Mil-  
waukee av.

Union Chapel, 97 S. Desplaines.

Western Avenue Mission, Western av.  
cor. W. Ohio.

## EXPRESS COMPANIES.

Adams Express, Madison st., between  
State and Wabash av.; operate on  
the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne R. R.  
American Express Co., 72 to 78 Monroe  
st.; operate on the following Chi-  
cago railroads: Chicago, Burling-  
ton and Quincy; Chicago and East-  
ern Illinois; Chicago, Milwaukee  
and St. Paul; Chicago and North-  
western; Illinois Central; Michi-  
gan Central.

Brink's City Express, n. e. cor. of Ran-  
dolph and State sts.

Parmelee's Express and Omnibus Trans-  
fer Co., office 156 Dearborn st.  
United States Express Co., general of-  
fices Washington st.; operate on  
the following Chicago railroads:  
Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific;  
Chicago and Alton; Chicago and  
Pacific; Lake Shore and Michigan  
Southern; Milwaukee Division of  
Chicago and Northwestern; Pitts-  
burg, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

## FOREIGN CONSULS IN CHICAGO.

Austro-Hungarian Consul; H. Claus-  
senius, 2 S. Clark st.

Belgium: Consul Charles Henrotin, 106  
E. Washington st., near Clark st.

British Empire: Vice-Consul James  
Warrick, n. e. cor. Fifth av. and  
Washington st.

Denmark: Vice-Consul Emil Dreier,  
259 Milwaukee av.

France: Consul Edmund Carrey, 35  
Clark st.

German Empire: Consul Dr. F. Hinkel  
95 Fifth av.

Italy: Vice-Consul Agostino Sciutti,  
114 Quincy st.

Netherlands: Consul L. J. J. Nieuwen-  
kamp, 154 Fifth av.

Sweden and Norway: Vice-Consul  
Peter Savanoe, 104 Milwaukee av.

Switzerland: Consul Henry Enderis, n.  
w. cor. Clark and Lake sts.

Turkey: Consul Charles Henrotin, 106  
Washington st., near Clark.

## GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

These offices are located in the new Custom House Building, cor. Clark and  
Jackson sts., as follows:

Postoffice Department, 1st floor.

Internal Revenue, 2nd floor.

Collector of Customs, 2d floor.

Sub-Treasury, 2d floor.

U. S. Marshal, 2d floor.

U. S. Pension Agency, 2d floor.

U. S. Marine Hospital office, 2d floor.

U. S. Attorney, 3d floor.

U. S. Circuit Court, 3d floor.

U. S. Commissioner, 3d floor.

U. S. Court of Claims, 3d floor.

U. S. District Court, 3d floor.

Master of Chancery, 3d floor.

U. S. Inspector of Steam Vessels, 4th  
floor.

U. S. Mail Service, 4th floor.

## INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

The Odd Fellows number 41 lodges in Chicago. The following are their most central meeting places:

**LODGES.**—Methodist Church Block (cor. Washington and Clark sts.), 112 Randolph st.; 105 Fifth av., etc.

**ENCAMPMENTS.**—280 Milwaukee av.; 112 Randolph st.: Methodist Church Block, etc.

Odd Fellows Benevolent Society, A. G. Lull, Secretary, 112 Randolph st. Incorporated and instituted June 27, 1873.

## JUDICIARY.

Appellate Court of Cook County, Grand Pacific Hotel, Clark st.  
Circuit Court of Cook County, City Hall, Adams and La Salle sts.  
Superior Court of Cook County, City Hall, Adams and La Salle sts.  
Criminal Court of Cook County, Criminal Court bldg., Michigan st., rooms 6 to 8.  
County Court of Cook County, room 2, Criminal Court bldg.  
Probate Court, 75 and 77 Clark st.

## POLICE COURTS.

South Division—Harrison st., near Clark street.  
North Division—Chicago av., near N. Clark st.  
West Division—Police Station, cor. of W. Madison and Union sts.

## LIBRARIES AND READING ROOMS.

Chicago Law Institute, City Hall, room 12.  
Chicago Public Library and Free Reading Room, Dearborn st., near Lake street.  
Chicago Athenæum Library, 50-52 Dearborn st.

Railroad Chapel Library, 715 State st.  
Union Catholic Library Association, 174 State.  
Young Men's Christian Association, 150 Madison.

## FREE-MASONS.

The Masonic order is largely and ably represented in Chicago, and is in possession of some of the finest lodge rooms to be found in the world. Though suffering greatly by the memorable fire of '71, which swept away forever many of the old landmarks, the potency of this ancient order was felt from every part of the globe, under which it speedily revived. Probably a more brilliant example of the practical workings of the beneficent character of this institution was never before seen, than on this occasion.

The headquarters of the order are in the American Express Building, Nos. 77 to 79 Monroe street. Room 21 is the office of the Grand Recorder, Grand Commandery K. T., Grand Council R. & S. M., Grand Chapter R. A. M. Illinois.

The following are the chief places of meeting:

## AMERICAN EXPRESS BUILDING.

Blair Lodge, No. 393, lodge room; Ashlar Lodge, No. 308, lodge room; Blaney Lodge, No. 271, lodge room; Thos. J. Turner Lodge, No. 409, lodge room; Dearborn Lodge, No. 310, lodge room; Wabansia Lodge, No. 160, lodge room; W. B. Warren Lodge, No. 209, lodge room.

## THE MASONIC TEMPLE (cor. Halsted and Randolph sts.)

Chicago Commandery, No. 19, K. T.; Washington Chapter, No. 43; National Lodge, No. 596; Hesperia Lodge, No. 411; Cleveland Lodge, No. 211.

The visitor who belongs to the "craft" will find at the "Temple" banquet halls, drill rooms, armories, etc., which are a credit to the order.

## CORINTHIAN HALL, NO. 187 E. KINZIE ST.

St. Bernard Commandery No. 35 K. T.; Corinthian Chapter No. 69; Kilwinning Lodge No. 311; Covenant Lodge No. 526. Here are also banquet halls, armory, parlors, etc., fitted out in handsome style.

## ORIENTAL HALL, NO. 122 LA SALLE ST.

Oriental Lodge No. 33; Garden City Lodge No. 141; Chicago Lodge No. 437; Golden Rule Lodge No. 726. The hall is fitted up in the finest Oriental style, with parlors, banquet room, and all the latest improvements, and is the property of the Oriental Lodge.

## PUBLIC HALLS, BUILDINGS AND BLOCKS.

- Abbott Bldg., 23 to 27 Lake.  
 Academy of Music, 20 S. Halsted st.  
 Adams Bldg., 358-60 Wabash av.  
 Agricultural Insurance Co.'s Bldg., 544 W. Madison st.  
 Atlas Bldg., n. w. cor. of Wabash av. and Randolph st.  
 American Express Co.'s Bldg., 72 to 78 Monroe.  
 Andrews Bldg., 153-155 La Salle.  
 Apollo Hall, 1270 State.  
 Appleby Bldg., Monroe st. near La Salle.  
 Arbeiter Hall, 368 W. Twelfth.  
 Arcade Bldg., 156 to 164 S. Clark.  
 Arthur Bldg., 970-972 Wabash av.  
 Ashland Bldg., n. e. cor. of Clark and Randolph.  
 Athenæum Bldg., 50 Dearborn.  
 Aurora Turner Hall, cor. Milwaukee av. and Huron st.  
 Beauvillage Bldg., Michigan av. and Van Buren st.  
 Bernauer Bldg., n. w. cor. Lake and Clinton.  
 Board of Trade Bldg., La Salle and Washington.  
 Bolter's Bldg., 170 Van Buren.  
 Bonfield Bldg., 201 Randolph.  
 Booksellers' Row, 117-119 State st.  
 Boone Bldg., 129 to 133 La Salle.  
 Brinkworth Bldg., Monroe and La Salle.  
 Bryan Bldg., 160 to 174 La Salle.  
 Bryant Bldg., n. e. cor. Randolph and Dearborn.  
 Burlington Hall, cor. State and Sixteenth.  
 Caledonia Hall, 167 Washington st.  
 Castle's Bldg., 615 to 625 W. Lake st.  
 Central Bldg., s. w. cor. Washington and Market.  
 Central Hall, Wabash av. near Twenty-second.  
 Central Music Hall, State and Randolph.  
 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., cor. La Salle and Washington sts.  
 Chicago Club House, 43-45 Monroe st.  
 Cillicks Bldg., 204 Van Buren st.  
 City Bank Bldg., 156 Washington st.  
 City Hall, Adams cor. La Salle st.  
 City Hall, new building now in course of completion, Clark st. from Washington to Randolph.  
 Cobb Bldg., 129 to 128 Dearborn st.  
 Coles Bldg., 186 to 196 W. Madison.  
 Concordia Hall, 166-168 Twenty-second street.  
 Cori thian Hall, 187 E. Kinzie st.  
 Covenant Hall, s. w. cor. Lake and La Salle sts.  
 Criminal Court Bldg., cor. Michigan and Dearborn sts.  
 Custom House, 159-161 La Salle st. between Adams and Jackson sts.  
 Davison Bldg., 147 to 153 Fifth av.  
 Dearborn Bldg., 130-132 Dearborn st.  
 Dickey Bldg., 34 to 46 Dearborn st.  
 Dore Bldg., n. w. cor. State and Madison streets.  
 Douglas Hall, cor. South Park av. and Twenty-second st.  
 Drake Bldg., s. e. cor. Wabash av. and Washington st.  
 Empire Bldg., 128-130 La Salle st.  
 Ewing Bldg., N. Clark st. between the bridge and Kinzie st.  
 Excelsior Hall, 13 S. Halsted st.  
 Exchange Bldg., s. w. cor. Washington and Clark.  
 Exposition Bldg., Michigan av. and Monroe st.  
 Farwell Hall, 148 Madison st.  
 First National Bank Bldg., cor. State and Washington sts.  
 Foote Bldg., s. w. cor. Clark and Monroe streets.  
 Forbes Bldg., 193 Washington st.  
 Ford's Hall, 44 to 50 W. Van Buren st.  
 Freemasons' Hall, 76 Monroe.  
 Fuller Bldg., 148 to 156 Dearborn st.  
 Fullerton Bldg., 90 to 96 Dearborn st.  
 Gardner's Bldg., 164 to 166 Wabash av.  
 Germania Hall, 60 N. Clark st.  
 Glickauf Bldg., 81 to 83 N. Clark st.  
 Grocers' Bldg., cor. Wabash av. and Lake street.  
 Grow's Opera House, 517 W. Madison.  
 Hale Bldg., s. e. cor. State and Washington sts.  
 Hamlin's Theatre, 87-89 Clark st.  
 Hartford Bldg., 49 La Salle st.  
 Hawley Bldg., 133 to 146 Dearborn st.  
 Healy Hall, 543 Archer av.  
 Henning & Speed Bldg., 121 to 127 Dearborn street.  
 Herrick Bldg., s. e. cor. Wabash av. and Madison.  
 Hershey Music Hall, 83 Madison st.  
 Hoerber's Hall, 220 to 224 W. Twelfth st.  
 Holt Bldg., 165 Washington.  
 Honore Bldg., n. w. cor. Dearborn and Adams sts.  
 Howland Bldg., s. w. cor. Dearborn and Monroe.  
 Hyman Bldg., 148 to 152 S. Water st.  
 Ingals' Bldg., 190-192 Clark st.  
 Jenks' Bldg., Madison st. near Michigan avenue.  
 Journal Bldg., 159 and 161 Dearborn st.  
 Kendall Bldg., s. w. corner Dearborn and Washington sts.  
 Kent Bldg., 151 and 153 Monroe st.  
 Kentucky Bldg., n. e. cor. Adams and Clark sts.  
 Kingsbury Bldg., 113 and 115 Randolph street.  
 Lakeside Bldg., s. w. cor. Adams and Clark sts.  
 Leander Bldg., 79 to 85 Wabash av.  
 Leonard's Bldg., 996 and 998 W. Madison street.  
 Loonis' Bldg., n. w. cor. Clark and Water sts.  
 Lumber Exchange, cor. of Water and Franklin.  
 Madison Bldg., 230 to 238 W. Madison st.  
 Major Bldg., s. e. cor. La Salle and Madison.  
 Marine Bldg., 152 to 158 Lake st.  
 Mariners' Temple, cor. Michigan and Market.

## PUBLIC HALLS, BUILDINGS AND BLOCKS.—Continued.

- Maskell Hall, 173 S. Desplaines st.  
 Mason Bk., 92 and 94 Washington st.  
 McCormick Bk., s.e. cor. Dearborn and Randolph sts.  
 McCormick Hall, n.e. cor. of Clark and Kinzie.  
 McNeil Bldg., 128 and 136 Clark st.  
 McNeil Bldg., 188 Clark st.  
 McVicker's Theatre, 78 to 84 Madison st.  
 Mendel Bk., 127 to 133 Van Buren st.  
 Mercantile Bk., 112 to 118 La Salle st.  
 Merchant Bldg., n.w. cor. La Salle and Washington sts.  
 Methodist Church Bk., s.e. cor. Clark and Washington sts.  
 Metropolitan Bk., n.w. cor. La Salle and Randolph.  
 Miller Bk., 117 Clark st.  
 Miller & Fry Bldg., 84 and 86 La Salle street.  
 Morrison Bldg., n.e. cor. Clark and Madison sts.  
 Morrison Bk., s.e. cor. Clark and Madison sts.  
 Mueller's Hall, 356 to 364 North av.  
 Nevada Bk., s.w. corner Franklin and Washington sts.  
 Nixon Bldg., 169 to 175 La Salle st.  
 Odd Fellows' Hall, s.e. cor. Clark and Washington.  
 Odd Fellows' Hall, 406 and 408 Milwaukee av.  
 Ogden Bldg., s.w. cor. Clark and Lake streets.  
 Oriental Bldg. and Hall, 122 La Salle st.  
 Orpheus Hall, 239 and 241 W. Lake st.  
 Otis Bldg., s.w. cor. Madison and State streets.  
 Otis Bk., 280 to 288 Wabash av.  
 Otis Bk., s.w. cor. Madison and La Salle sts.  
 Pacific Bk., 281 to 289 s.e. cor. of Clark and Van Buren sts.  
 Page's Bk., 115 to 119 State st.  
 Parker Bk., 181 W. Madison st.  
 Pierce Bk., 250 and 252 Wabash av.  
 Pike's Bk., s.w. cor. Monroe and State streets.  
 Portland Bk., s.e. cor. Dearborn and Washington sts.  
 Post Office, new Custom House, Clark and Adams sts.  
 Produce Exchange Bk., s.e. cor. Water and La Salle sts.  
 Purple Bk., N. Clark st. between Ontario and Erie sts.  
 Quinlan Bk., 81 and 83 Clark st.  
 Radical Hall, 615 W. Lake st.  
 Rawson Bldg., 149 and 151 State st.  
 Reaper Bk., n.e. cor. of Washington and Clark.  
 Republic Life Bldg., 157 to 163 La Salle street.  
 Rice's Bldg., 75 to 81 Dearborn st.  
 St. Alban's Bk., 291 to 297 Wabash av.  
 St. Mary's Bk., s.w. cor. Madison st. and Wabash av.  
 St. James Bk., 406 to 414 Clark st.  
 St. Peter's Hall, 328 and 330 State st.  
 Schimmel's Bk., 37 to 53 S. Desplaines street.  
 Schlosser Bk., n.w. cor. La Salle and Adams sts.  
 Schnaitman's Hall, 634 Larabee st.  
 Sharpshooters' Hall, cor. Clark and Illinois sts.  
 Shepherd Bldg., Madison st. near Fifth avenue.  
 Shreve Bldg., n.w. cor. of Clark and Lake sts.  
 Shreve Bk., 91-93 Washington st.  
 Singer Bldg., n.e. corner of State and Washington.  
 Skandinavien and American Bldg., 123 Fifth av.  
 Slosson Bk., Randolph st. near Fifth avenue.  
 Social Workmen's Hall, 363 and 370 W. Twelfth.  
 Societies Hall, 210 Blue Island av.  
 Springer Bldg., sw. cor. of Randolph and State.  
 Staats Zeitung Bldg., n.e. cor. Fifth av. and Washington sts.  
 Standard Hall, sw. cor. of Michigan av. and Thirteenth.  
 Star Bldg., 111 Madison st.  
 Starkweather Bldg., State st. between Van Buren and Harrison.  
 Stewart Bldg., nw. cor. of State and Washington.  
 Stone's Bldg., 144 and 146 Madison st.  
 Superior Bk., 75 to 79 Clark st.  
 Sutherland Bk., 49 Franklin st.  
 Syracuse Bk., 171 and 173 Randolph st.  
 Taylor Bldg., n.e. cor. Washington st. and Wabash av.  
 Temperance Hall, cor. N. Market and Michigan sts.  
 Temperance Radical Hall, 619 W. Lake street.  
 Teutonia Bldg., se. cor. Fifth av. and Washington st.  
 Thatcher Bldg., Wabash av. near Madison st.  
 Thompson Bldg., 163-165 Clark st.  
 Thompson Bk., 229 to 247 W. Madison street.  
 Times Office and Bldg., nw. cor. Fifth av. and Washington st.  
 Tribune Office and Bldg., se. cor. of Dearborn and Madison sts.  
 Turner Hall, 257 N. Clark st.  
 Turner Hall, 251 and 255 W. Twelfth st.  
 Tutill King Bldg., nw. cor. of Dearborn and Washington sts.  
 Uhlich Bk., 19 to 37 N. Clark st.  
 Union Bldg., 106 to 110 LaSalle sts.  
 Union Hall, se. cor. of Clark and Washington.  
 U. S. Express Co. Bldg., 87 to 89 Washington st.  
 Vermont Bk., 155 to 157 Fifth av.  
 Wadsworth Bldg., 175 to 181 W. Madison street.  
 Washington Bk., sw. cor. of Washington st. and Fifth av.

## PUBLIC HALLS, BUILDINGS, AND BLOCKS.—Continued.

Washingtonian Home Bldg., 566 to 572 W. Madison st.	Williams' Bldg., 85 and 87 Dearborn st.
Water Works Bldg., cor. Chicago av. and Pine st.	Wilmarth's Bldg., 390 to 396 Wabash av.
Water Works, West Side, cor. of Twenty-second st. and Ashland av.	Windett Bldg., ne. cor. of State and Randolph.
Westpal's Hall, 691 and 693 S. Halsted st.	Workingmen's Hall, 368 and 370 W 12th street.
Willard's Bldg., 318 and 320 Wabash av.	Yates Bldg., sw. cor. of Randolph and LaSalle.

## THE PARKS.

Lincoln Park, on the Lake shore, North Side. Reached by Clark, Wells, and State street line of cars.

South Park and Boulevards, South Side. Take Cottage Grove avenue cars to Thirty-ninth street.

Central Park, West Side; Madison street cars.

Douglas Park, West Side; Ogden avenue cars.

Humboldt Park, West Side; Milwaukee avenue cars.

Union Park, West Side; Madison street cars.

Jefferson Park, West Side; Madison street cars.

For further particulars, see description of "The Parks" elsewhere in this volume.

## SOCIETIES.

Chicago Academy of Art and Design, cor. of State and Monroe sts.	Chicago Relief and Aid Society, 51-53 LaSalle st.
Chicago Academy of Sciences, 263 Wabash av.	Illinois Humane Society, 124 Clark st.
Chicago Historical Society, cor. of Dearborn av. and Ontario st.	Philosophical Society, 103 State st.
Chicago Mechanics' Institute, 50 Dearborn st.	Microscopical Society, 263 Wabash av.
	Young Men's Christian Association, 150 Madison.

## TRANSPORTATION LINES.

Goodrich Passenger Steamers form the following separate lines on Lake Michigan:	Northern Transportation Co.—Dock, foot of N. LaSalle st.
The Green Bay Line—Calling at Racine, Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Manitowoc, Kewaunee, Ahnapee, Bailey's Harbor, Fish Creek, Sturgeon Bay, Menominee, Oconto, De Pere and Escanaba.	Grand Trunk Line of Steamers—Dock, N. Wells st. bridge.
West Shore Line—Daily for Racine, Milwaukee, Sheboygan and Manitowoc.	Northern Transit Co.—Foot of N. LaSalle st.
East Shore Line—Daily for Grand Haven and Muskegon.	Union Steamboat Co.—Dock, Market st., between Washington and Randolph streets.
St. Joseph Line—Daily for the Fruit Country.	Montreal and Chicago Steamers—204 Market st.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Ludington, Manistee and Frankfort Line—Daily Goodrich steamers leave the wharf east of Rush st. bridge, foot of Michigan av.	Western Transportation Co.—Dock, between State and Dearborn.
Chicago, Milwaukee and Lake Superior Line of Steamers—Dock, Wells st. bridge.	OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.
People's Line of Steamers—Ticket Office, 72 Market st.	Allen Line, Office, 72 LaSalle st.
	American, 119 Randolph st.
	Cunard, 131 Randolph.
	Dominion, 95 Lake.
	Iuman Line, sv. cor. Clark and Lake sts.
	Guion Line, 67 Clark.
	National, Office N. Clark.
	North German Lloyd, 165 Randolph.
	Red Star, 119 Randolph st.
	State, 166 Randolph st.
	Trans-Atlantic, 67 Clark.
	White Star, 48 Clark.

## U. S. GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Custom House Offices—New Post Office Building.	U. S. Military Headquarters—Honore Blk., n.w. cor. Dearborn and Adams streets.
U. S. Courts—New Post Office Building.	

## CHICAGO RAILROADS, DEPOTS, AND SUBURBAN TOWNS.

## ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.—Depot : Foot of Lake-st.

	Miles.		Miles.
Weidon	1.80	Park Side	8.80
Twenty-second street	2.50	Grand Crossing	9.43
Twenty-seventh street	3.00	Burnside	12.10
Thirty-first street	3.50	Kensington	14.67
Fairview	4.10	Wild Wood	16.20
Oakland	4.60	Riverdale	17.20
Forty-third street	5.10	South Lawn	19.59
Kenwood	5.80	Homewood	23.48
Hyde Park	6.53	Matteson	28.15
South Park	7.10	Richton	29.27
Oak Woods	8.30	Monroe	34.10

## BALTIMORE &amp; OHIO R. R.—Depot : Michigan-av., foot of Monroe-st.

Baltimore Junction	8.4	Edgemoor	21.4
Kingston Co.'s shops	11.6	Miller	29.9
South Chicago (Ninety-second-st.)	12.5	Michigan Central Junction	34.4

## PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI &amp; ST. LOUIS R. R.—Depot : Cor. Clinton and Carroll-sts.

N. W. Junction	4.3	I. C. Crossing	20.0
C., B. & O. Crossing	4.9	Dalton	21.0
St. Louis Crossing	7.0	Thompson	23.9
South Lynne	10.0	Globe	24.5
Forest Hill	12.3	Lansing	27.5
Washington Heights	15.6	Joliet Crossing	32.4
Shooting Park	17.7	Schererville	34.1

## CHICAGO &amp; NORTHWESTERN R'y (Wis Div.)—Depot : Cor. Canal and Kinzie-sts.

Clybourn avenue	2.5	Canfield	12.1
Maplewood	4.1	Park Ridge	13.1
Irving Park	6.7	Des Plaines	15.6
Montrose	7.6	Arlington Heights	22.4
Plank Road	8.8	Palatine	26.1
Norwood	10.4	Barrington	31.6

## CHICAGO &amp; NORTHWESTERN R'y (Galena Div.)—Depot : Cor. Wells &amp; Kinzie-sts.

S. B. Junction	2.8	Melrose	11.4
West Fortyeth street	4.6	Elmhurst	15.8
West Forty-eighth street	5.6	Lombard	20.0
Austin	6.7	Prospect Park	22.5
Ridgeland	7.7	Wheaton	24.9
Oak Park	8.6	Winfield	27.5
Maywood	10.4	Junction	30.0

## CHICAGO &amp; NORTHWESTERN R. R. (Mil. Div.)—Depot : Cor. Canal and Kinzie-sts.

## Suburban Trains Leave from Wells Street Depot.

Clybourn avenue	2.5	Wilmette	14.0
Belle Plaine	5.3	Winnetka	16.5
Ravenswood	5.8	Lakeside	17.5
Rosehill	7.7	Glencoe	18.9
Rogers Park	9.1	Highland Park	22.9
Calvary	10.2	Highwood	24.2
South Evanston	10.8	Lake Forest	28.0
Evanston	11.8	Lake Bluff	30.1
North Evanston	13.1	Waukegan	35.0

## CHICAGO, BURLINGTON &amp; QUINCY R. R.—Depots : W. S. Indiana-av., near Sixteenth-st., and Canal, corner Sixteenth-st.

Chicago Station	2.50	Western Springs	17.00
C., C. & I. C. Crossing	5.00	Hinsdale	18.00
Lawndale	6.50	Glarendon Hills	19.25
Clyde	8.00	Downer's Grove	22.25
Riverside	12.25	Lisle	25.25
La Grange	—	Naperville	29.75
West Lyons	15.25	Lands	34.50

## CHICAGO RAILROADS, DEPOTS AND SUBURBAN TOWNS.—Continued.

## CHICAGO &amp; ALTON R. R.—Depot : Corner Van Buren and Canal-sts.

	Miles.		Miles.
Fort Wayne Junction.....	1.8	Willow Springs.....	17.5
Twenty-third-st.....	3.6	Sag Bridge.....	21.6
Brighton Park.....	5.1	Lemont.....	25.3
Summit.....	11.9	Lockport.....	32.9
Mount Forest.....	16.8	Joliet.....	37.2

## LAKE SHORE &amp; MICH. SOUTHERN R'Y—Depot : Van Buren, foot of LaSalle-st.

Twenty-second street.....	1.6	Colehour.....	13.6
Forty-third street.....	3.5	Whiting's.....	16.8
Englewood.....	6.5	Pine.....	22.8
Grand Crossing.....	8.9	Forsyth.....	26.0
South Chicago.....	12.1	Miller's.....	30.0

## CHICAGO &amp; PACIFIC R. R. (DIV. OF C., M. &amp; ST. PAUL R'Y)—Depot : Corner Carroll and Clinton-sts.

C. & N. W. Crossing.....	2.0	River Park.....	12.0
Humboldt.....	3.0	Manheim.....	13.0
Almira.....	4.0	Bensonville.....	16.0
Pacific Junction.....	5.4	Salt Creek.....	19.0
N. W. Cut-off.....	6.0	Itasca.....	20.0
Galewood.....	8.0	Meacham.....	22.0
Mont Clare.....	9.0	Roselle.....	24.0
Orison.....	10.0	Ontarioville.....	28.0
Turner Park.....	11.0	Bartlett.....	29.0

## CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND &amp; PACIFIC R. R.—Depot : LaSalle and Van Buren-sts.

Rock Island Shops.....	4.75	Bremen.....	23.5
Englewood.....	6.50	Mokena.....	29.5
Washington Heights.....	12.0	New Lenox.....	34.0
Blue Island.....	15.75	Joliet.....	40.0

## CHICAGO &amp; EASTERN ILLINOIS R. R.—Depot : Cor. Archer and Stewart aves.

Thirty-third st.....	3.2	Daiton.....	17.0
Forty-seventh st.....	5.0	Thornton.....	22.2
Englewood.....	7.0	Glenwood.....	23.6
Auburn.....	8.6	Bloom.....	27.0

## MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R.—Depot : Foot of Lake-st.

Twenty-second street.....	2.0	Gibson's.....	23.0
Kensington.....	14.0	Tolleston.....	29.0
State Line.....	20.0	Lake.....	35.0

## PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE &amp; CHICAGO R. R.—Depot : Cor. Canal and Van Buren.

Engine House.....	1.5	Sheffield.....	16.1
Archer avenue.....	2.1	Cassello.....	20.2
Englewood.....	7.2	Clarke.....	24.2
Grand Crossing.....	9.6	Tolleston.....	26.6
South Chicago.....	12.7	Liverpool.....	30.5

## CHICAGO, MIL. &amp; ST. PAUL R'Y—Depot : Cor. Carroll and Clinton-sts.

Western avenue.....	2.8	Oak Glen.....	17.0
Villa Ridge.....	4.8	Shermer.....	20.0
Pacific Junction.....	5.4	Deerfield.....	23.8
Grayland.....	8.2	Lancaster.....	28.0
Montrose.....	9.0	Libertyville.....	32.3
Morton.....	14.3	Warrenton.....	37.0



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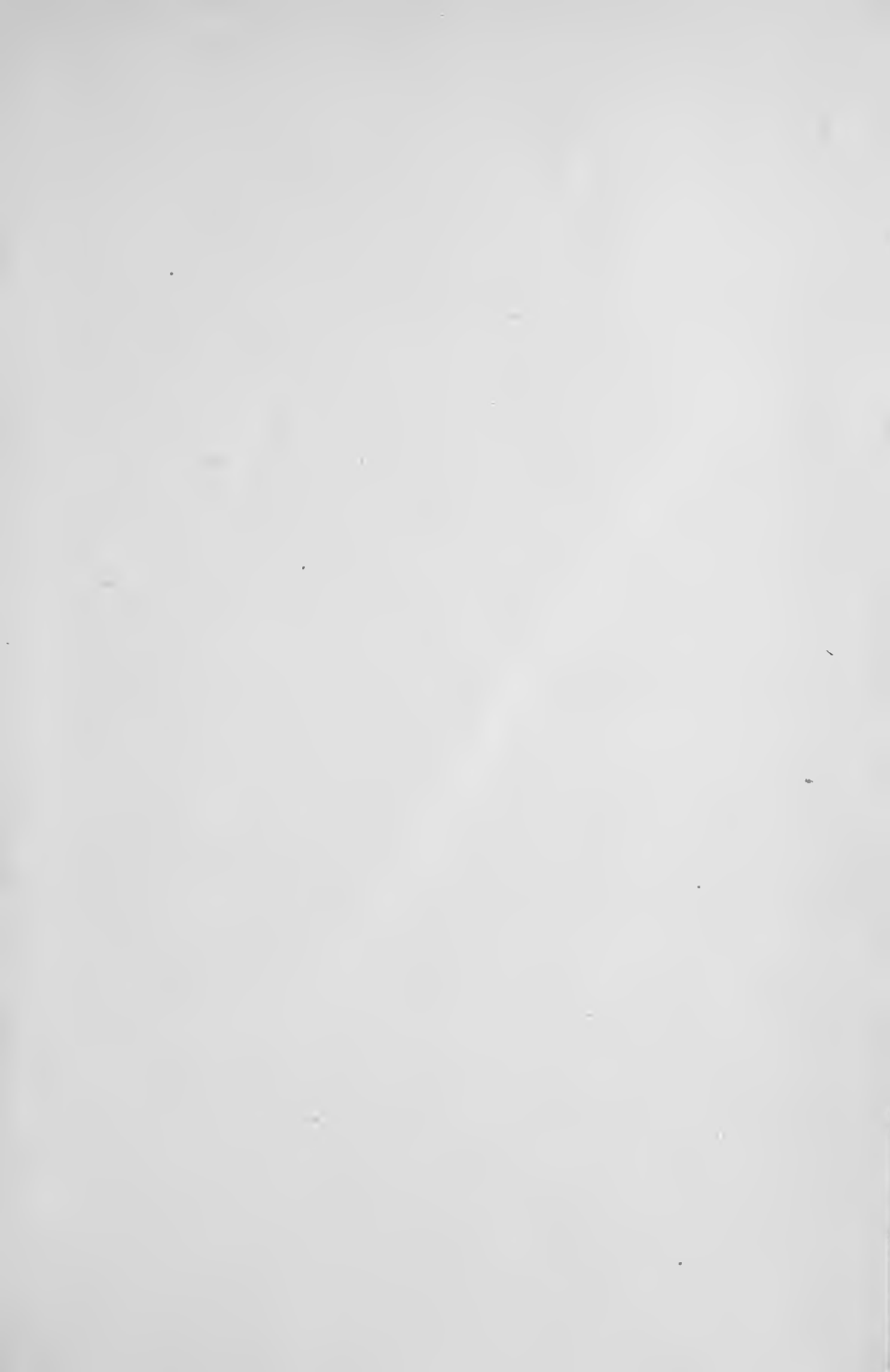
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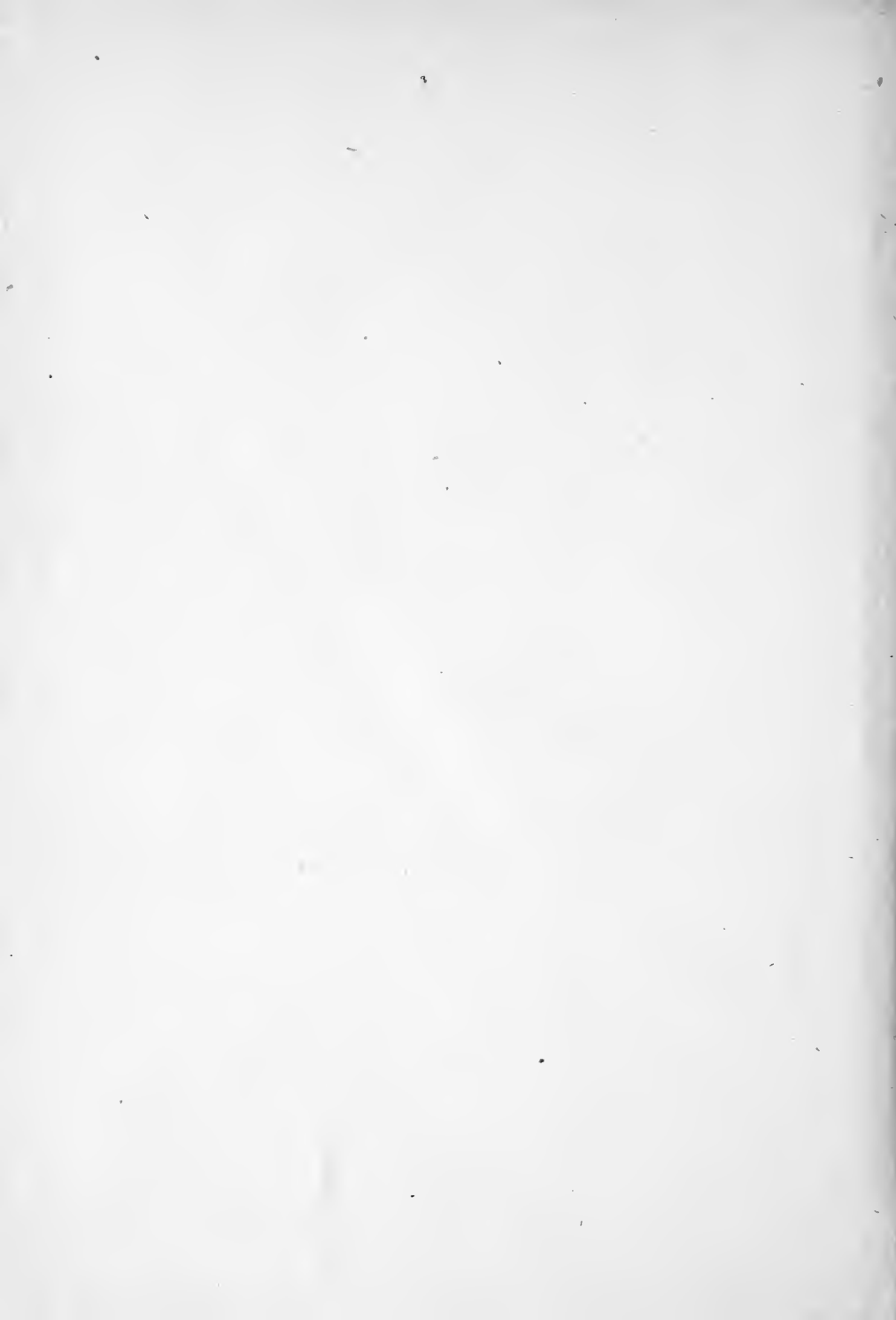
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